

The Nameless 431

Chapter 431 Not a Single

Trying her best to hold back her tears and knowing she didn't have a lot of time before her master came to get her to bring her back, Madeleine pointed toward her throat, trying to get her meaning through to Ri.

In the shadows, red crystals exploded again and again, frustration coloring their face. They were so close! 'I'm sorry little sister... I'll find another way...'

"Big Sister Madeleine, what's wrong? You can't speak?"

Madeleine nodded vehemently. But, this news sent the crowd into an upheaval. What was going on? Why couldn't she speak?

"Who did that to you?!" Ri's anger built up again. Madeleine was a sister to her now, who dared hurt her in such a way?

"Madeleine." A stern voice sounded as Ester appeared from seemingly thin air.

Hearing this voice, Ri immediately stepped in front of Madeleine protectively. But, this only caused a sneer to appear on Ester's features as she crushed an array plate. Immediately, a concealment array was raised, hiding them from the crowd even as boos rained down.

Madeleine pulled Ri back, stepping forward with every intention of going with her master, but Ri didn't budge. "No. Anything we do from now on, we do together."

Ri's words caused tears to stream down Madeleine's face. In the back of her mind, Madeleine had been worried about whether Ri would accept her or not, because that was just the type of person Madeleine was. But, this told her all she needed to know.

Ester seemed to have lost her patience. Everything that was occurring was only making the Sapientia look worse and worse. She couldn't stay here for any longer. If she hurt Ri, it could be passed off as an injury that happened during the match. She needed to go.

“Little girl. Move.” Ester raised her hand, intent on slapping but that was when the worst thing Ester could have imagined happened.

The array shattered and a large hand gripped onto Ester’s outstretched hand. The optics were terrible..

There stood a crying Madeleine, a frowning Ri, and an Ester that was clearly about to hit one or both of them.

“Who?!” Ester had never felt so powerless. A massive hulk of a man had grabbed her small wrist and dangled her in the air.

“You have a lot of guts to be hitting the successor’s wives. Who do you think you are?”

The words of the man sent the crowd into an uproar. Wives? Who was the successor?! And more importantly, why was Ester Sapientia hitting her own first in line genius and the genius of another clan? What was going on?!

Ri and Madeleine, however, were focused on something completely different.

A handsome young man with a warm smile had stepped out from behind the hulking figure. His hair was an arrangement of reds, golds and browns – but his eyes, a deep hazel-green, were so warm and inviting that one could only feel endless comfort and confidence in them.

Madeleine’s lips trembled. ‘Two years... Two years...’

In an instant, Dyon stood before his two wives, both of his hand placed on either one of their cheeks. He could care less about the reaction of the crowd, all he saw were the loves of his life.

But then, Dyon’s eyes burned with rage, his aurora blazing as he positioned his hand on Madeleine’s belly, causing her to blush profusely.

Boos began to rain down until Dyon's hand pulled back and Madeleine began coughing up a dense black fog.

Ester could only watch in horror as the events unfolded. She had no idea how Dyon had gotten rid of the pill so easily. Was his array alchemy really at that level?

"Madeleine," Dyon smiled, "Ri," He tightly embraced them both. "I made you wait too long.."

"What is it that you think you're doing exactly?" Elder Er appeared in the air, looking down on the events. It was clear he couldn't allow this to go on.

Madeleine trembled under Dyon's embrace as Ri too buried herself in his scent. "D-Dyon.... Delia... S-she..."

Dyon pulled back and kissed Madeleine's forehead. "Look," Dyon waved his hand, revealing Delia floating on an array, "she's just fine."

"Did you not hear what I said?" Elder Er's anger was building until he suddenly realized just who he was looking at, "It's you?" A robust laughter escaped Er's lips, "It seems the coward has come!"

"Coward?" Dyon's brows furrowed as he looked back toward Arios. Was this the problem he had to make them pay for? But, all he got was a nod toward a monitor.

Seeing an image of himself being shit on by farm animals, Dyon snorted in laughter before pulling Ri and Madeleine both to his sides.

"Look at that! Don't you think that gives me just the right amount of handsomeness? If I go around looking this good all the time, won't everyone die of shame or jealousy?"

Ri rolled her eyes, flicking Dyon's forehead as Madeleine giggled lightly.

The crowd didn't know how to feel about Dyon's reaction, was this how someone would usually react to such slander?

But, even worse, Dyon then proceeded to completely ignore the elder and the pictures entirely, instead grabbing Ri and Madeleine each by the hand and spinning them around. "Look at you two! Perfection!" Dyon grinned wildly, grabbing the waists of his wives and bringing them into another tight embrace.

King Belmont started laughing uproariously. No one could hear him because of the way their sky box was set up, unless he wanted them to that is, so he really unleashed.

"How can I hate this kid? Look at him!"

Ri and Madeleine blushed. It wasn't that they minded being hugged by Dyon. But, in front of so many people was a little much.

Finally, Dyon set them down, a serious look coloring his features as he looked toward the dangling Ester and then toward the Sapientia sky box.

"Is she still a master to you, Madeleine?"

Without a shred of hesitation, Madeleine shook her head. "No."

Ester could only look downward, still being dangled up by her wrist.

"I don't believe I was done with you, coward." Elder Er sneered.

Dyon turned a gaze to the skies. "Do you think before you speak?"

"How dare you?!"

"I'm just asking a simple question. Did you have fun while I was away? Well, let me tell you a few things.

“The battle between Connery shithead and me was scheduled for the end of today’s festivities, not the beginning. Am I not here now?”

“I – “

Dyon cut the elder off again, not allowing the crowd to react to him calling the head of the Sapientia a shithead. King Belmont though, found this hilarious.

“Didn’t I tell you, Lionel? Connery is an idiot, Haha!”

Big Red spit out his drink at Dyon’s words. “This kid is bolder than me...”

“Secondly, even if I didn’t show up, so what? You and Connery likely have twenty thousand years of life between the two of you, if not more. I just turned nineteen. You’re calling a kid who ran away from a Celestial expert a coward? That makes sense to you?”

The crowd was at a loss for words. He was right... He was a nineteen year old kid...

“Don’t try and spin this. You cheated. You deserve whatever title we give you.”

“Oh, I cheated did I? I guess we’ll see. Right now, I don’t have the time to deal with you. The second to final round just concluded, no? There’s a break right now, you don’t need to be here.”

Dyon turned to Ester. “Did I not warn you two years ago about what would happen if you didn’t allow me to see Madeleine when I wanted to?”

Ester grit her teeth. “You can’t be with her! You don’t deserve her!”

“Tell me more about who is deserving of what. As we stand here, you’ve already lost her respect as a master. She doesn’t even look at you with a shred of admiration anymore. Who are you to tell us what we can do?”

"I – " Ester was at a loss for words. Dyon hadn't said anything wrong. How could she refute?

"It's clear you need to be taught a lesson." Elder Er stood in the air, rage building in his heart. When had he ever been so disrespected in his life? "You bring a weak saint here and think you can speak however you'd like? I'll show you the difference between heaven and earth."

Elder Er flashed forward, appearing mere feet away from Dyon who was still facing Ester's dangling figure.

"Die."

Dyon snorted. Although his body and energy cultivation couldn't keep up, his soul was so powerful that even the movements of saints were slow to him. Seeing Elder Er's movements, even though he was a peak saint, was child's play.

So, knowing he couldn't move to react in time, Dyon acted differently. In reality, Thadius was strong enough to clash with this elder. But, that wasn't enough. Dyon wanted to make a statement. He wanted to make it clear to everyone here that he could really do the things he said.

Dyon's ring flashed.

A massive sentinel appeared. Its armor had changed drastically. Blinding silvers edged with shining blacks made its armor. Its size was even more massive, stretching 20 meters into the air. It even had a sword by its side that had cracked out of its previous stone covering.

Elder Er stood not a single chance.

A massive hand slapped him into the ground, sending shock waves through the arena.

It seemed as though hours passed before sound settled and silence reigned in the stadium.

Dyon shrugged. "I just thought I should make it clear. There's not a single person here that can make me do anything I don't want to."

Chapter 432 Serious

In a section of the arena that housed the Cavositas and the Ragnor God Clans, the reaction to Dyon's deed wasn't being received well.

Patriarch Cavositas sat on a throne, his dark hair and eyes frozen in anger. That was his elder. An elder of his family. That was just disrespected and then swatted away by a child!

The dark destruction intent radiating from him threatened to shatter the entire sky box.

Everyone remained silent until a hand found a way to his shoulder.

"That child knows what's best for him, dear friend. Elder Er isn't dead, only a bit dirtied. And, it's clear that this child has some backing as well. Those two white haired guards of his are not normal. Sapientia or not, an elder shouldn't be so easily handled." A man with short flowing blond hair and striking blue eyes spoke words of calm to his friend.

Well, he said friend... But, if anyone paid attention, you would immediately notice that the throne of Patriarch Cavositas was just a few inches lower than the chair of his so-called friend. What kind of friendship was that?...

This person was of course the head of the Ragnor God Clan. Patriarch Ragnor..

Under the touch of this person, Patriarch Cavositas immediately calmed himself. Often times, the words of a Ragnor, especially one so powerful, weren't to be taken as suggestions.

Back on the arena stage, Dyon watched with a small smile playing his features as his sentinel almost comedically picked Elder Er up and dusted him off.

"That was just a warning. If there's a second time, it means death, no matter what clan is backing you." Dyon said offhandedly.

Elder Er didn't know how to respond. In that instant, he really felt himself at death's door. He was fully aware that this ... whatever it was, wasn't something he could match.

Puppets were incredibly rare. In fact, there was not a single puppet master in this universe and often times whatever puppets there were, were dormant and unsalvageable. The display Dyon had just showed everyone was the likes of which they had never seen.

Madeleine's eyes sparkled as she stared intently at Dyon's large back. It had been so long since she had someone she could stand behind... Someone strong enough to protect her.

'I guess you really meant it...'

Ri immediately saw the look in Madeleine's eyes as she looked at Dyon. It was a look she was all too familiar with. Maybe if it had been a few months ago, seeing someone else look at Dyon like this would have made her feel protective and reserved. But, when it was Madeleine... It just felt right.

Dyon refocused his gaze onto Madeleine's master.

Suddenly, Connery Sapiientia appeared in the air. He arrogantly looked down on the proceedings, his hands clasped behind his back. His black hair, streaking with lines of white, shifted ever so slightly in the air. But, his face remained completely neutral. In fact, a small smile played on his lips.

"Friend, what exactly is your purpose in taking our esteemed elder and First in line genius as hostages?"

Connery's celestial energy branched out, looking to lock down Madeleine and stop her from speaking. What he didn't notice was the smile playing on Dyon's face.

Madeleine's previous tears had been because she was moved by Ri's words. But, knowing that her little sister was safe and that Dyon was here, there was no longer a reason to cry. Her purple flames burned her tears away and, in an instant, it was as though she hadn't ever been crying at all. Left behind, was a beauty of near unmatched perfection, and a determined expression.

Dyon's eyes flashed, counter acting the array that automatically amplified his voice to the crowd. As much as he wanted to embarrass Connery publicly, if he pushed it too far, even the Sapientia might forget all thoughts of image to attack him. And while his puppets could handle Connery, what if other celestials deemed it right to fight as well? Could Dyon handle the patriarchs of the Sapientia, Ragnor, Cavositas and whomever else thought it was a good opportunity to take advantage of? He didn't want to take the risk, especially since he didn't have a good gauge on the most powerful experts he was dealing with.

"Consider this the small bit of face I'll give you." Dyon spoke nonchalantly, but Connery immediately picked up on the fact his voice wasn't being projected outwards anymore.

'How did he decipher the array so quickly...' Connery didn't have a chance to speak before Dyon continued.

"Don't think of locking down and controlling the movements of Madeleine. If you had paid any semblance of attention at all, you would realize that my puppet is not only stronger than that elder over there, it's also stronger than you."

Connery's eyes flashed at these words, his gaze shifting toward the large puppet. He didn't know how to feel. Was it really possible to have a creation be so powerful?

"Now, you're more than free to test it out if you'd like. But, I would advise that. You Sapientia have an image to uphold, no? If you start fighting a child like me, where would that image go? You'd go from amiable researchers, to tyrants who'd do anything for a research subject."

Connery, having finally analyzed the array himself, began to speak.

"So, what do you propose?" He didn't seem too perturbed. In fact, this scheming seemed to fall right down his alley.

"Simple. I'll make you look good. Well, not good, but at least decent."

"And Madeleine?"

“Why are you asking about my wife? She’s no longer a Sapientia. She’s a Sacharro. The only reason she stayed with you is because I’ve been away.”

Connery’s eyes narrowed.

“I’m not entirely sure what you expected.” Dyon said faintly. “My wife isn’t an item to be bought and traded. If it was her wish to go back with you, I wouldn’t stop her because I don’t control her. You see people as items with usage rates and expiry dates. I see them as people.”

“Let me hear this compromise of yours.”

“Simple really. I’ll even help out Elder Er a bit.”

Elder Er looked up from his position. He had been standing still ever since Dyon’s puppet had helped him up. He hadn’t known what to do. He had embarrassed his clan, could he really go back?

“I’m sure you both were part of this elaborate plan to make my family suffer. So, let’s say I forget about that... For now.” Dyon’s eyes flashed. It was clear he had no intention of letting things go indefinitely. But, he had to compromise for now. “The first thing is I’ll let your elder go. The second thing is that I’ll allow you to say I backed out of our set competition.”

Connery laughed, “Why would it be you allowing me to do that?”

“Because you know as well as I do that you’d lose. Which is why you helped that woman attack me.”

Connery’s laughter stopped abruptly, his expression warping. Whatever faux confidence he had had was seen right through by Dyon. This was serious.

Chapter 433 Happy

Ri and Madeleine stood silently, each to either side of Dyon. The crowd was trying its best to see what was going on by reading their body language, but they couldn’t make out anything.

The reason Connery went silent was because he noticed that Dyon hadn't only shut off the function of the array, he reversed its action. Instead of projecting voices, the array was now acting as a sound wall. The leap in difficulty made Connery painfully aware that Dyon was right. He would lose...

But, how did he know that Connery was involved in his attack? Could it be?...

"I'm glad we don't have to do the whole back and forth 'I didn't do it' thing. Truth is, I not only know you were involved, I also know which clan the person who attacked me is from. After all, there's only one that makes use of red crystals that also has motive to hurt me."

Connery's lip twitched. Was he really having such difficulty dealing with a child?

Dyon couldn't have been more right. The reason the Madeleine impersonator had disappeared even under Thadius' eyes was because Connery had used a concealment array..

Originally, Dyon had been fatigued after spending the day curing the Viridi. He had overexerted his soul, so when he saw Madeleine, he didn't even bother to scan before he hugged her. He missed her too much.

But, after being stabbed, Dyon was on full alert. He immediately picked up the fluctuations of a created array. After that, it being obvious that his attacker had the help of an exceptionally skilled formation specialist.

"That said, I don't think it's too important right now, right? I'll be paying this person back in the coming stages of the tournament."

Connery frowned, "You still haven't explained how allowing you freedom from this battle helps me."

"It should be obvious. I've already said that you would lose. But, aside from that, there's the fact you get to have the moral high-ground of a senior. You can say you allowed me off the hook after reprimanding me as a senior." Dyon shrugged.

This was definitely not Dyon's only reason. There was something else he was worried about other than offending the celestial experts, and that was the mystery behind the suppression of array alchemy.

Even Dyon wasn't 100% certain in defeating Connery Sapientia if he held himself to one discipline. But, if he combined the disciplines, it would likely alert the wrong people – especially since Connery was the highest authority the guilds had in this universe. It was likely that he was the connection to other universes' guilds.

And, this was of course something that Dyon couldn't afford to lose. If it came down to it, he would combine the two disciplines, because if he didn't, he would become a slave. Something he refused to allow.

In the end, it was best for both parties that this event be canceled. But, Dyon had to make sure that Connery thought this was an olive leaf he was extending to avoid confrontation and lay low. At the same time, Connery couldn't be allowed to know the true reason why Dyon had to lay low, or else he could take advantage.

Dyon was apprehensive about the celestial experts who were here, yes. But, he was even more wary of those moving in the shadows. It was too early for them to set their sights on Dyon.

After promising himself to take better account of his actions in the future, this was the best course of action. In fact, Dyon had already planned this the day he challenged Connery. After all, he had to say something to earn the Viridi family's freedom. But, at the same time, he couldn't afford to win this contest.

"Is that all?" Connery asked. There was something missing here.

"No. There's one more thing. This is where Elder Er comes in. He's likely already removed my candidacy for the top ten. And, because I'm withdrawing from out battle, it's almost like I admit to cheating. Well, not really, considering beating you shouldn't be what clears my name, but that's how fools will take it. That's fine.

The point I'm getting is that I can't simply be reinserted into the top ten. But, at the same time, I have no intention of skipping out on this tournament. This'll give you more chances to kill me, don't you think?"

Connery and Elder Er's lips twitched. Was this boy still trying to toy with them?

"The compromise here is that you'll directly insert me into the final round of this as a chance to 'prove myself'." Dyon smiled, waiting for their response.

Madeleine tried to refrain from giggling. She had seen that smile too often. Sure, she could tell that this compromise would lead to some scorn for Dyon, but how long would that last? And in all the years she had known Dyon... How often did he take a loss?

Dyon began to walk away. It was clear they had accepted, there was no need for him to hear anything else. With a flash of his eyes, Dyon had a smirk as he undid his changes to the array.

"Oh. And for the record," Dyon sent a direct message to Connery and Elder Er using wind will, "I recorded the conversation. Tread lightly."

The veins in Connery's forehead threatened to pop at these words. He soon realized that he had underestimated Dyon yet again. He hadn't only reversed the role of the array, he had completely changed its function!

Connery was thoroughly convinced of his loss. But, that didn't stop him from smiling to the crowd and leisurely heading back to the Sapientia sky box with Ester by his side, leaving Elder Er to explain.

However, Elder Er never got the chance to. When Dyon and his entourage receded, the Cavositas immediately sent in a replacement elder. That was the last anyone heard of Elder Er.

Dyon held onto Ri and Madeleine's small hands as he walked away. The smile on his face was so large that Ri couldn't help but roll her eyes. "Pervert."

Madeleine giggled, shifting her hand to wrap her arms around Dyon's and laying her head on his shoulder. She finally felt happy.

Chapter 434 Boos

Elder Er's replacement, Elder Den Cavositas, was weary about how his predecessor was replaced. But, that feeling was overrun with disdain and anger when he heard about what happened.

“In true form,” He began. “The Sapiencia family has been magnanimous and have performed their role as peacemakers. Understanding that sometimes the young make mistakes, Patriarch Sapiencia has allowed for the youthful demon sage to bow out of his engagements.”

The crowd was stunned for but an instant before they started raining down boos. But, when they noticed that Dyon simply waved his hand and disappeared from view, their anger only increased. He dared use his array alchemy to escape their ire? Their booing only grew louder, naively trying to bypass Dyon’s silencing array.

“The young Sapiencia first in line genius is likely making a mistake of her own by choosing this coward as her partner. This caused the anger of her master, leading to an characteristically un-Sapiencia like act. But, please understand that she acted out of love, and not hate. She only wanted the best for her disciple.”

The crowd nodded in acknowledgement, siding with the elder immediately – much too easily swayed.

“In the end, Patriarch Sapiencia has decided to allow their first in line genius to make her own decisions. He cares for her like he would a daughter and hates to see her make such mistakes. But, he also wants her to be happy. As such, under the strict requirements that she maintain a close guard on her virginity, he has decided to allow this.”

Boos rained down toward the direction of where many assumed Dyon was walking..

They saw him as a manipulator. Someone who stole the heart of two of their six beauties. A man who was highly undeserving.

“As you can tell, because of this event, it is no longer possible to keep names anonymous. So, we are doing away with this system.

“However, fear not. This coward hasn’t earned his spot in the top ten again. Instead, he will be forced to fight and earn his spot in the final round, where I have no doubt that the anger of our final contestants will expose him as the fraud he is!”

Cheers shook the arena, threatening to crack the very earth. They wanted blood, guts and gore.

The remaining participants turned sharp gazes toward Dyon's hiding figure. They each had had their own reactions to the idea of Dyon cheating, but maybe none more violent than the response of the current number eleven ranker, Femi Geb.

He was a member of Eboni and Uta's Geb clan, and a master of Earth will. Not only did he have to watch a member of his clan suffer defeat to Dyon, in Uta. He also then found out that this same person he already had a burning rage for had been the reason he wasn't in the top ten.

He wasn't the only one who felt that way. Many of the participants were from small families who had worked half their lives to earn their rankings and make their way to the world tournament. And yet, some child had done it with little to no effort? And worse yet, he had made himself number one?

No one thought about how difficult array alchemy was. Many found the soul to be completely useless. It was too impractical. Many saw the elves as an anomaly, and even more pointed to the strength of Elvin bodies as the true source of their power. After all, even Ri had said the body of an ordinary elf was already comparable to an Earth level constitution.

The ire of 2300 participants turned on Dyon. They were determined to not allow him to pass. But even worse? Those rankers that had already made it passed all each placed their own target on Dyon's back. He was public enemy number one.

"Take a good rest, noble warriors! The final round starts in but an hour!"

Dyon however, refused to lose the massive grin on his face even as he made his way to his Demon Sage exclusive area.

Removing his concealment array, he took a good look at the massive sign and scanned through the broken area.

Seeing Dyon reveal himself, the ire of the crowd came down in full swing. But, he couldn't be bothered.

Ri and Madeleine looked at Dyon oddly almost as if to ask why he had led them here. But, Dyon only gave them each a wink before his eyes flashed a deep purple gold color.

Under the shocked gazes of the crowd, Dyon seemed to work an act of magic.

The farm animals were lifted up and taken away to the center of the arena where Dyon didn't bother with them anymore. But then, something even more unreasonable happened.

Dyon's sword will cut through the air with sharp precision, cutting into the ground and the sitting area.

The crowd couldn't help but stifle a laugh as those close enough noticed that Dyon's sword will was only of the 1st level. But, those intelligent enough saw that 1st level sword will shouldn't have been able to cut into the arena's tough exterior so easily – if at all. Just what was going on?

The crowd could only watch in shock as Dyon's wind will tore up a tempest of gales, tearing the part of the stadium that housed his seating area out of the ground.

A 15 meter by 15-meter area, weighing tens of thousands of pounds... lifted with first level wind will?...

Dyon smiled, "I assume you don't want this back. So, I'll just burn it."

A blaze of flames erupted before the eyes of everyone. Those paying attention, immediately noticed that Dyon had used three wills. This was already more than at least half of those present... And that was just the contestants. Those in the crowd were on average much worse than that.

But, what was more surprising was how powerful his wills were.... That wasn't normal...

Even worse? The blaze of red flames turned the large area to ashes in a mere moment, leaving a massive pile of ash directly in the center of the stadium – again leaving it for others to deal with.

Seeing the now empty area, many didn't know what Dyon's plan was. Did he want to sit in the dirt? However, that idea didn't last long.

The purple-gold in Dyon's eyes became stronger and stronger as an area much more luxurious than any of the other prepared areas, sprang to life.

Couches of lush reds and purple, cushions and plants of lavender. Lavishly arranged food and a glass cage that held flying golden birds and butterflies. It was simply a paradise.

But, what upset the crowd was the sign above it.

Boos rained down as Dyon winked at the crowd, enjoying the result of his labor.

"Number One in the Universe: Demon Sage AKA Dyon Sacharro."

Chapter 435 How?

Dyon grinned even as boos rained down from the surrounding crowd.

Thadius' uproarious laughter nearly drowned it all out as he heavily patted Dyon's shoulder.

"I like your style successor. Both the sign and your wives, well done."

With a smile, Dyon gently laid Delia to rest on one of the heavily cushioned beds then motioned for everyone to enjoy.

Ri and Madeleine, much to Dyon's sadness, completely ignored him and left to tend to Delia. Venus seemed like she would ingratiate herself well with them, so Dyon could only let it be.

"Tell me successor," Thadius leaned in and whispered into Dyon's ear, "how do you keep two at once? Ronica doesn't seem to mind, but River won't let me live it down. She won't even talk to me anymore!"

Dyon's breath got caught in his throat, causing him to cough until tears came from his eyes.

Seeing this, Eli began laughing heartily. For the first time in a long time, everything seemed perfect..

That said, he still turned a worried gaze toward Delia, something Dyon didn't miss. "You should be the first person she sees when she wakes up." Dyon playfully nudged at Eli.

Hearing this, Arios and Thadius both raised eyebrows as though something juicy was happening.

Eli blushed profusely. "What are you saying! The princ – I mean Delia is too good for me."

Dyon grinned, wrapping his arms around Eli's shoulders. "You might want to think carefully about that."

Eli blinked in confusion. "What do you mean?"

"Let's just say that..." Dyon turned a sly eye toward Delia's sleeping figure. "After Delia's change is complete, there might be seven beauties instead of six. I only want the best for my friend."

"Delia can't possibly get more beautiful!" Eli protested.

Ri, Madeleine and Venus looked up in confusion.

"Eh –" Eli covered his mouth quickly, hoping they didn't hear him.

"It's settled then." Dyon grinned. He knew that Eli didn't care about something like how beautiful Delia was in comparison to others. After all, Eli had spent years traveling to Patia-Neva peak, at Focus Academy, to see Delia. How could he not have seen Madeleine in all that time? And yet, Eli had fallen for Delia.

Dyon hardly cared about such things either. He had been fully willing to take Ri as his wife before he was even aware of how beautiful she was.

The reason, though, he had brought up Delia's beauty was to hint at something entirely different. Ri, Madeleine and Delia all had one thing in common: they each had a God level constitution amongst the top three.

Madeleine became a world-renowned beauty with the partial awakening of her constitution, although that then led to her sickness. But, she became even more of a beauty after it was fully awakened.

Ri became a beauty worthy of rivaling Madeleine as soon as her constitutions stopped conflicting with each other.

And now? Delia's constitution was about to fully awaken... The end result was clear.

Maybe it was less important than the power given by a constitution, but, the ranking of female God level constitutions often linked with their beauty. This was, of course, evolutionary. They were by definition the peak of what a female could be, born with peak level constitutions. As such, every aspect of them also reached that level of perfection.

This also explained why Elves were such an inherently beautiful race of people. Even their weakest were already born with Earth level bodies – something humans could never match. Normal human blood lines, that is.

Faith seeds didn't work like this. That was because faith seeds were the product of cultivation. Although they did have profound benefits to the body, they didn't fundamentally influence one's genetic code. After all, faith seeds were external power sources from past peak experts.

What did this mean in the end? It meant that the most beautiful women in the cultivation world were also the most powerful. Having won the genetic lottery, their Earth, Heaven and God level constitutions gave them advantages no one else had.

And even further? This meant that Dyon would have to pay extra attention to the strongest beauty in this universe... Saru Shruti.

"Will she wake up before the next round?" Eli asked softly.

“Doesn’t matter. I’ll take her through the next round no matter what. I know this tournament is important to her, so I can’t allow her to lose because someone thinks they can lord over her life.”

Madeleine looked up. After Eli’s outburst, they had started to pay more attention to what was going on, on the “boys” side of the luxurious living room type area. “What happened?”

“I think I have a small idea,” Ri answered. “Delia’s father sent me a message saying that she would be fine and that he’d prevent future attacks on her mind. It seems as though he knows who the enemy is, but allowed Delia to be attacked as a trial.”

“So it’s the Clyte...” Dyon and Madeleine said in unison. They were both fully aware of who Delia’s enemies were. But, what they didn’t understand were Patia-Neva’s actions. Neither had any way of knowing how powerful he was, let alone why he’d try to hide something like that.

“The Clyte?” Eli asked.

Dyon remained silent, allowing Madeleine to answer. “Focus Academy was formed while I was still with the main Sapientia branch. But, I still know a few things because of my father.

“When Patia-Neva made the move to create the academy, he didn’t hide himself at all. In fact, he even allowed a Kami branch family to be a pillar of the academy, who are obviously a clan originally from Planet Naiad, where the Clyte are from. That said, maybe the most glaring evidence of this is the fact he never changed his last name like the Storm family did.

“Being part of the Sapientia family, my father was privy to information many weren’t, especially because of my step mother. So, he immediately made the connection between the recent destruction of the Patia-Neva clan and the appearance of Head Patia-Neva.

“When my father asked Head Patia-Neva about this, he didn’t try and hide it at all. He expressed that he had enmity with the Clyte God Clan and that he had lost his lover as a consequence.

“Because Patia-Neva was so honest, the pillar families decided to remain in the Focus Alliance. Well, it wasn’t so simple, actually. The main reason was because attacking the clans and sects of another planet

is highly taboo. Which meant that if Patia-Neva was ever found out, it would be him alone who suffered and the rest of Focus Academy would be left alone so as to minimize any noticeable impact.

“However, there was always quite a few odd things about Patia-Neva’s actions, even aside from the fact that it didn’t seem as though he was truly hiding.

“For one, there was the location he built Focus Academy on. The ruins of the Celestial Deer Sect had been a pseudo taboo area for quite a long time until Patia-Neva came.

“The second was the central pillar library and the masterful arrays Focus Academy had access to. For example, the creation array that was used at the opening ceremony and the teleportation array to the Elvin Kingdom. Patia-Neva always brushed these off as having been left by the previous Celestial Deer Sect, but the problem still remains that they shouldn’t have been so intact. If they had been, why hadn’t they been taken by someone else instead of being left to such a weak academy?

“And also, the books in the central pillar library. It didn’t make sense for them to exist. Dyon has probably told you all some version of this story at some point, but the Celestial Deer Sect was completely sealed. So, how did Patia-Neva gather books from them?”

Dyon’s brain churned more and more quickly as he listened to Madeleine’s words. As soon as she mentioned the teleportation array to the Elvin Kingdom, his memory remembered something else.

There was not a single flaw in the teleportation array. And, come to think of it, there was not a single flaw in the creation array either. The level they were both at was something even the current Dyon couldn’t put the most accurate gauge on...

But, it had been thousands of years since the destruction of the Celestial Deer Sect... No array should be able to last that long without maintenance. Even the Gates themselves closed down for a few months every year to repair themselves... So, the question was how?

How was it possible?...

Chapter 436 Why?

Delia was oblivious to all of the talks around her. The smile on her face had still not faded as she seemed off in her own dream land.

She remembered long hours of training on her peak spent with her dearest elder sister and a lanky boy with sandy blond hair.

He was always so polite and shy, but his demeanor always completely changed when it came to tending to his garden. Every little detail from taking off his shoes, to spending weeks planning out water routes and plant distribution, to even his focused murmuring as he spoke to himself about what he could improve and what he had done wrong.

Delia and Eli never spoke all that often to each other. In fact, Eli was always overly formal. But, Delia always found it interesting that despite how flustered he was whenever he saw her or Madeleine, he always seemed to completely forget about their existences until it was time for him to wave goodbye to them again.

Never did Delia ever think that this boy's voice would be the one that pulled her from a path she would have come to regret. But, he had. What she didn't know was that while Eli spent his life diligently analyzing and coming to an understanding of every seed he planted, he had been observing Delia from afar the same way.

It wasn't that Madeleine wasn't also a kind soul. In fact, Eli could hardly understand it himself. If he was going to fall for someone, shouldn't it have been Madeleine?.

But, there was something in Eli's heart as a botanist that told him that Delia needed help arranging the flower that was her. Something told him that she was just a step away from making the wrong move and that he could play a role in adjusting her just perfectly.

That fascinated him. Even as Eli concocted medicines for Madeleine, he studied Delia. He saw her cold and yet soft-hearted demeanor. He took note of her graceful swordplay, an art that seemed to be predicated on diverting the effort of foes into strength for her. He even took note of how she could transform from a beauty with flawless olive skin, to a beauty with the fairest skin he had ever seen.

Everything seemed to point toward the same thing: a façade.

Delia's entire being seemed to be coated in something false. No, not false. Something that was fundamentally important to her character, but still slightly flawed. And that was when Eli saw it – the perfect picture of what Delia was.

She was a leaf. Sleek, green and healthy. The picture of nature and warmth. The epitome of everything life. But, she was covered. She had a cold, but delicate exterior. She was a sword of unprecedented sharpness, but still one that chose to parry.

She was a leaf covered in snow.

**

Outside of Delia's dream land, everyone seemed to have settled into a calm rhythm. There was still quite some time before the final round – time given because all participants had just fought – so Dyon was taking his time to enjoy his wives.

Ri had left for a moment to go and ask Primrose, Mithrandir, Celine and Opal if they'd like to come over. After all, the miscellaneous area for ranked geniuses wasn't comparable to the top ten areas. This was especially true if you were relying on others to be there like the four of them, because none of them had ever taken part in a campaign.

So, Dyon had coaxed Madeleine into leaving Delia be, convincing her that she was fine while winking toward Eli's blushing figure.

"What happened?" Dyon sat across from Madeleine, holding her small hands in his as he looked into her eyes intently. He hadn't had the opportunity to find out what she had been through, and he felt as though he should ask.

A sad smile spread across Madeleine's features as she shook her head. "It doesn't matter anymore. I'm here with you and little sister Ri, that's all that matters."

Dyon sighed. "Do you wish I treated your family differently?"

Madeleine shook her head again.

“I still haven’t forgiven them, why should you?” A defiant glint shone in her eyes. “A few months ago even my step mother came to convince me that you were no good. I love them, but I won’t accept them if they won’t accept you.”

“I want you to know that if it ever comes to it, I won’t allow anything to happen to your family.” Dyon caressed Madeleine’s soft cheek. “We’ll save them. And, if they continue to be annoying, we can just lock them in a comfy room with movies and food.”

Madeleine giggled, thinking back to her movie nights with Dyon. “You didn’t finish lord of the rings without me, did you? I want to watch it with you and Ri.”

Dyon shook his head. “Of course not. I only watched the first movie with Ri. We can finish the rest and the preludes together. But, more importantly, this makeover of yours. I didn’t think it was possible for you to get more beautiful.”

Madeleine looked at Dyon before blushing. She could never win a staring contest with him. The purity of his eyes always made his words seem all the more real, as though his word was law and it was impossible for him to be wrong. It made even Madeleine, someone who heard compliments like that all the time blush.

“I have a feeling you already know what happened with this. But, it’s a shame I lost my glasses though.”

“Speaking of your glasses,” Dyon got a serious look on his face. “I feel as though Amethyst destroyed them on purpose.”

“So you know that much, hm?” Madeleine smiled. She was rarely surprised by Dyon now. Honestly, her reaction to Airic’s appraisal of Dyon had been more longing and excitement than surprise. “But why on purpose?”

“That I’m not sure about. But.” Dyon’s hand found his way to Madeleine’s collarbone to gently palm her silver necklace. “She didn’t destroy this. That’s telling us something.”

“So it could either be symbolic or...”

“Or it could be the glasses themselves. In which case, we may need to keep an eye on your family as well.”

Madeleine didn't know how to feel. But, she had always found it off that the main Sapientia branch went out of their way to distribute such high end materials even to the much lesser branch families.

From birth, Madeleine was assigned carbon framed glasses. These glasses then had the potential to be upgraded to crystal framed glasses once a member became proficient with the Sapientia speed reading technique. Then, the crystal framed glasses could be 'customized' to varying colors.

Before Madeleine's were destroyed, they had begun to tint purple. Connery Sapientia's however, tinted green. This was explained as taking the form of a person's aura, and it made sense for Madeleine since her favorite color had always been purple. In fact, whenever she wasn't wearing the white transcendent dress Dyon gave her, she was likely wearing a purple dress of some sort.

However, the question no one asked enough was... why?

Chapter 437 As If

Hearing the rustling of moving feet, Dyon turned his gaze from Madeleine to find Ri with a few other elves.

Celine and Opal especially seemed to have overly excited expressions on their face as they sent quick glances toward Madeleine.

Dyon could barely stifle his laughter. “It seems you have some fans.”

Madeleine playfully slapped Dyon's hands away and got up to say hello and be introduced by Ri. It didn't seem to take long for them to become the best of friends. But, Dyon was so distracted that he almost didn't notice Zaltarish come in with them.

“Dyon! This isn't fair!” Zaltarish plopped down on the couch beside Dyon followed by Arios and Thadius, all of whom were looking at Dyon with varying degrees of jealousy.

Dyon looked at his wrist as though he had a watch on it. "Well would you look at the time, it seems like the final round is about to start!"

Just as they were about to pull Dyon back, the booming voice of Elder Den pierced through the stadium, causing the loud cheering of the crowd to erupt again..

"This is it, ladies and gentlemen! The final round! But, I believe you all know that there's more at stake than just the available positions. This is about the pride of warriors. A pride that has been continuously stepped on by a shameless fool. A shameless fool that took the extended olive branch of the Sapientia family and trampled on it before the public."

All monitors panned to Dyon's newly formed top ten area, causing boos to rain down. But, all they found was a young man wearing a plain white T shirt and black sweat pants rolled to his calves. Well, that and there was a girl sleeping soundly on an array behind him.

He seemed oblivious to the anger he had stirred even as 2300 warriors intent of tearing him limb from limb, ran, flew, leaped and bounded their way to the center of the arena.

Turning back toward Madeleine and Ri who had stood with worried expressions on their faces, Dyon grinned. "If I ask for two kisses, how mad do you think that would make them?"

Ri rolled her eyes even as Madeleine giggled, "Be safe." They both said.

Dyon smiled lightly, nodding before stepping into the air with the help of his arrays. But, before he could get far, he heard an obnoxious voice from behind him.

"So this is our supposed prince consort? Our so-called princess is just a fool, but I wonder what pills you fed Madeleine Sapientia to get her to agree to be with you. Imagine making this big show just to die." Clarice Grimbold stood beside Fiora with a sneer on her face.

Dyon raised an eyebrow. "Listen, generic mean girl 1 and 2. I advise you watch your mouths. Out of respect for my father in law, though. I won't kill the citizens of his kingdom without adequate reason.

That said, you should pay attention to the two behind you, or else you won't get to see whether I die or not."

Not bothering to explain, Dyon flew off into the air, finding his way in an encirclement of thousands, all seemingly waiting for the start announcement to tear him to shreds.

There seemed to be a drastic difference between them and Dyon. They wore armors and wielded elaborate weapons. Some had even already drawn these weapons, ready to fight for the remaining 790 spots. But, Dyon was the picture of calm. Even as he protected Delia's floating figure, his hands remained in his pockets as his bare feet graced the hard stone of the arena floor.

"We have one more thing to tell you brave heroes before you fight!"

The tense atmosphere around the warriors was peaking. Some barely heard the words of the elder even as the crowd's noise increased again and again.

"As you all know, there are meant to be 2300 of you. Unfortunately, due to the selfishness of another, this number has been increased to 2301. This is of course highly unfair to all of you since the spots are being maintained as 790. So, in the interest of balancing the fairness, we've made a new rule.

"The person to land the finishing blow on the cowardly demon will be automatically admitted into the final rounds regardless of how many there are left."

The eyes of the remaining geniuses flashed. Although they hadn't been focused on the words before, they sure were now.

"In addition to this, a review panel will be watching this match to gauge how you contributed to said final blow. Should you be among the top 100 in inflicting damage to the cowardly demon, you will also receive an automatic spot regardless of how many there are left."

Hearing these new "fair" rules, Madeleine and Ri couldn't help but grit their teeth in anger. This was nothing less than forcing Dyon to battle all 2300 alone!

“The last tidbit is for the audience! Betting has opened up early! You can big on who you think will be among this 100 to inflict the most damage and also on how long the cowardly demon will last!”

Cheers erupted as the betting monitors started going off wildly. The world tournament made use of array naming plates to teleport bids to a set location and automatically record them. With the announcement of Elder Den, the crowd had begun wildly bidding. Some big on who would make the top 100 in damage, but most bid on time.

In the end, the over-under on Dyon length for survival was set to 1 minute.

Suddenly, Dyon cleared his throat.

“Just wondering about something,” a small smile playing his features.

Elder Den turned a sneering glare toward Dyon. “Would you like to back out? We won’t stop you, of course.”

Dyon snorted. “As if. Against competition like this?”

Dyon’s words sent a new wave of anger through the 2300 contestants, but he completely ignored that even as the boos of the crowd joined.

“Am I allowed to bet?”

“Of course not. If you bet 0 seconds and then quit immediately, won’t that be too convenient?”

Dyon laughed. “I’m not betting on length of time unless I can bet on how long it will take me to beat them all.”

Hearing the words of Dyon’s, even the patriarchs began to sit at the edge of their seats. Was this boy really all talk? Or was he really worth the number one spot? Was he being so arrogant to prove a point?

Chapter 438 Snort

King Belmont stroked his dark purple beard, staring intently at Dyon's figure.

The ranked geniuses watched Dyon as well. Aside from those who had seen him in action at Chaos tower, the others were curious to see if he could really do this.

Zabia leaned toward his wife, Ulu. "This is the boy, right?"

Ulu nodded.

"Let's see if he can do something other than talk then... It's not as though he can use that tall warrior in this battle."

Elder Den snorted, "Here." Throwing a betting array toward Dyon.

"This isn't big enough." Dyon frowned, "Ah, no matter, no matter. Just one more question though. Say I bet more than the other bidders can cover, who will compensate me? After all, the odds are against me something like 1 in 10000, I'm worried about wasting my time with this bid."

Elder Den frowned. "As if you can bid more than tens of millions of people can cover. If we include the other four planets and those watching, who also have bidding plates of their own, that's even into the tens of billions of people. But, in the event that you have some dog shit luck, the Chaos Bank will cover you."

"I don't really trust the Cavositas honestly. You have something better than that?"

"You..." The veins in Elder Den's neck were threatening to burst. This kid had to be riling him up. Even if he bid entirely in dao stones, with tens of millions of people bidding, even if they only used profound stones, it would definitely convert to hundreds of thousands of dao stones.

"Ah, whatever. I don't need your money anyway. I'm doing this to prove a point."

Dyon turned his gaze toward 2300 angered warriors. “You all seem to think that if you get angry enough, if you get riled up enough, maybe if you get enough incentives placed in front of you, you’ll be able to beat me, hm?”

Dyon’s eyes flashed with gold as the bidding plate in his hand expanded to a ten-meter radius.

Then, under the shocked eyes of the crowd, Dyon began to pour dao stones, allowing them to disappear in sets of hundreds, then thousands.

The breath of the crowd seemed to be taken out. This kid was wealthier than an entire planet!

“1000. 10000.” Dyon began to count faintly. “100000. 1 000 000. 10 000 000. I think that’s enough for now.”

The truth was Dyon only had a handful of dao stones left after this. But, they didn’t need to know that.

“I hope you all understand what 1 in 10000 means. If I don’t see 100 000 000 000 dao stones after this, I’ll start looking down on the Cavositas.”

Dyon was hoping they could pull it off, actually. A hundred billion dao stones was the equivalent of 100 000 transcendent stones, something he wanted to see if he could trade for in the future.

“Now I’ll make something very clear. My number one rank was earned and you’re all nothing but the first step in proving that.”

The initial shock of the sheer amount of the bet was washed over by Dyon’s words. So what if he was rich? He was disrespecting their entire beings. He didn’t deem them worthy.

The truth was that no one there was more angered than Dyon. They had trampled over his name, ignored his hard work, and fabricated all sorts of stories to make it seem as though they were the ones in the right. Dyon smiled and shrugged it off, but Madeleine and Ri both knew how he really felt. This would be a massacre.

The laughter of Elder Den boomed as a message was transmitted into his ears. "Listen here. As long as he is defeated. You will each receive 100 dao stones. This is our guarantee."

The competitors shook at the sheer amount of wealth on the table. 100 dao stones? That was enough to become the riches non-God Clan family on earth in an instant.

Dyon stepped into the air, hands in his pockets as his entire demeanor changed.

"BEGIN!"

The rage of thousands of warriors erupted into the air. Techniques of fires, winds, ice, earths and waters raged toward Dyon.

However, Dyon barely moved as a massive weapon's pagoda appeared at his back.

"This won't last even ten seconds." Dyon said faintly.

Suddenly, thousands of magnificent arrays appeared in the air. The intricate patterns of gold and purple nearly blinded the audience even as the red-black and dripping aura of the weapon's pagoda flashed.

Spears of unparalleled power raged outwards from the pagoda's doors, finding their way to each array and becoming perfectly centered even as they began to spin viciously.

Dyon moved not a single inch even as he calmly watched the thousands of attacks the careened toward him.

Connery Sapientia grit his teeth, grinding his throne to dust under the surprised gazes of the Sapientia. 'He's too powerful!'

Connery had noticed something anyone with high enough cultivation had. Each and everyone of the weapons that Dyon brought out of his pagoda matched to his soul level. Meaning... Each and every one was a grandmaster level weapon.

“This is the difference between you and I.” Dyon was no longer gazing at the 2300 before him. His eyes trailed along the ranked geniuses, letting them know he didn’t put any of them in his eyes.

And then, the weapon’s hell arrays unleashed.

It was nothing short of an annihilation.

2300 attacks were pierced through and shredded to nothing. Brilliant silvers and whites spun viciously from thousands of arrays as a spear of unprecedented power landed before each and every contestant, exploding the ground before them with such force that the stadium itself trembled.

Two seconds had passed.

There was only silence in the arena as every present genius could only stare at the spear that landed before them, trembling as their lives flashed before their eyes.

Each and every one fell to their knees, bowing their heads and unwilling to look at Dyon’s figure in the sky.

Dyon didn’t even bother looking at them as his bidding array flashed with his winnings.

Dyon snorted. “Coward, huh?”

Chapter 439 Beginning

Shock reigned.

This was the very first time that many here had seen array alchemy on this scale. It suddenly made them wonder... If this level of skill was used on a battle field... Is it really necessary to cheat?

The most glaring point for many wasn't how powerful Dyon's attack was. In reality, not only had Dyon held back significantly by choosing not to kill them and by not fusing his wills, etc., because of this, the level of power he used could be comparable to many of the rankers.

However, that wasn't the point. And Dyon was fully aware that those intelligent enough would understand. What Dyon had done was on a scale very few could reach. So why if you could swing a sword or punch a warrior with the same power output Dyon just displayed. Could you effect thousands of warriors at once? And with such pinpoint accuracy? In most cases, the answer was no..

Dyon had made his point very clear. I am number one.

Suddenly, Dyon's serious demeanor completely changed back to his usual carefree self.

"Ah, thank you for the money." Dyon grinned as he poured the still teleporting dao stones into his spatial ring. "Oh, and, my little sister Delia here is taking a nap, but technically she participated. I'm sure that's just fine. As for how you want to fill in the other 788 spots, that's up to you. Maybe you can slowmo your playback video and check to see who dropped to their knees last." A light chuckle escaped Dyon as he floated away, oblivious to the gritting teeth of those he had been referring to.

In the Pakal God Clan section, the red skinned family had quite a lively air of comradery, although Caedlum was a striking contrast.

"Look at that, little brother. It seems you were right about this Dyon kid. It seems you do have competition from those your age after all."

Caedlum nodded as he analyzed Dyon's seconds long battle again and again. By every calculation he did, it shouldn't be possible to draw so many arrays, let alone arrays that powerful, so quickly. What kind of concept was it to draw thousands of master level arrays in an instant? Well, in that fraction of a second, it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say Dyon multiplied the number of master level arrays on earth hundreds of times. And he did it on a whim.

"How have the Ragnor been looking this tournament?" Caedlum asked.

“They’ve been coasting. It seems like this year they’ve only allowed Vidar and Thor to participate. I’m not sure of the reason why. Maybe they want quality over quantity.”

“I don’t like it. They’ve been too quiet.”

Caedlum’s elder brother nodded solemnly. Too quiet indeed.

In the Planet Nix section, eyes had turned onto Ulu.

“Why did you not tell us his soul was so powerful?” A dark-skinned woman with short and white afro-style hair and large silver hooped earrings looked toward Ulu questioningly.

“Grandmother, you, the other elders, and husband were setting things in place. And, when I originally checked his soul, it was only at the peak of the meridian formation, or the Peak of the Blossom stage. I wasn’t aware that he was hiding it. What kind of fool wants to hide his soul talent at such a high stage?”

If Dyon had heard this, he would have likely reacted by scratching his head in shame. He really hadn’t had any concept of what a proper soul strength was for a nineteen, or eighteen-year-old at the time. So, he made a guess. But, he guessed very wrong. In fact, in this universe, it wasn’t uncommon for even peak saints to be held to this soul cultivation.

“Are you saying that his soul strength is even higher than that?!” Matriarch Lebna, Ulu’s grandmother nearly fell from her chair.

As a soul expert, she was well versed in formations. And, if her memory served her right, the weapon’s hell formation was only a lower practitioner level array which only required a Lower Blossom stage soul. So, when she had seen him make so many, she had already been ridiculously impressed. There were maybe handful of geniuses even from their universe that could do such a thing. But, to hear that she had underestimated this child gave her an odd feeling.

“Grandma, I don’t think you’d believe me but... I can’t get an accurate gauge on his soul. He’s likely at the Middle Essence stage to the Higher Essence stage.”

What Ulu was referring to, unfortunately for her, was when Dyon had unleashed his full soul strength at Chaos Arena. Unlike Connery, Ulu didn't have a concept of a saint soul, and didn't know that Dyon had already broken in the Saint stage.

Matriarch Lebna subtly sent a glance toward a quite and stout middle-aged man with seemingly not a lick of hair on his body. But, he too seemed to be studying Dyon's figure.

"You were right in attaching such importance to him. But, it seems like you've failed in your approach. We can only rely on Zabia now."

Ulu lowered her head, nodding. Her grandmother however, was still in shock. Why? Because she had just read Dyon's soul as being at the lower Blossom level. And yet, her granddaughter, a genius among soul geniuses, had read it at the Higher to Peak Blossom stage just days before – she would never make such a simple mistake. What did that mean? It meant that she... Even as the Matriarch of the Lebna God Clan... Even as a Celestial level expert... Couldn't see through Dyon's soul concealment...

'This child... Is it worth the risk? Or not?'

"Leave it to Zabia for now, Ullah." A deep and reverberating force entered the mind of the Matriarch, causing her to nod in acceptance – putting Dyon to the back of her mind.

They still had a few more days to work with. This world tournament was just the beginning.

Chapter 440 Laugh or Cry

The crowd could only watch as Dyon leisurely waited for all of his winnings to be pooled into a spatial ring. As one might imagine, the equivalent of a hundred billion dao stones takes a while to teleport, especially when much of it will be made up of saint and profound stones.

After what seemed like forever, Dyon tossed the bidding array back to Elder Den's stunned figure and headed back toward his area, walking by Clarice and Fiora as though they weren't there.

"Arios, would you like to go back to your family? Technically speaking, I don't have any plans of leaving Earth until the gates open again. And that's not for at least another half year. I don't mind you spending all of that time with them."

“I’ll take you up on that offer,” Arios nodded, “But, I was also wondering if we could bring my little sister as well. My elder brother Riley is in line to head the Sicarius family, so he can’t leave – even if we asked, he’d be unwilling to. But, Ava’s potential is being stifled here. She has a Heaven level constitution, and yet not only has she not put any effort into awakening it properly, she even ruined much of her cultivation for my sake.”

Dyon smiled. “I owe Ava a lot and she’s been a good friend to me. Even if you said nothing I would have asked her.”

Their mission come the next campaign had nothing to do with rankings anymore. After this world tournament, they would no longer care about such things for a while. What mattered would be climbing the Epistemic Tower and that was an opportunity very few ever got. The fact Dyon was willing to share it warmed Arios’ heart..

“Are you leaving?” Zaltarish looked up from forming yet another plate of food from Mithrandir.

The truth was that Martial Artists had no need for sleep. As long as there were healthy warriors to fight, the tournament should technically go on. But, the problem was that the Cavositas elders were having issues getting the remaining 2298 participants to stop kneeling.

Dyon chuckled, looking back at the situation. “It’s going to take them a while for them to get over my demonic will. In fact, it’ll take them a while to realize that’s even the problem to begin with. Plus, I don’t feel the need to watch the foundation stage and meridian formation competitions.

“You guys can stay here and invite whoever else you’d like to invite. I don’t mind.”

With those final words, Dyon extended both of his hands. One toward Ri and the other toward Madeleine.

“Wanna go home?”

Although Dyon didn’t imply anything, the giggling of the Elvin girls and Venus sent Madeleine and Ri into a furious blush.

“I think you should spend some time with Big Sister Madeleine alone.” Ri protested. She didn’t want to be selfish. She had had Dyon to herself for a year now, but Madeleine hadn’t seen him in two.

But, Madeleine shook her head. “Don’t be ridiculous. Everything we do, we do together from now on, right?” A radiant smile spread across Madeleine’s face as she took Ri’s hand and walked toward Dyon.

Grinning wildly, Dyon laughed before taking his wives by the waist. He was so large compared to their petite figures that he nearly engulfed them in his embrace.

Madeleine and Ri let out a started screech before Dyon flashed away with speeds he himself didn’t think he had ever reached before. An excitement bubbled up within him as he felt nothing but a towering anticipation. These feelings only seem to spur him on faster and faster.

Dyon wanted to show him his home, his real home. It had been too long since he returned to the Mortal World.

**

In the depths of space, a powerful collection of people were gathering. But, they seemed more filled with anticipation than anything else.

“Husband, it’s been ten years. Can we really finally go back?” A beautiful Japanese woman spoke lovingly to a tall Elvin man. Her Kimono clung tightly to her curves, embroidered in beautiful flowers and intricate swirls of gold, but there was something decidedly bestial about her aura.

“Compared to others of our cause, we’ve had it easy. Amell and Nora haven’t seen their child since birth. Patia-Neva even lost his entire clan. We have to remain focused.” The tall Elvin man responded.

The beautiful woman pouted. “There are also those of us who’ve been lucky enough to sacrifice nothing at all.”

The Elvin man could only sigh. "You know someone had to remain on Earth. It only makes sense for Little Belmont and Little Red to do so. After all, they're the heart of a Royal God Clan."

"I didn't mean Big Red. He's even lost his sons before. That said, don't let him hear you call him Little Red. I can smell that fight coming from a mile away." She giggled.

Suddenly, a saddened expression colored her features. "Speaking of Amell and Nora, do you think they'll make it? The day of the world tournament was the day we set to come back, but even we were late, and we were the closest. They've been gone for so long and are so far away... Is it possible?"

"Travel without the gates is..." The Elvin man frowned. "It's nothing short of a suicide mission. But, if anyone could do it, it would be those two. If it wasn't for them, none of this would be possible and our universe would never rise up again."

"Our universe? I like the sound of that." The Japanese woman smiled.

Her clan had originated from this universe, before their migration away, when it was the undisputed most powerful in this quadrant. However, a close rival to this universe had always been the old Elvin universe, now known as the Chaos Universe after the Elvin Kingdom's destruction. Because of that, it had always been the goal of the Elves to make their way back to their universe. So, hearing her husband give up on such a ridiculous and sentimental goal made her happy. Him accepting this meant he finally released the burdens his ancestors had placed on him... He finally wanted to move on.

That aside, traveling through the universes without the gates was a highly dangerous affair. However, what Dyon had realized in his talks with his grand teacher was that the gates had not always existed, nor were they natural. And yet, the very premise that creating the gates allowed meant that people knew there were more than one universe before their creation. After all, why would you create gates if you didn't know there were two or more things to connect?

So, what did this mean? It meant that before the gates existed, some highly intelligent people had calculated, prepared and schemed their way to break dimensional barriers to explore the unknown.

"Let's go. Considering they're there, there's no need for us to rush. But, I too would like to see the talent Little Belmont and Red will choose to lead the conquering of our dormant Epistemic Tower."

If Dyon had been here, he wouldn't know whether to laugh or cry. These experts had spent years, no, decades planning. Their goal was obviously the rise of this universe to its former glory. But, there was also a deeper purpose. If there wasn't, they would never sever ties from their families. There were shadows lurking in their former glorious universe... Shadows that destroyed the Celestial Deer Sect and led to the downfall of their universe as they knew it.

But, the irony wasn't this... One of the most important steps in their plan was raising geniuses capable of conquering the Epistemic Tower as a first step to their rise. They had sacrificed so much not only for retrieving the knowledge of the existence of such a tower, but also in scouring and researching legacies to gift these geniuses, all while also warily avoiding and compiling information on their enemies...

And yet, they were soon to come back to find that all their hard work was for naught. Why? Because a eighteen-year-old, now nineteen-year-old boy, had done what they couldn't. Their years of planning had all been meaningless as the drums of fate began to beat wildly.