

## **The Nameless 491**

### **Chapter 491 Members**

Junior? Since when did a king refer to a child as his junior? This was a Celestial level expert! Unless they shared the same master, saying something like that was ridiculous.

The truth was that King Belmont had wanted to call Dyon his nephew. With his close relationship with King and Queen Acacia, not to mention how he was nearly 90% certain that a pair of friends he hadn't seen a long time were Madeleine's true parents, Dyon really could be seen as his nephew.

But, he couldn't reveal such a thing, not now. With how vigilant they were against the Ragnor, even the fact they had invited King Acacia into their sky box was almost too much of a give away. Had they not been confident in Dyon's ability to conceal himself, King Belmont would have never allowed him to come to their skybox.

There was a reason why no one reacted when Kawa charged out of the skybox and appeared before Dyon, Ri, Madeleine and Clara. Even though Dyon released his soul to its utmost, even to the point of unleashing many of his manifestations for fear that Kawa was an enemy, no one in the crowd had said a thing about it.

If the rankers had seen Dyon react to a celestial level expert, would their noses be so upturned as they were now? Would Femi still be so arrogant?

If the God Clan Heads had seen how powerful Kawa was and seen her relationship with Ri and Madeleine, would they have dared to allow Ode and Eboni to attack them?.

Of course not.

No one had reacted, because no one had seen anything.

Kawa had the ability to conceal her own self and Dyon, for the sake of protecting his secrets, had concealed himself.

Never in a million years did Kawa ever think that Dyon would react to her. That was why she had confidently leaped out.

Luckily for them, Dyon had learned to be more cautious about certain things. Something he was clearly willing to throw out the window when it came to an attack on the lives of his wives.

“King Belmont, do you really intend to stand in our way?” Patriarch Geb’s hoarse voice reverberated through the arena.

“You as members of the elder generation just stepped into a dispute between the younger generation. How could I not intervene?” King Belmont replied calmly.

“Younger generation?! He clearly made use of a saint level expert! How does such logic hold up?!” Patriarch Horus boomed.

Thadius snorted even as Dyon chuckled behind him.

The patriarchs turned their heads in anger, boring holes in the two of them.

“This is the kind of disrespect you allow to proliferate on your Planet Earth?!” Patriarch Geb had always had a petty reason for hating Earth. It was always among the weakest planets, especially since half of its population was mortal. And yet, it took the name of a will he found to be the greatest! He found this to be nothing less than a slap in the face of his clan.

“We’re laughing because you’re an idiot. Thadius isn’t even 40 years old yet. Iris, my opponent from just a few hours ago is already a decade plus older than him. How is he not part of the younger generation?” Dyon chuckled lightly.

But, his words were like a stun grenade launched into arena. A saint not even 40? Was that true?

It was near impossible to tell by the naked eye alone how old an expert was. Without inspecting them with a 6th sense of sorts, or probing them with energy, it was impossible.

That said, when experts trained their eyes and senses onto Thadius, Dyon's words were found to not be lies. His life force was too pure and new to be anymore than 37 years old.

Many seemed to remember in that instant that the world tournament used to consist of four cultivation levels. The foundation stage, the meridian formation stage, the essence gathering stage, and the saint stage. It was only after years of decline, where saint experts became rarer and rarer that they were removed. After all, if it took you hundreds of years, were you still a member of the younger generation?

The truth was that in many outstanding universes, even being thousands of years old was considered young. But here, living centuries often placed you in the middle of your life.

'This...' Even King Belmont and Acacia didn't know how to feel. Queen Acacia wasn't fazed because she had seen many saints even younger than Thadius. But, the same couldn't be said for her husband.

How could these people understand that the demon generals were geniuses among geniuses? How could the demon sage ever choose any less to lead his armies? To be a demon general was an acknowledgement that not only your talent, but also your combat prowess, was in the top echelon of your cultivation rank.

In fact, in the year since Dyon had awakened the demon generals, they had already improved in their cultivation vastly. Even the slowest of the saints had filled at least 4 or 5 more meridians in the span of a year. A pace that was otherworldly to this measly universe.

Maybe the funniest part in all of this was how River and Ronica always toyed with Thadius. Why? Because even with all his talent. He was nowhere near the strongest of the demon generals.

That said, if you paid close attention to the reactions in the arena, there were a surprising amount of people that took this new piece of information in stride.

The first was maybe not so surprising. Lionel Belmont was always deadpan. After getting over his initial shock at Dyon's actions, little else could perturb him.

But, maybe the others were decidedly more interesting. Maybe they too were quite used to such high level saints at such a young age.

That said, that wasn't a good thing, because they happened to be enemies of Dyon.

Saru Shruti and her Planet Mino members.

And Ulu Lebna and her Planet Nix members.

Chapter 492 Last Name...

After their initial surprise, though, anger began to boil on the features of the patriarchs. They were completely blinded, and quite frankly, were about to make a very stupid move.

If they were at all intelligent, they would begin to think about where a genius like Thadius could possibly come from. Then they would think about how said genius, despite having every right to stomp over the entirety of this world tournament, was instead playing subordinate for Dyon.

Without a full host of information, anyone willing to think that far would immediately think that Dyon's genius was also linked to this young man. And just one step further and they'd conclude that Dyon and Thadius must have a master capable of raising disciples on that level.

In the end, if such a master existed, would they really put anyone in this universe in their eyes? Much less the patriarchs of mere God level clans.

In any other universe, the God Clans here wouldn't barely be fit to be Focus Academy level existences. But, these old farts were so used to reigning supreme over everything that they couldn't even be bothered to think that far..

However, before the patriarchs could say another word, yet another wave of heat threatened to melt away the stadium. This time though, it held none of the beautiful violet that came with King Belmont. No... This time, it was like the golden blaze of sun descending the horizon.

In an instant, a middle-aged man with golden hair that looked like the fiery mane of a lion descended from the skies. To his sides stood two young men. The first was someone everyone recognized – the first rank of the foundation stage, Tau's younger brother, Ur Aumen. The second was someone even more famous. The true rank two of the cumulative rankings, only behind Lionel Belmont, Tau Aumen.

It was clear that this middle-aged man, then, was their father. The head of the Royal God Clan of Planet Deimos – King Aumen.

“Young man.” King Aumen ignored them all, including Dyon, focusing his attention on Thadius. “Tell me, is your master the owner of Heaven’s Wine?”

A sudden thought seemed to materialize in everyone’s mind all at once. Who else could be his master if not for a hidden expert on that level?

Heaven’s Wine wasn’t an establishment held to only Earth. In fact, it was found throughout every planet in this universe. Many even speculated that it just might be found elsewhere in the quadrant as well.

Many had been looking forward to seeing the performance of this expert’s students, but none had seemingly chosen to participate. Or, maybe none had made it clear that they were his or her disciple.

The only true disciple of the Heaven’s Wine owner that Dyon knew was Iaachus. However, although Dyon hadn’t been out to look for him, he hadn’t noticed his presence at the world tournament either.

To everyone in attendance, if Thadius was truly a disciple of this expert, then it made sense why his other disciples hadn’t participated either. After all, if they were such high-level saints at a mere 30 to 40 years of age, this tournament would be nothing but a joke to them!

Thadius snorted. “All you need to know is that Dyon is the successor to my master, and therefore, for all intents and purposes, is my master.”

Thadius didn’t have much patience for people like King Aumen. Thadius’ previous actions had made it clear that he listened to Dyon’s commands, and yet this King Aumen still asked something so obvious. It was obvious that he was only asking because he couldn’t wrap his head around Dyon being so great.

King Aumen turned his attention to Dyon, boring his golden eyes and scanning someone he thought he’d be able to see through easily. ‘No cultivation? Foundation stage soul? That can’t be right...’

After witnessing Dyon fight Iris, King Aumen knew that it was impossible for this to be true. It was a fact that understanding wills boosted your combat prowess, so technically speaking, if you were masterful enough with your wills, even a foundation stage expert could beat an Essence Gathering expert who was weak in his wills.

In fact, it was possible to match up to even celestial level experts at that low of a stage, theoretically speaking. This was because will level fusions, if on a high enough level, could trump intents often times just like how even low-level supreme laws were worth investing in even if you grasped intents.

However, even if King Aumen accepted the possibility of Dyon having no energy cultivation, having such a weak soul would have made it too difficult to learn the wills he knew. Which meant only one of two things. Either Dyon's body cultivation was that tyrannical, or, he had the ability to hide things even from him as a mid level celestial expert...

"Are you willing to tell me who your master is?" King Aumen faintly released his aura, trying to probe Dyon further.

Dyon smiled. "It's no secret."

The crowd waited with baited breath. Was he really about to reveal it?

"I'm the last disciple of the Celestial Deer Sect. However, I'm also the successor the Demon Sage Sargeras."

The heart of Patriarch Pakal seized. This was a name written in the annals of Pakal lore. How could he not recognize such a name? The man who had sacrificed his everything for the hope of a better future.

Caedlum and his elder brother both looked toward their father. When had they ever seen their father react in such a way? He was their rock, an anchor that had held their small Pakal branch family up even in the face of being essentially cast away to these lands. If it wasn't for him, how many times would the Ragnor clan have trampled all over them?

And yet this man was practically shaking in his seat, paling as though he had seen a ghost.

The reason was simple... That lofty Demon Sage, the one feared by so many, also had a name that spread throughout the martial world...

Sargeras Pakal.

#### Chapter 493 Coincidence

Unlike the Ragnor God Clan, the Pakal God Clan had not come to this universe on a mission. Instead, under the enmity of opposing branches and due to permeating inter-clan warfare, Patriarch Pakal had fled with his family.

In the process, many of their best and brightest had died and only he remained of this original Pakal branch.

He alone reached this universe. He had been young and green. In fact, he had relied on the disunity of this universe to grow in the shadows before fully establishing the Pakals again. And now he had a ray of hope in his youngest son to raise their branch back to their former glory.

But, what could possibly make him react in such a way?

"Father?" Caedlum lightly probed.

"Ah..." Patriarch Pakal responded, but still seemed to be in a daze before he shook his head to clear his mind. "Caedlum."

"Yes, father?"

"This Dyon boy... You and him together. Do you understand?" Patriarch Pakal spoke a few words, but the weight of them stunned Caedlum.

All his life, ever since he had been found to hold their Pakal family's faith seed, his father had given him the responsibility of bearing their future on his shoulders. But now he was saying to share that burden?

Caedlum didn't know whether he should feel relieved or not. In fact, he was more confused than anything.

Because he had been so focused on trying to learn demonic will in the legacy world, Caedlum had never met the demon sage. As the saying goes, that's what fate held for them.

Had the Demon Sage seen Caedlum, he would have immediately recognized the bloodline within him. How could he not? He was among the most formidable Pakals in history. Although he, himself, never transcended to leave behind a faith seed of his own due to the unfortunate circumstances of his life, that didn't stop his legend from being among the most pervading. All he would have had to do was see Caedlum and he would have never even given Dyon a second glance.

Everything would have lined up perfectly. In fact, the Demon Sage might have even been happy about giving his legacy over to Caedlum. After all, the story behind why Caedlum's Pakal family branch was kicked away would have deeply resonated with the Demon Sage. Why? Because it was partially the Demon Sage's fault.

"Father... Are you sure? Why? Does it have to do with this Demon Sage he mentioned?" Caedlum was quite intelligent in his own right. Considering Dyon had only stated two names, and one of them was from the completely unrelated celestial deer sect, the logical conclusion was this demon sage. But, Caedlum didn't know Pakal Clan history to the extent his father did. He spent all of his time cultivating to live up to his father's expectations, so, how could he?

"After the conclusion of today's event, I'll tell you everything. But, he needs to be there as well." Although Caedlum didn't know it, his father had already decided to wholeheartedly protect Dyon as though he was a son of his own. If it came to it, and King Belmont didn't go far enough, he would have no qualms about stepping in for Dyon should he need the help.

That said, considering what Patriarch Pakal had seen from Dyon, he was too intelligent to do anything that left him at a severe disadvantage. That likely meant he already had a degree of certainty that King Belmont would act.

'What an interesting boy...' For the first time in decades, Patriarch Pakal smiled. He could finally see a road.



Suddenly, Pakal felt a heavy gaze pierce through the void and land upon him.

A sneer appeared on Patriarch Pakal's features. 'You're quite rude.'

A light snort filled Pakal's ears. 'It seems you've been keeping up in your cultivation.'

'What do you want, Ragnor?' Pakal had little patience at the moment. And he definitely didn't want to deal with such an enemy invading his private space. The Pakal and Ragnor's were not on good terms. If it wasn't for giving face to King Belmont, they wouldn't even be in the same arena right now.

The Ragnor had stolen one of the very few legacy techniques Patriarch Pakal had been able to salvage in his trip across the universes: The Blood Sacrifice Technique. Even when Dyon had revealed the location to them, another bloody war had erupted that resulted in the Ragnor, again, taking possession of it.

Patriarch Pakal never understood why the Ragnor wanted the technique so much. He knew the history of it. In fact, it was because of this very technique that the Pakal Clan had been split. Some had wanted to make use of lives to increase the strength of their clan and thus finally force the Ragnor into submission. While Patriarch Pakal's faction had been wholeheartedly against it. Although that was merely a single point of contention, with there being many others, it was a point nonetheless.

However, the problem with the Ragnor using it was that they didn't have the leeway in this universe to use the lives of its citizens as they pleased. The Belmont would never allow such a thing, lest they lose public favor. So, the Ragnor wanting it was absolutely ridiculous because they'd need to use it on a much larger scale than the Storm family of Focus Academy had. A scale which would never go under the radar.

'Can't I just catch up with an old friend?' Patriarch Ragnor's voice was suave and gentle. He came off as a refined man. But, those who knew his ruthlessness would know better.

'Get to the point.'

Patriarch Ragnor chuckled. 'Nothing much... It's only that I think I heard a name just now that sounded very familiar...'

Pakal froze. 'Could he possibly know? They're just a Ragnor branch family who should be far removed from the main branch. How could he know such deep seeded lore? Even my own sons don't know...'

'A familiar name? What do you mean?' Despite his surprise, Pakal responded without delay, less he give himself away.

Patriarch Ragnor's voice faded away. 'Haha. Just a coincidence then...'

Chapter 494 Come!

King Aumen's eyes constricted at Dyon's words. This Demon Sage? He had never heard of such a person. But, how could he be from this universe and not have heard of the famed Celestial Deer Sect?

That said, Thadius had called this boy the successor. And then Dyon had stated that he was the successor of the demon sage. Which only meant one thing... King Aumen wasn't qualified to know who this demon sage was.

He briefly thought for a moment that maybe this demon sage was weak. But, how could that be possible with Thadius' talent? A large part of him still believed that his son would be more than a match for Dyon. But, he knew fully well that his son was already within Thadius' age range and yet he had not a single chance against this Thadius.

Dyon smiled. "Don't be so worried King Aumen, both my master and the man I plan on succeeding are dead."

Those listening to Dyon's words couldn't help but be stunned again. What did he get out of revealing such a thing now? Was he trying to toy with King Aumen? Or were they really dead? And if they were really dead, why would he remove all doubt like this? Wouldn't it be beneficial to him if King Aumen thought they were alive?

At Dyon's words, even King Aumen's kingly aura seemed to twitch. 'What audacity.'

"Regardless of whether they're alive or not," King Aumen replied calmly, "I am a King, and I rule a planet. If I bowed my head and allowed my subjects to be so easily bullied just because of the power of my enemy, I wouldn't be much of a good king."

“No,” Dyon shook his head in agreement, “but, you’d be a smart king.”

“Oh? And why is that?”

“For one, it’s probably in your best interest that those two girls aren’t under your rule anymore. After all, a King is only as good as his subjects. They’re who really uphold your kingdom. And yet, you were letting two cancers infest your sturdy foundation. I was only helping.”

“You!” Patriarch Geb and Horus were furious. He dared to call their daughters cancer before them?

“Secondly, there’s your reputation,” Dyon continued unperturbed. “Two of your top 30 rankers, the equivalent of the top 10 your planet has to offer, were willing to cheat under the eyes of all these people. Imagine that, 20% of your best 10 talents were cheaters. What does that say about Planet Deimos?”

“You’d best be very clear on who you’re accusing of what,” King Aumen spoke, waving his hand to silence the other two.

Tau and Ur Aumen, King Aumen’s two sons, watch silently by their father’s side. Their temperaments were nearly identical, even right down to the intelligent glint in their eyes. It seemed they appreciated the route their father was going with this.

Dyon laughed. “So from my understanding, two matches my wives were dominating from beginning to end just abruptly changed for the worse the instant the two of them no longer had a chance?”

King Aumen continued unperturbed. “I can’t speak for your wives, but I can say that Ode and Eboni were both very hard working and diligent. In fact, they were both promised to my eldest son in marriage. While your wives remain safe, my son’s wives are gone. How do you plan on compensating us for this?”

King Belmont, although he had arrived, stood to the side quietly. He wanted to see exactly where this would go. Was this Dyon really relying on him? Or did he have something else?

“How would you like me to compensate?” Dyon asked with a smile.

“In two ways,” King Aumen’s aura blazed, his golden flames seemingly distorting the space around him. “One is for my son and the other is for Planet Deimos.

“The first. An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth. Your wives must die.

“The second, for the disrespect you’ve laid upon my planet, is your own life or your cultivation. You can decide. From what I hear, you come from a people of cripples, so maybe you don’t have the pride of a martial artist.”

Patriarch Geb and Horus were silently pleased by their King’s words. And quite eager to see Dyon pay for his overbearing actions.

The way Dyon had gone about this was entirely too domineering. He had done nothing less than slap the face of King Aumen, killing his subordinates right before him.

Dyon’s smile faded away. Had only his life been threatened, he would have been apt to continue this game of cat and mouse. But, to threaten the lives of his wives, especially when someone on the level of a Celestial expert should have very clearly seen Ode and Eboni cheat, was unforgivable.

“Interesting. So, let me get this straight. Just for the record. You, being the celestial expert you are, saw no foul play committed by Ode or Eboni. Is that correct?”

“I’ve already spoken as such, is there a need to ask that question? It would be better for me if you three commit suicide. I wouldn’t like to sully my hands with such a matter.”

Away from the scene, Femi Geb was still fuming. The earth around him was quaking with such madness that the cracks erupting from his feet had shattered the accommodations he had been given as a member of the “true top 10”.

When he heard that Dyon would lose his life, it did nothing to calm his mood. He wanted to fight him, and he wanted to fight him now. He needed revenge.

“KING, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS.” Femi’s voice boomed, its grating rockiness pervading the arena.

King Aumen turned his burning gaze toward Femi.

“Allow me the chance to execute him. I don’t want anyone being able to say “what if”.” Femi said earnestly.

Femi’s body flashed with speed only a peak essence gathering expert a hair from becoming a saint could reach before landing in an untouched arena.

“Come!” Femi roared.

Chapter 495 The First.

Dyon turned his gaze to Femi’s hulking body. The man was truly too big. Although he was five meters tall, he seemed just about as wide.

Then, he turned to Madeleine and Ri, completely unperturbed by having his back facing King Aumen.

“You two want to watch a show? You must be tired.” A sad look appeared on Dyon’s face as he stroked the cheeks of his wives. He could have saved them much earlier than he did, but he knew they could hold out to the final moment. Only then would it be clear just who between the four of them was the best. In the end, it was without a doubt his wives.

Ri and Madeleine looked to Dyon. They could only see concern in his eyes. It was almost as though he hadn’t just been threatened by the head of a Royal God Clan.

“Here,” With a wave of his hand, the Demon Sage’s Tower expanded, dropping directly before the arena Femi stood on. The aura was so stifling that even the head of the Royal God Clan’s froze for an instant. They could all feel that this wasn’t a normal treasure. In fact, King Aumen knew instantly that even as long as Dyon powered it appropriately, he would have no chance of breaching it..

However, instead of using it to escape like he thought, Dyon simply led his wives in at a leisurely pace, allowing them to sit and view the arena.

A large panned glass window of the tower opened to allow them in, letting everyone see Dyon kneel before Ri and Madeleine.

“There’ll come a time where no one even dares to threaten you two.” He said softly.

Ri and Madeleine’s eyes glistened, the words caught in their throats.

They knew very well the treasures Dyon had access to. Even more, they knew how powerful Ri’s mother was. By all measures, Dyon shouldn’t be taking this as seriously as he was. King Aumen’s threats had no chance of coming to fruition. But, the sincerity and gentleness in his voice made it clear that this was still weighing on him. He had a drive that few people if any could match.

Two smiles, matchless in through the universes, graced Dyon sight as they each grabbed one of his hands.

To everyone watching, it almost seemed like a goodbye between lovers. Only the three of them knew what it truly meant. Dyon was angry, and he was about to wreak havoc.

Kawa Acacia watched this scene from the skybox. The anger in her heart was so dense that she wasn’t able to withdraw her Kitsune form. If it wasn’t for the arrays protecting the skybox, her aura would have long since shattered it and blasted into the arena.

But, she kept holding onto that image of Dyon holding out a hand to her. Regardless of how arrogant he was, Kawa could see through this child. How many years had she lived? How many things had she experienced?

Where everyone else saw a boy arrogant beyond belief, she saw a child still trying to prove himself.

Again and again Dyon did these outlandish things. Time and time again he succeeded in executing them, cutting down the obstacles in his path. And yet they continued to doubt, to look down on his accomplishments, to try and take away the loves of his life, to treat his life as though it was a toy for them to take away and play with as they pleased.

Dyon had already told her that she would unfortunately never be able to meet his mother. The moment those words left his mouth, Kawa could feel a deep and reverberating pain that still hadn't left him. In that moment Dyon had ceased being the picture of absolute confidence, or even a man. He had become the boy he really was.

Seeing this pained Kawa. Not only because she had taken a liking to Dyon, but also because of what must have meant for the pain Ri went through without her. She was a mother that had never gotten the opportunity to truly be a mother, and she wanted nothing more than to protect not just Ri, but also Madeleine and Dyon.

Dyon flashed out of the, landing without a sound on the arena floor. Despite its constant quaking under Femi's feet, the ground seemed to be completely still under Dyon's. However, Femi didn't seem to notice this, even as he angrily glared at Dyon.

"I'm going to rip you apart." His grating voice permeated the arena. "Then, I'll ask to be allowed to execute your wives as well. It's almost a shame that you won't be alive to see it. Maybe I should cripple you first.

"Or maybe, it'll be more interesting if I just tell you what I'm going to do. So I can watch you despair and fight desperately, only to lose in the end." Femi's sneer looked particularly disgusting with his protruding jaw.

Dyon listened silently, letting his anger boil.

The martial world never ceased to amaze him. Imagine acting like a victim in such a situation.

They had dared to put the lives of his wives at risk, and then they asked him for payment in return. What for? To save face? To not admit that they were wrong? Because they thought they had the power to trample over people as they please? Was this really what it meant to be a martial artist? Was this even a world he wanted to stand at the top of? What was the point?

"Today your Planet Deimos has made quite a few mistakes," Dyon spoke lightly. But his voice, there was something wrong. It was as though it had fallen into an abyssal darkness. It was a low and hoarse. Something about it was decidedly sinister, even though it didn't seem to be on the surface. Those who heard it couldn't help but feel their hearts tremble, their souls threatening to leave their bodies.

“You’ll be the first to pay for them.”

#### Chapter 496 Gauntlet

The veins on Femi’s forehead bulged. He couldn’t believe that Dyon still dared to talk to him in this way. There was no room to hide, no room to fake and definitely no room to avoid the truth anymore. Femi believed that he would crush him right here and now.

“Geb’s Gauntlet’s.” Femi’s roared. “Saint’s Rage.” His fists slammed against each other as the quaking of the earth beneath his feet increased 100-fold.

A blinding light emitted from his fists, sending sparks flying around the arena as the crowd watched with rapt attention.

Patriarch Geb couldn’t help but nod in satisfaction. To cultivate their clan’s Geb’s gauntlet’s to the fourth layer meant to step into the saint level of the technique. Although Femi wasn’t yet a saint, he was but a step away and had thus grasped the technique most suited to a saint level expert. This meant his battle power was far above that a normal Essence Gathering expert.

Dyon stood with his shoulders square. His chest was bare, but his torso had clean white bandages wrapped tightly around them matched with his usual black sweat pants.

His anger was clear. Flickers of black flames raged in his eyes even as Femi’s hulking figure charged toward him.

Dyon’s skin reddened and bulged. A heated steam escaped from his body, pushing his limits. “Demon Emperor’s Will. Act 1. Stage 3. Perfection.”

Veins of gold pumped through his muscles, reorganizing his tissues.

“DIE!” Femi’s large fists cut through the air, aiming to end Dyon’s life in a single blow.

Dyon’s eyes flashed as his back flexed. His fists tucked to either side of him, clenching tightly. Suddenly, they snapped, flying forward..



A sneer appeared on Femi's features as he watched Dyon's fists come to meet his. 'You dare to have a test of strength with me?!'

There was a reason Femi was so big despite being a human with relatively low cultivation. He was born with a God level constitution that granted him innate strength at a level that scaled to his cultivation. If his cultivation was at the essence gathering level, his body would be able to cross into the saint level! And even worse? With every clash, he would become stronger because he could make use of residual energy from clashes to improve his striking power.

Tyranny's Rage God Constitution!

Dyon looked like an ant standing before a giant.

And then.

Their fists clashed.

A maelstrom of stone and wind blasted from their location, causing a crater to appear below their feet.

Femi roared, relishing in the feeling of his blood boiling. But, he soon realized that something was wrong... He still felt Dyon's fists connected to his...

"Impossible!" Patriarch Geb didn't know how to feel. Who could know more than him how tyrannical his son's body was? Just how many treasures had he spent on opening up his son's constitution to the level it was at now?!

Femi was stunned, but soon anger replaced his emotions. "Good! It shouldn't be so easy! How would it be satisfying then?! Eat my fists!"

Dyon's face was completely neutral, deadpan even. His eyes weren't flashing. He wasn't using his energy cultivation to replenish his stamina. And he had cut off his 6th sense. He wanted to brawl. He wanted to

bury this Femi beneath his feet using the same tactics he used. He wanted to feel his bones crunch under his fists and watch as blood flowed from his body.

Everyone watched as a massive, hulking man sent a flurry of fists at a boy less than half his height.

Booming rings of air flung from their clashes. Their figures flashed across the arena, leaving craters of earth in their wake.

Femi's anger boiled. His fists became heavier with each strike, increasing in strength. The gauntlet's that graced his arms were of the saint grade, their hardness could not be underestimated. Even a mid level saint with have issues cracking them. And yet, Dyon didn't wince even once as he used his bare hands to fight back.

Blood flew from his fists, and yet he didn't pull back.

He had a clear advantage in wills comprehended, yet he didn't use it.

His soul was his strongest attribute, yet he didn't use it.

He had Spiritual level weapons, yet he didn't use them.

He was pissed. Even Femi's overbearing attitude was starting to be tempered by Dyon's unrelenting ferocity. He was a madman.

Dyon coughed up blood as he used his forearm to block one of Femi's strikes. He turned his body, dissipating its momentum.

He threw a fist at Femi's arm as it flew by his rotating body. The fist was sharp and although Dyon could have aimed for Femi's flesh, he still hit the gauntlet's.

"IDIOT!" Femi raged as his other arm aimed for Dyon's head.

Dyon remained unperturbed, sending an elbow at the coming fist before rotating his body again.

In an instant, he found himself past Femi's guard.

"SCRAM!" Femi roared, slamming his hands together. "Geb's Rage. Quake!"

Dyon ducked, narrowly escaping the reverberating technique before flipping back onto his hands and sending a double kick toward Femi's gauntlet's.

His feet slammed into their tough exterior, but Femi had already recovered to slam his fists downward.

Dyon sensed danger. His muscles twitched even in his awkward handstand as his body twisted, narrowly avoiding the strike. But, the quake flowed through the air, bombarding his sides and agitating his wound.

Blood spilt from Dyon's lips.

"I'LL ONLY GET STRONGER!" Femi's voice boomed as his body seemed to be glowing a fiercer and fiercer red with each passing moment. His strength was climbing, and rapidly at that.

"I'll show you was a true top ten can do." Femi sneered. His fists slammed together as Dyon collected himself. "Geb's domain. Gravity Falls. Stage 1."

Dyon's feet immediately sank into the ground by a few inches, his weight doubling.

"I'd like to see you dodge now." Femi sneered.

Most of the spectators were only there for an entertaining show. But, how could Ri and Madeleine feel the same way?

How could anyone know the limits of Dyon's power more than them, and yet they could clearly see him handicapping himself. He wasn't even replenishing his stamina!

"You're so stubborn!" Ri grit her teeth as he watched Dyon's fists meet Femi's again and again.

Dyon didn't even practice any martial world fist techniques! What was he doing!

But down below, Dyon seemed to have tossed everything from his mind as his savage aura continued to build. All he could think of was killing Femi.

However, the evidence was showing more and more that that would be impossible. Because even as Dyon's desire grew, Femi's power grew.

A blast of red aura erupted from Femi's fist as his power reached a saturated level. "Die!"

Dyon's eyes narrowed as he crossed his arms. But, it was to no avail. He was sent flying, his feet barely touching the ground with its tips as he went.

Femi flashed forward, his body moving much too quickly for his size as he appeared above Dyon. His fists slammed downward, causing Dyon's crossed arms to once again display their uselessness.

Dyon's back crashed into the arena floor, burying him within as Femi stood atop.

"This is the only position you're fit to be in." Femi sneered. "Watch carefully. This is the strength of a true top ten ranker."

A massive fist coated in a blinding crystal gauntlet careened downward, looking to end Dyon's life.

Chapter 497 Paid

Femi's laugh reverberated through the arena as his fists crashed into Dyon again and again.

“Come on! Get up! Weren’t you the real number one?! What’s going on!?” Femi laughed, a rage permeating through his voice.

Anyone could tell that he was more angry about the slight against his name than he was about his sister dying. There was no question.

Blood flew from Dyon’s face and body, coating Femi’s fists. But, he didn’t seem intent on stopping.

King Belmont and King Aumen watched from the air. Dyon had accepted this battle, so King Belmont didn’t see it fit for him to intervene and King Aumen could hardly care about this battle any longer. What true great existence would accept such a pathetic disciple?

Tau Aumen was maybe the most pissed. Not because Dyon was losing, but because his losing so easily meant that he had wasted his time planning all of this. What was the use in his effort if Femi would have just won the battle anyway? Everything seemed completely useless now and he had lost two wives out of it.

It wasn’t as though he loved either, but who wouldn’t want a member of the six beauties as a wife? And Ode may have not been at that level, but she was only a step below. She would have done nicely when he was bored of Eboni.

And yet, he had lost them both because of this Dyon who couldn’t even beat the worst among the top ten. People liked to say they were all in the same tier of strength, but Tau found that to be ridiculous. If that was the case, their rankings would fluctuate more than they had.

Over the past two or so decades, with the exception of Saru Shruti and Zabia Jafari who had come out of nowhere, their rankings stayed practically the same. It was only this campaign that Lionel had passed Tau, and from what Tau had heard, that was because Lionel had found a legacy temple – something that garnered bonus points. After all, campaigns were all about contribution, and what could contribute more than the power boost provided by a legacy?.

The fact that Femi had consistently been at the bottom of the top ten wasn’t a coincidence. Maybe if they only had a one-year sample size, it would make sense to say such a thing. But, over decades, with at least one attempt a year, weren’t they pretty much set in stone?

That said, there were some in the top ten that were decidedly younger than the rest... Lionel was barely over 20. And Saru and Zabia were just approaching 30. That was how you really told the difference between them.

Femi's fists finally stopped, his breathing was labored as he turned a sinister eye to Ri and Madeleine. "King Aumen, would you allow me to execute them as well?"

King Aumen turned a nonchalant eye toward Dyon's tower. "Do whatever you'd like."

Suddenly a steady and unlabored voice rang out that froze Femi's advance. "Your punches could hardly scratch an itch. Is this your so-called tyrannical strength?"

Femi sneered. "And here I thought this little mouse was already dead. Did you like getting beaten up so much that you stayed silent? Let me accompany you then!"

Femi's fist flew downward again, pouring all of his power into a single strike.

"More of the same?"

All this time, in all of Femi's excitement, he had missed a single glaring thing. Not once had Dyon closed his eyes.

Through the beatings, the flurry of fists and the pain, he had watched it all happen.

Dyon's hand shot forward as a red-black aura began to drip from him. Crystal covered scales sprouted along his body as his height expanded again and again.

BOOM!

Femi's momentum was stifled in an instant.

Shock.

Complete and unbridled shock.

Dyon stood leisurely, spitting blood away from his lips. Now, he was even a meter taller than Femi himself, towering over him.

His skin was permeated with robust black scales and his eyes were a blood red. Veins of gold pumped even more vigorously as Dyon's hand clenched Femi's hand even tighter.

Dyon wasn't a masochist. But, he wasn't entirely rational either. He had been dead set on crushing Femi with his body, to the point where he had refused to use his soul or energy cultivation. Even when he was losing, his eyes flared with an anger that never ceased.

So, he used Femi and broke through to a new realm in an instant.

Demon Emperor's Will was divided into three acts with three stages each. The first act was a power amplification of two, then four, then eight. With Dyon's peak Essence Gathering level body, anyone could see how formidable that was.

But, the second act was fundamentally different. Although it too started with a power amplification of sixteen, there was an aspect of will comprehension needed to reach it and it required intent level demonic will!

This was why Dyon had allowed himself to be beat. He was relishing in the anger. He was delving into his fury. He was embodying what it meant to be a demon as he allowed his killing intent to build to a nearly unbearable level.

Although he had yet to reach the perfection stage of this act, it was more than enough. He would slowly come to understand that Act Two of Demon Emperor's Will was much more than a power amplification. But for now, all he wanted to do was brawl.

Femi roared in agony as his hand was crushed under Dyon's palm, but the worst was yet to come.

In one swift motion, Dyon ripped his arm out of its socket. "You had a great time thinking you had won, hm?"

Dyon's music intent laced taunts made Femi's roars of agony amplify. It was as though a demon had climbed into his body and begun to violently quake all of his inner organs.

Blood gushed from his shoulder, but he didn't even have the proper consciousness to realize such a thing. The pain was too much and all at once, all at the same time. He didn't know what he was feeling, where. He just knew despair.

Dyon's massive fist flew toward his other shoulder. The sickening sound of crushed bone and ripping flesh resounded through the arena.

Femi's tyrannical body meant nothing in front of Dyon! A mere much had ripped a hole so large in his shoulder that his beating heart shone through his side.

How Femi managed to remain standing, no one knew. But the breath of the crowd had been taken away. Was this Femi really within the top ten? Was it really so easy to beat someone on that level? Just what was going on?!

"Stay your hand! This was meant to be an execution, not an opportunity for you to gain freedom!" King Aumen's voice boomed through the stadium as celestial energy descended upon Dyon.

"I'd advise you not act against my citizens," King Belmont waved his hand, dispelling King Aumen's efforts.

"You dare?!" King Aumen roared. Everything here was nothing less than a slap to his face. This was exactly what he didn't want and something his very own son had been plotting to stop! A spot in the top 10 was too important for their planet to lose, they had already had two other members of the former top 10 booted out by Saru Shruti and Zabia Jafari, they couldn't afford to lose anymore! The award for this tournament was too important!

Dyon turned a demonic gaze toward King Aumen. "Shut your mouth you shit King!"



A surge of soul pressure the likes of which few had ever felt before covered the arena.

King Aumen felt his soul shake and threaten to shatter! He quickly protected himself, flying backward tens of miles at a time, completely forgetting that had he just attacked Dyon's soul in that instant, despite their soul strength difference, he would have severely injured Dyon. All he cared about in that moment was preserving himself, of saving his own life. In that instant, he had felt the shadow of death creep onto his shoulders and whisper into his ear...

He was simply too shocked to think about something like that. No one had soul strength so powerful to even dare to outright attack with it! It was the reason why the soul was so vulnerable, it was too fragile even if it was powerful. And yet, Dyon had nearly shattered the soul of a celestial level expert with a mere shout.

The silence in the was palpable even as Dyon's fists rained holes into Femi. Dyon seemed oblivious to the commotion he had caused and the truth was that his state of mind was too clouded. He would never have risked such a thing if his demonic will wasn't slowly taking over.

Did he just make King Aumen run away?... What was going on?...

Dyon's entire body became layered in Femi's blood. In fact, Femi had long since died, unable to sustain his life force with so many holes running through him, and yet Dyon kept punching. His anger just wouldn't dissipate.

Dyon roared into the skies.

His voice was so powerful, so laced with hatred and anger and some of the audience directly died.

There were no protective arrays. Why would there be? The arenas were so far from the crowd and the contestants were mere essence gatherers at most, how could their attacks have a chance at reaching so far?

But Dyon's had. And they paid for it with their lives.

## Chapter 498 Mortal Enemy

“Dyon...” Ri and Madeleine had tears in their eyes. Why else would Dyon be so angry if not for them?

The bloody pulp of Femi’s former head was crushed between his hands. At the moment, Dyon was nothing more than a demon.

Ri and Madeleine didn’t hesitate in flashing forward.

Dyon’s roar was filled with such rage and strength that even with their cultivation, they felt it was almost too difficult to get close.

The powerful experts in the stadium didn’t know how to feel. How long had they cultivated for? And how long had Dyon? And yet his music will was clearly a hair’s breath away from a second level intent and even before that, he had already comprehended yet another intent!

No saint in this entire universe had comprehended more than one intent. And even among the celestial God clan heads, they had comprehended two at most. Maybe only the Royal God Clan heads and Kawa would know more than two. But even then, with the exception of them, the number who broke through to second level intents were nearly non-existent!.

Dyon though could hardly care about their feelings right now. Femi’s lifeless corpse hung from his hand, but it wasn’t enough. He was too intelligent to think that Femi could coordinate this on his own.

“This I swear,” Dyon voice rang out, laced with incomparable malice, “the Aumen clan has made an irredeemable mistake today. I’ll lay waste to your entire planet.”

Femi’s body flew sharply through the air, crashing through the arrays protecting the Planet Deimos skybox.

King Aumen and his sons were stunned — much less mentioning Patriarch Geb and Horus. A child dared to declare war on an entire planet? Himself?

To them, it was only their right as the powerful to treat the weak as they saw fit. Dyon was in their way and he had no backing, so they had no issue with sweeping him to the side. If that meant dealing with his wives as well, so what?

King Aumen was embarrassed beyond belief. How many people had just seen him retreat from the roar of a mere child? He was thousands of years old! This Dyon was barely 19! How could he accept something like this?!

“King Belmont. If you don’t allow us to seek retribution for this matter in a prompt fashion, don’t blame my Planet Deimos for cutting all ties of cordiality.” He immediately appeared by his sons once again, reclaiming his previous demeanor and burying his previous fear. Now that he had calmed down, he knew that Dyon had made a massive gamble at attacking him like he did, and he also knew that Dyon wouldn’t be able to do it again because he would be prepared this time.

Truth be told, King Belmont was in a tough position. It wasn’t that he was scared of King Aumen “how could he be? His planet had the strongest existences in the universe if he didn’t count the recent anomalies of Planet Nix and Mino. But, there was a reason why he hadn’t campaigned to become a King God Clan in all this time. His goal was beyond this universe and toward the existence that loomed over all of their heads. If he diverted his attention in such a way, he’d waste away his years on something that was ultimately meaningless.

However, this King Aumen was truly taking things too far. What Celestial expert here didn’t know that Ode and Eboni had cheated? Despite their actions taking less than a split second between the onset of their techniques and the massive eruption, it would never escape their senses as true experts. And yet this King was pretending as though this hadn’t happened.

If King Belmont called King Aumen out on this, he would simply deny it. He would say there was no evidence, and then it would be a matter of he said she said. But, it would end up badly in Dyon’s favor because while Ode and Eboni cheating was up in the air, there was no doubt that Dyon had in fact killed them. Everyone was witness to it. Simply the act of killing without proof or within the confines of a match was grounds for severe punishment.

As for the other planets, what incentive did they have to step in? If Dyon died, that would be an extra possibility for one of their own to join the ranks of the top ten. In fact, they were all silently thanking Dyon for killing Femi.

“Is this really what you want to do, King Aumen?” King Belmont responded carefully.

“Did I not make myself clear?” King Aumen’s golden flames blazed. “Now tell me. Are you willing to have a falling out between planets for the sake of a cheating murderer? Or will you do the right thing in the eyes of the people and rule righteously?”

“For you to accept a citizen under your wing that so blatantly called for the destruction of our planet, does that not mean you agree with his sentiments? Maybe we should cut off all ties now!”

King Belmont’s brows furrowed at these words. It was indeed true that Dyon had just threatened them. Everything King Aumen said, to the laymen, was air-tight.

Below, Dyon’s body was severely trembling under the pressure of the second layer of Demon Emperor’s Will. He had no choice but to release it before dropping to a knee, breathing heavily.

He was truly too stubborn. Had he utilized his soul in fighting Femi, even if it was just to use his 6th sense, how could Femi had even touched him? Plus, he had insisted on attacking Femi’s gauntlet’s again and again, trying to shatter them completely. In the end, he had succeeded. But, it required a technique that was truly too taxing on his body.

On the other hand, had he not delved into what it meant to be a demon, his demonic will would have never evolved.

Ri and Madeleine rushed to his sides. A gentle ice and a comfortable purity filled him with a calm feeling. His red eyes cleared, and the pulsating of his muscles slowed.

Taking out a wet cloth, Ri wiped the blood from Dyon’s body. “You’re too reckless.”

“Definitely too reckless,” Madeleine added as she slowly healed Dyon.

The three of them seemed lost in their own world, oblivious to King Aumen’s threats.

At least, that was until a third party suddenly spoke out.

“Honestly speaking King Belmont, you’ve recently been shielding one too many offending parties don’t you think? You happen to have a Father and Daughter pair housed on your Planet Earth that my Planet Naiad wants dead. You wouldn’t want to have a falling out with two planets, now would you?”

In an instant, a man with flowing light green hair appeared in the air with a dignified expression. This man was none other than King Clyte. Patia-Neva’s mortal enemy.

Chapter 499 Right?

During all of this time, Patia-Neva had been silently watching with a space concealment technique. He couldn’t reveal himself for the same reason Kawa hadn’t done so. Letting the Ragnor Clan and their other allies know of their power was a detriment to their larger goals. So, he could only watch as his first love continued to suffer.

At first, Patia-Neva had left his wife, naively pursuing the path of the Absolute. He knew of their greater purpose, and thus he cast everything away for the sake of greater power. Because his path required coldness to one’s depths, or so he thought, he had severed even familial ties.

The problem with his decision was that his wife had been pregnant at the time, unknown to him. Because of his cold demeanor, and an inability to explain the situation due to the treaty, Patia-Neva’s former lover had thought that he wanted nothing more to do with her. So, she never told him about their child, lest he feel obligated to stay because of that.

Her love was youthful and naïve. Even at the risk of being a single mother for the rest of her life, she was willing to let Patia-Neva pursue the path he wanted. Maybe one day when Delia was strong enough, she’d be able to follow him.

However, Patia-Neva’s actions went further than anyone would have thought possible... He went so far as completely neglecting his clan, ignoring his duties as their first-in-line genius and then eventually, King..

How could a Royal God Clan survive without a mid-level celestial expert? After Patia-Neva’s father passed away, it was up to him to uphold until he reached that level of strength, but he had never tried to do so.

Seeing the clan crumbling, the current Queen Clyte didn't know what to do. She knew of the temperament of the former Clyte God Clan, and current Clyte Royal God Clan's, first in line genius. He had unceasingly pursued her in his youth, and now knowing that Patia-Neva was out of the picture, he would never let her go.

The problem was that Queen Clyte was already pregnant! Due to the turmoil of their Planet Naiad, she had used special treasures to prolong her term of pregnancy and slow Delia's growth. But, that was only a temporary solution. It was only a matter of time before King Clyte found out and killed her child!

But, Queen Clyte had no hope in sight. She had no way of contacting Patia-Neva who seemed to have completely disappeared, and King Clyte was steadily growing more and more frustrated that hundreds of years had passed without her giving birth to his child.

As time continued to pass, King Clyte eventually began to completely neglect his Queen. It couldn't be said that he ever truly loved her. The truth of the matter was that Patia-Neva was always a rival that stifled him throughout his life, and thus, he wanted something of his. The problem was that he never truly felt fulfilled because it was clear to everyone that Patia-Neva had thrown her away.

The constant sneers and talks behind King Clyte's back were things that got to him in the beginning. But, as more time passed, he simply killed all those who offended him, eventually reaching a point where his Clyte Clan was the undisputed ruler and the Patia-Neva legacy was completely wiped.

Through all of this, Patia-Neva stood above his home planet. He watched as his people died. He watched as the love of his life lied with another man and cried herself to sleep every night. He let his emotions boil and rage, before they simmered and tempered. Eventually, his heart reached such a cold peak that his ice intent had torn its way all the way to the ninth level – a peak that not a soul in this universe could match. Even King Acacia had never reached such a level of intent. But, neither had he sacrificed so much either.

It could be said that King Acacia had reached the extremity of the absolute path. With his methods and the help of the ice belt, he could be said to be unrivaled in the ice will cultivation among those below the dao formation level.

And yet, he was empty.

He felt a constant itching, a doubt that wouldn't leave him be. His methods and sacrifice had succeeded, but why did he feel as though he was missing something? Why couldn't he evolve his intent into a Dao?

Pain. He decided. He needed more pain.

But where would this pain come from? Hadn't he already given up his everything? He couldn't even form new relationships to tear apart, his heart was too cold... Too broken.

All he could do was continue to observe, trying to decide whether he should bloody his hands with his love's blood. If he killed her, would it be enough? If he looked her in the eyes, and gave her the glimmer of hope that he had returned, before taking her life away, would that be enough?

In his heart, Patia-Neva had already decided that he would do it if it was his final resort. But, the problem was that this was his last chance. What if it didn't work? What if he killed her and his intent remained at that level? He only had a single one of her lives to use, he couldn't afford to squander it.

He didn't even notice when he had stopped seeing her as his love. Somewhere along his path, she had become a tool for his cultivation – a life he could end whenever he wanted.

But then, after even longer of lying in wait, trying to decide whether to make use of her, he finally saw a glimmer of something he could make a solid bet on.

Queen Clyte, after so many centuries, had lost her ability to continue to hide her pregnancy. If she pushed it any further, Delia would die. But, if she gave birth to Delia, King Clyte would know immediately that she didn't share the Clyte bloodline. She had reached a dead end and Patia-Neva was nowhere to be found.

As the days passed, Delia's lifeforce continued to grow, and who else but Patia-Neva would have been the first to sense this? Who watched over Queen Clyte more than he did? And who could be more powerful than he was in this universe?

'My child?' He thought. To have hidden such a thing for so long, Patia-Neva was impressed. But, at the same time, he had found his opportunity.

If he killed both his wife and his child, that would be enough... Right?

#### Chapter 500 Fateful Night

On a fateful night, Patia-Neva moved. He had no fear of King Clyte detecting him. The Clytes were too weak. They had only become the new Royal God Clan by default. King Clyte himself was only marginally stronger than a normal God Clan head, only being at the peak level of the first celestial stage. So, even if he did detect Patia-Neva, what could he do?

Queen Clyte could not have been more hopeful in seeing Patia-Neva descend into her room. There were a mere few days before she gave birth to Delia, and here came her past love at the perfect time. The only way she had held out for this long was because King Clyte had continued to completely neglect her, instead choosing to toy with his other wives.

Patia-Neva watched coldly as Queen Clyte rushed to him with tears in her eyes, begging him to take their child away.

“Ramiro,” Sofia pleaded, “I know you want nothing to do with me anymore, and I tried to protect our child to the best of my ability. But, I can no longer do so. Please. Not for me, but for the sake of Little Delia. Please take her away.”.

Sofia didn’t care where her love had been, all that mattered was that he was here now. With her having lived for so long, her cultivation had reached a high enough level for her to be able to tell that somehow, Patia-Neva was far stronger than King Clyte.

She cried tears of happiness. Happy that her Ramiro had succeeded in his cultivation path and the path he had chosen had worked for him. And, even more happiness that with his strength, saving Delia would be easy.

She didn’t dare to hope that he would take her away. She saw herself as a tainted woman. Someone who had laid with a man other than her love, simply for the sake of survival. She had done so to save her child, but she only wanted the best for her love... And she felt like she wasn’t it.

Patia-Neva only nodded to this request, spending the coming days simply meditating in the corner of Sofia’s room.



These days were the happiest that she had had in centuries. She had begun turning away all of her maids for decades in preparation for this day, so when she continued to do so, no one found it suspicious. They simply left her alone.

Patia-Neva didn't speak a single word the entire time, but Sofia happily narrated things lovingly. She kept speaking about how with Ramiro took Delia away, that she must treat her well. How girls were different from boys and needed a gentle hand early on, before a more firm guidance later in life. She laid out all of the little dresses she had sown for Delia in her decades of seclusion and she spoke about how much she would love for Delia's favorite color to be green, like her mother.

"I want her to be as firm and determined as you are," Sofia continued, a bright smile on her beautiful features, "But, I want her to have a little piece of me too. I won't be able to be by her side, but I hope you teach her some of my family's sword techniques. We were never too strong, but that was our one pride. And â€" Sofia frowned, bringing her hand to her large belly. A strong contraction sent waves even through her powerful body as the backlash of years of repressing her pregnancy hit her all at once.

Liquid fell as she stood abruptly, holding her stomach as she stumbled to her bed. She didn't have anyone to rely on, she had to get through this on her own. But she refused to allow herself to pass out, if she did, wouldn't her child die? How many centuries had she spent protecting Delia? She wouldn't give up in the final moments.

Patia-Neva immediately noticed this change, and he opened his eyes from his meditation and watched silently as Sofia pulled a basin of water from her private bathroom before waving her hand to fill it with her water will, lacing it with its innate healing properties and many herbs she had prepared for this moment.

Hours of screaming agony passed as Patia-Neva silently watched, his cold expression never wavering.

The years of suppressing her pregnancy had truly taken its toll. But, at the same time, Sofia didn't dare to output too much of her power in healing herself so she didn't alert anyone to her labor. Plus, even if she could, giving birth put even martial women in such a vulnerable position that controlling their energy was nearly impossible. If Sofia used even a strand of saint energy, it could very well kill Delia!

Soon, it became clear that she couldn't hold on any longer. Even as the days of agony raged onward, Sofia just couldn't manage to push past her final hurdle, and she knew that if she took any longer, it would be Delia that suffered.

“Ramiro, please. Cut her out of me. Don’t care for my life,” Tears streamed down Sofia’s cheeks, “It’s not worth living anyway...” The emotion of her child’s birth had completely torn her outward resolve. How could she continue to hide the pain in her heart now? It was too much.

Patia-Neva walked over, slowly lowering his hand to Sofia’s large belly. His eyes were so cold that Sofia couldn’t even find it in her to continue crying. Was this really the love of her life? Was this the same man she cried over every night?

With one swift motion, Patia-Neva did exactly as Sofia had asked. It was but a moment before the cries of a new born child filled the room. Bloodied? Yes. But very much alive.

Seeing this, Sofia could no longer hold on. Centuries of fatigue washed over her as she passed out, her lower stomach bleeding profusely. In a few more moments, she would lose too much blood for even a saint to continue living.

In one arm, Patia-Neva held a blood covered baby as he looked down at his past love. She lay with her head at the end of a tub of water, but a dark red was very quickly thickening the once herb filled liquid.

Patia-Neva looked on before raising his hand to the still crying Delia, ‘Kill.’