

## The Nameless 521

### Chapter 521 React

Caedlum's shoulders slumped as a small smile played his features. He was happy that he had won, but he was truly too fatigued now. Unlike Dyon, he didn't have replenishing techniques, he could only rely on his body. However, because he had used his Asura transformation, even though it was only to a minor level, his recovery rate had significantly slowed despite his body cultivation expertise.

He stood, to the best of his abilities, and watched as Uma was taken away by members of Planet Mino. It seemed they were stunned by their loss, but at the same time, there was a measure of respect in their eyes for Caedlum.

What others didn't know just yet was that Planet Mino had been taken over by beasts. Uma, herself, was a member of a Primal Ape bloodline.

She couldn't be said to be a peak most member of this bloodline, but she had been deemed worthy enough to be sent on this mission along with the rest of their clan. That said, she wasn't their main hope, because that rested on the top 6 beauty, Saru's shoulders.

Many started looking at the top 6 beauty after this display. Although Uma was part of a different clan, the fact she had turned into an ape made them quite apprehensive as to what Saru might be. If a beauty like her turned out to be an ape as well, wouldn't that just be too sad?

However, Saru seemed oblivious to these gazes as she remained a picture of perfection frozen in time. She knew that although Caedlum had won, he was very much vulnerable right now. They had other members ranked highly in the top 20 that could take their place back forcefully. So, she wasn't too worried about their position weakening.

Saru's thoughts seemed to be reciprocated by the crowd. Ferocious gazes seemed to pierce Caedlum's heaving back as he tried to catch his breath. It seemed they were all waiting for the moment Uma was gone to be the first to step on stage.

The time passed almost too slowly, but as soon as the final member of Planet Mino left the stage, a surging crowd of young warriors pushed and shoved toward Caedlum's stage, jockeying for position as they sprinted forward.

Caedlum turned around, laughing bitterly to himself as he watched this scene. His muscles were completely torn, and his energy was depleted. He might as well forfeit to the person who stepped up first.

However, the first to land on the stage was someone no one had ever expected. Even Caedlum was surprised, a questioning look appearing on his usually stoic features.

“Hey! You already have a spot, you can’t challenge him!”

Someone roared from the crowd, turning their ire onto the figure that landed leisurely before Caedlum. The crowd of warriors completely agreeing making their grievances known as they continued to make their way toward the stage, convinced that this person’s challenge didn’t count.

Suddenly, a massive wall of gold and purple appeared around Caedlum’s stage, completely blocking out the coming challengers and causing Elder Den’s brow to furrow.

“What exactly is it that you’re doing? We’ve given you a spot in the top ten already, are you not satisfied? You want to use a fallen comrade as a chance to climb up the rankings? How pathetic can you get?” Elder Den sneered.

Elder Den couldn’t understand why Dyon had stepped onto the stage. Why else would it be so other than him trying to secure a higher ranking?

“Either way, members of the top ten aren’t allowed to challenge each other in this stage. But, I do appreciate you making your character quite clear to everyone in attendance.” Elder Den concluded.

“Huh?” Dyon looked up from Caedlum, “I have no intention of challenging Caedlum, what are you talking about?”

Elder Den’s brow furrowed, “Get out of the way and allow others to challenge then.”

"I don't know what you mean," Dyon smiled lightly, "I'm not in the way. As long as they step onto the stage, they can be considered to have challenged Caedlum. But, it doesn't seem like they want it enough, so I'm just having a leisurely chat with a friend of mine."

Dyon's hand clasped Caedlum's shoulder, which at first caused him to wince, before an inexplicable feeling of relief and comfort washed over him. Caedlum's eyes couldn't help but widen in shock – he immediately understood Dyon's intentions... But, just how powerful was Dyon to be capable of causing such a drastic change in his body so quickly?

Who didn't know that the more powerful a cultivator's body, the harder it was to heal? After all, the quality of material making up your body was greater, which means what it took to damage it was greater, which also meant what it took to heal that damage was obviously also greater. And yet, Caedlum could feel his muscles mending at a noticeable pace even as his to-be challengers pounded against the array he created.

"Move." Elder Den's eyes sharpened, "Or I'll be forced to move you myself." His hand waved, immediately destroying Dyon's array. But, to his frustration, before the warriors could surge forward, yet another barrier appeared. He felt silly playing this game of cat and mouse with a junior. He was a peak saint! Destroying these barriers were child's play, but he had no way of stopping Dyon from creating more. And something told him that if he tried to attack Dyon directly... That puppet might make a reappearance.

Suddenly, an obsidian tree spanning hundreds of meters bloomed behind Dyon, with clear veins of transparent crystals running up its trunk.

King Acacia and Belmont, who were of course in the skybox, could only shake their heads at this point. This boy had shocked them one too many times... They were almost numb to it. Him learning the Acacia Family Manifestation technique? Sure... Why not.

'Our ancestors are probably rolling in their graves...' King Acacia sighed.

If King Acacia knew that Dyon had already bullied his ancestors, one could only imagine how he'd react.

Chapter 522 Come.

"Husband, that doesn't seem like the base form of the technique either. It's evolved." Kawa said, giggling.

King Acacia sighed. He was one of the very few experts who managed to keep up his soul cultivation with his energy cultivation. It was only that he had sealed away his power, especially his soul power which his True Empathy was based in, in order to preserve his sanity. But, now that he was cured and even guided to a first level celestial will by his son in law, his soul had once again slowly bloomed back to its normal height.

This meant that unlike his wife Kawa, he could now see through Dyon's soul cultivation completely. In fact, he could scan Dyon without Dyon even noticing at this point.

Before, Kawa was already sure that Dyon's soul power was past the Middle Essence stage. However, she couldn't be sure because beasts usually had poor soul talent – with only very rare exceptions like the Celestial Deer Sect. This was why Ri's soul talent was lacking and also why Kawa's soul cultivation lagged behind her body and energy cultivation.

'To have a Saint stage soul at 19... What kind of monster are you...' King Acacia sighed. He really liked this son in law of his. He had never seen a mind so pure before... He truly felt that even if he couldn't cleanse himself, if it was only him and Dyon in the world, he would never go berserk.

The thing that truly shocked King Acacia though, was something even Dyon hadn't noticed. Dyon's soul was constantly improving passively without the need for him to use a soul cultivation technique!

That in itself wasn't the truly outstanding point. After all, if an expert completely ignored soul cultivation, but focused on energy or body cultivation, their soul would slowly, over time, catch up. However, Dyon's soul was already far past his body and energy cultivation!

That said, King Acacia didn't know if this was a good thing... When he spoke with his good friend King Belmont, he had found out that Dyon's soul break through had caused a massive commotion. In the end, Dyon had forcefully absorbed saint stones to raise his body cultivation to survive!

Sure, that had worked for a Saint Soul... But what about a Celestial Soul? The qualitative change wasn't something Dyon could fathom. But what if he survived that, would he survive creating a Dao Soul?

King Acacia almost felt ridiculous that he was practically confirming Dyon would reach that level, but he would feel even more ridiculous not concluding that! What kind of concept was it to be a saint at 19?

Even through the entire cosmos there might only be a few talents that achieved such a thing. But, those talents would have done so in body or energy cultivation! Two paths that were significantly easier to advance in.

Calling Dyon a monster, was, quite frankly, an understatement.

'I have to talk him about this... I'm not sure if there's a solution, but if he keeps improving at this rate, he's going to die because of his own talent. If you let my daughter become a widow at such a young age, I'll reach into the stream of reincarnation and revive you just to kill you again!' King Acacia harrumphed.

That was, of course, something completely impossible for him or anyone else in existence for that matter. Even Transcendents couldn't do such a thing. The laws of the universe were too solid and set in place. But, that didn't stop King Acacia for swearing such a thing for the sake of his daughter.

Below, Dyon was practically force feeding Caedlum the fruits that fell from his Tree of Life and Death as his game of cat and mouse continued with Elder Den. He had even begun mixing in concealment arrays so Elder Den didn't know where to direct his power and what to shatter. It was quite funny watching those eager warriors think there was a free lane only to run into an invisible wall.

The time that had passed was barely half a minute, but Caedlum already looked hundreds of times better than he had. The surrounding crowd could only watch in awe as Dyon practically worked a miracle.

'Is it really so easy to cure people?...' The crowd was stunned.

Even Caedlum couldn't help but look down at himself as his body seemed to be renewed. Inwardly, he was aware that he had only recovered about 60-70%, but only 30 seconds had passed!

"Dyon, thank you." He said with a resolute look in his eyes. Even though him at 70% wouldn't have been enough to fight for a spot in the top ten, it was more than enough to fight these bottom rankers. Especially since they didn't have to know he wasn't at 100%.

Dyon laughed, "It's no big deal. We're allies now. I'll always have your back." Dyon looked up, "Sorry for the intrusion Elder Den. I was just have a quick chat with my friend. I'm sure 30 seconds hasn't delayed things too much, right?"

Elder Den nearly lost it at the grin on Dyon's face. But, before he could say anything, Dyon had already removed all barriers and flashed back to his stage.

All of the rankers could only watch helplessly as Caedlum's once slumped back straightened. His aura once again became sharp and stifling, and his gaze seemed to pierce to everyone of them who had been eager to take advantage of his weakness.

Madeleine and Ri, who had obviously not taken part in the stampede, only giggled to each other. It seemed their husband really enjoyed stirring up trouble and he wasn't at all remorseful about it.

Dyon leisurely reclined on his array, laughing to himself. 'I'll have to use devour on the next opponent I get if it's soon, that is. Who would have thought Caedlum's body would be so strong! With my soul being at the saint level, and his body only being at the lower Essence Gathering level, it should have been much easier than it was to cure him... I guess I should pay more attention to the demon sage's techniques...'

Caedlum's eyes flashed, looking out into the hesitant crowd with a deadpan expression. "Come."

Chapter 523 Didn't I?

In the end, the top 20 rankers from Planet Nix and Mino had no choice but to try their luck and regain the positions their planets had lost. But, there was a reason they, themselves, hadn't been a part of the top ten to begin with. They were far inferior to those of their planet that had lost, so how could they succeed?

Caedlum was capable of leisurely taking care of two such wishful thinkers, and thus made it clear that his new health wasn't a façade – Dyon had truly cured him.

This raised Dyon's cache with the crowd even further. There wasn't a single person in the universe, who was currently watching, that didn't know Dyon's name by heart. But, it was no longer because they saw him as a coward. Instead, they saw him as an undisputed genius who had earned every right to be as arrogant as he had been.

Whether or not he cheated was something they had long stopped debating. It just didn't matter. In fact, there even came a faction of people who were a proponent of it being perfectly fine even if he did cheat. They believed that since it was his expertise in array alchemy that had benefited him, it had technically been his very own power that he relied on to rank highly. As a result, who were they to say he didn't deserve his rank?

"You go out and cheat if it's so easy," they'd say. It was clear that Dyon was beginning to build up his very own fanclub.

"Hmph, I liked it when he was less popular," Ri pouted.

Madeleine only giggled in response, taking Ri's arm in hers as they walked to a new set of stages.

The challenging of the top ten had concluded. Dyon had been challenged a few times by the end, but those challengers had never expected to win, they only wanted to test the waters and temper themselves. So, Dyon had gladly obliged. He hadn't even needed to get up, making use of his array alchemy to build defenses and send out spears was more than enough for him to secure his consecutive victories.

Aside from that, many had tried to test their luck with Vidar and Thor, just to see if they were tired from their battles. But, they had come up empty handed.

Now was the time to officially rank the bottom ninety rankers all before the most anticipated event of the tournament.

Who would stand at the top of the geniuses?

Would it be Tau Aumen? The man with the most experience and the most accumulated cultivation?

Would it be Lionel Belmont? A newly found number one, royal prince, and wielder of the almighty fire and ice flames?

Would it be Saru Shruti? A beauty beyond words, and new comer?

Or would it be yet another new comer in Zabia Jafari? A man with an outer appearance of a brute, but such fine and well tuned control of his wills that he would be noted as a genius wherever he was?

Or even yet, would it be the four completely new sprouts of those rankers? Caedlum? Thor? Vidar? Or would it be Dyon?

The penultimate battle would soon be upon them.

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In a cave under the Belmont Holy Land mountain range.

"I don't understand, grandfather. What was the point of waiting all of this time if we were just going to infiltrate without the Belmonts anyway? Don't tell me we were worried about a measly King Belmont enough to wait for him to be gone to attack?"

A familiar sharp Asian teen stood clad in black. His aura had seemingly completely changed in the past year, and although he had begged his family for a chance to participate in the World Tournament, they had turned him down.

This young man was, of course, Daiyu Chenglei.

"I know that you're feeling restless about not being able to participate in the tournament, but that's no reason to start doubting your elders boy." Elder Daiyu reprimanded. "Do you know how vast this cosmos is? What use is there in ranking in such a small universe? There are competitions you may participate in for the future that are across entire quadrants! There are even inter quadrant competitions, and you're worried about this little World Tournament?"

"Let me tell you, the only reason we even hold this tournament anymore is because we're not worthy of being invited to any other ones. Now stay focused."

Chenglei nodded obediently, staying quiet.



“We attack now, while King Belmont is away for many reasons. One, he isn’t to be underestimated. Or, more accurately, his allies shouldn’t be underestimated. The celestial deer sect paid a heavy price to shatter our daos and severely weaken us, so even our strongest are stuck within the realms of celestial experts.

You have no concept of how powerful the Elvin King is at his peak. But, even he isn’t the one we really must worry about.” Elder Daiyu paused, shaking his head. “There’s no use in speaking of this. In all likelihood, they’re aware that this is the best time for us to attack too. The only reason they aren’t pressing us right now is because they know we also need them.”

“You mean the reason we’re attacking now is for leverage?...”

“Yes. We need to be in position for when the Belmonts do something only they can. But, the only reason we can do this is because —” Elder Daiyu looked around, “Where is Little Meiyang?”

“I sent her away.” Chenglei responded, “She’s served her purpose of finding the entrance for us. She’s just a trophy wife for me now, she has no use here. Once I complete my technique, I’ll consummate our union.”

Elder Daiyu shook his head, “You should value that girl. You have no idea how rare and powerful a feng shui compass will be. I dare say she may be the only one in the quadrant with such an ability. You saw for yourself, even that Jade girl’s True Empath abilities weren’t able to find the entrance. And yet Meiyang succeeded easily.”

Chenglei harrumphed, “That’s why I sent her away first. She was already tainted by another. Since she’s no longer of use, I don’t see why I can’t just directly kill her.” Chenglei felt nothing but disdain when he thought of Jade. Not only was she now incomparably ugly, she had even boasted to him about time she spent with Dyon. Ridiculous! Chenglei’s current impotence was a very sore spot for him, and she felt no qualms about pressing it.

“Never mind that. Hand me the box. Our family is still waging war above us, we can’t delay. They need time to retreat before the tournament concludes.”

Chenglei nodded, but when he looked down at his finger, his eyes widened. “My spatial ring...”

Suddenly, a corrosive laugh filled the hallway of the cave behind them as a masked girl with long silver hair appeared.

“Jade?” Chenglei’s brows furrowed. “Didn’t I tell you to leave?”

“You should adopt a nicer tone with me. Or else you’ll never know what happened with that spatial ring of yours... And nor will you find that box.” Jade giggled lightly, relishing in the power she held.

#### Chapter 524 To Forever

The ranking of the bottom ninety was really nothing to speak of. Maybe the most entertaining event were Ri’s fights, but that was mostly because she was angry beyond belief that she didn’t get an opportunity to fight Ulu and take revenge how she wanted. After she had so easily suppressed Eboni, Ulu was intelligent enough to understand that she was no match for Ri, and thus directly conceded their bout.

Truthfully speaking, this was because Ulu didn’t care much for Ri’s animosity. The only thing she had in mind was the success of her Planet’s goals. She hadn’t attacked Ri out of any petty hatred or jealousy, although her means had been despicable and unforgivable. At the time, she had seen an opportunity to drastically increase the chance of their plan’s success, so she had acted – not hesitating to attempt to trample over the futures of both Ri and Dyon. Unfortunately, she had paid for it ... The only hope she had of curing herself was Dyon’s sympathy or Dyon’s submission.

After realizing this, she decided to no longer fight with his wives. Because, if Zabia somehow failed, building any more animosity would only burn more bridges for her.

Ulu was intelligent. Despite the hopes and aspirations her grandmother and the clan elders tried to butter her and the rest of the younger generation up with, she was fully aware that they were nothing but pawns. There would be no pity for her. If her husband couldn’t win, she would have to resign herself to never again think of continuing her or her husband’s bloodline.

She had acted knowing that there was a certain ruthlessness required to succeed in the martial world. Thus, she had to be willing to accept that reciprocated ruthlessness.

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Back in the mortal realm, President Gallagher's brows were furrowed as he looked toward the calm and collected General Mace across from his office desk.

"You're telling me that this plan is meant to be executed today?"

General Mace nodded. "Today is the day. In fact, I'm quite sure they'll be sending over someone much more powerful than me quite soon once they realize I haven't completed my end of things properly..."

He was oddly calm. For a man who had basically had his will bound, his demeanor was enough to put an experienced man like the President ill at ease.

The truth of the matter was that Dyon had left General Mace there, knowing full well the likelihood of his seal working on a large scale was nearly 0. These were the plans of Celestial beings. In fact, they were celestial beings who used to have the horizons of a dao formation expert! How could their plans start and end with a measly mortal who couldn't even cultivation through the foundation stage without their hands-on help?

No, General Mace was nothing but a delay tactic because Dyon knew he had one trump card that hadn't shown up quite yet: Bai Meiying.

On the day Dyon reluctantly sent Meiying away with the Daiyu, he had implanted within her a few things. The first and most important was the key to unlocking her consciousness from her deadened state. With the use of it, she would be fully aware of everything going on around her, while maintaining the outer appearance of being sealed.

The second thing was a communication array. And the third was a concealment and teleportation array.

The problem with his third implanting was that his soul had been severely damaged at the time. He had even had to use Ri's help to even must enough soul strength to complete the task. This meant that the teleportation array was nowhere near his max at the time – or 10km. In fact, it was barely a few hundred meters. In addition to that, his concealment array was pitiful as well. Let alone celestial experts, even an Essence Gathering expert would be able to see through it.

However, Dyon had tried his best with what he had and he hoped that Meiying would be intelligent enough to make full use of it.

“Tell me again exactly what it is you were supposed to do,” President Gallagher asked for what might have been the hundredth time.

“It’s quite simple really. Well, maybe not so much for someone who hasn’t cultivated... But, the intuitiveness is there, at least to some extent.” General Mace didn’t seem bothered by having to answer yet again, it was as though he was certain they had won anyway, “There were multiple seals placed on our people. Those seals have been accumulated power for hundreds of thousands of years now. Quite frankly, our recorded history doesn’t go back so far, so I’m not sure exactly how much time. But, it’s at least that much.

“The purpose of these seals is for the benefit of a being on a plane we can’t fathom. It’s best you don’t ask, because if I’m forced to answer, I’ll die. Then, they’ll know that something is wrong.”

President Gallagher nodded, concentrating on the minute details.

“My job was to ensure that during the transfer process of these seals to this individual, that there was no backlash. The will of the universe is quite vast and powerful, it’s something that even this powerful existence is wary of. To steal the destiny and talent of so many individuals for yourself isn’t something the universe would be fond of. In fact, there’ll be quite a large disturbance when it happens.”

“So, you wanted to use the influence of martial law to explain away the feeling of everyone having something torn from them.

You’re saying that we still have a chance to fight back and regain our talent from this individual?” President Gallagher asked his first question in all this time.

“I guess so,” General Mace said nonchalantly.

“Good. Then we fight.” President Gallagher said with a serious expression on his face. “If they think we mortals are so easily bullied, they’ll be in for a surprise.”

General Mace stayed silent, but he was inwardly sneering. He knew more than anyone in the mortal world that his role in all of this had long since been fulfilled – any importance he had was gone.

He hadn't lied, of course. His purpose, now, was to ensure that the will of the mortals didn't fight back for their talent once it was time for that individual to absorb them. But, his role was truly nothing but an after thought... In fact, he had lied about more powerful experts coming... They wouldn't care enough to come.

This individual could hardly care about whether or not they fought back or not. Why? Because 7 billion mortal wills couldn't match up to even a percentage of his own will.

Their destiny was set in stone. To forever be mortal.

Chapter 525 You're Done

The tension in the stadium was building.

The smell of blood and sweat permeated, creating a stifling atmosphere that the crowd couldn't bring themselves to cheer under. However, the slow rumbling of stomping feet had replaced it all, sending vibrations throughout.

Excitement. Anticipation. Glory.

"This is the final round. What you've all been waiting for." Elder Den's voice filled into the stomping of feet. Even he had begun to be affected. Days of battles, thousands of eliminations, hundreds of deaths, all led to this very moment.

"You are the top ten." He said, sending a heavy gaze toward the final ten. "You are the future of this universe. People will speak of you in legends for decades to come, and should you live up to your potential, you can be written into the annals of history of millennia to come.

"Prepare yourselves."

There was no need for Elder Den to explain anything. Everyone knew the rules. The remaining ten would each fight against each other once for a total of nine fights each. Whoever had the highest ranking in the end would be crowned as the best.

Each match would be completely randomly chosen by the monitors for all to see.

“The first match!” Elder Den paused, looking toward the monitor and causing the crowd to lean forward in anticipation.

“Vidar Ragnor Vs...”

Vidar grinned in anticipation, seeing the name come up before Elder Den’s voice sounded off. ‘Ten moves, hm? We’ll see! You think I used my best against a measly 7th ranked?!’

“The Demon Sa —”

Dyon froze, his ears filling with a voice that he immediately recognized. “Dyon, Help!”

Without so much as a small bit of hesitation, Dyon’s two pairs of wings tore his shirt away, causing a gust of wind so powerful that the ground beneath his feet shattered completely.

The top ten rankers standing around Dyon looked at him in shock, but he didn’t have any time to explain himself. Only he knew exactly what was going on, and if he delayed for even a moment, she’d die! He couldn’t have that guilt on his shoulders.

He wasn’t an Essence Gathering expert yet, so he couldn’t send messages with the much more efficient essence energy. All he could rely on was his wind will to do so, but over a long distance, especially when he was moving so quickly, it was a pipe dream to get a message to his mother and father in law.

Regardless, they couldn’t show themselves. Not yet.

Dyon flashed into the air with speed that only a saint could match. The shock that his actions created couldn't be understated.

'Was he running?... No. Something so shameful couldn't be possible...'

Dyon didn't have time to care. Madeleine and Ri could only watch with worried eyes, having no idea what was going on as Dyon disappeared into the distance.

Vidar was stunned before he suddenly started laughing so hard that he clenched his stomach, unable to control himself. "I've seen cowards in my day," He said between labored breaths, "But, this is just a new level."

No one understood how to react. Did he really just cower?... But, that didn't make sense... Even if he would lose, it shouldn't have been by a large margin...

What was going on?...

However, despite how much they wanted to know, Vidar's laughter was the only answer they got.

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Bai Meiying sprinted with every bit of speed her Meridian Formation cultivation allowed her, stumbling along the way with a shoddy concealment array practically falling apart around her.

She had been able to continue to train under her imprisonment, but the Daiyu barely had any cultivation resources. Just like Chenglei's father had lamented, they needed to use all of their remaining pieces to maneuver and garner allies. They simply couldn't afford to divert any away to the younger generation.

In the sky, three experts scanned the empty city. They couldn't understand why they hadn't found her yet, the streets were so barren than one lone girl running should have been easy to spot. Even if she entered one of the buildings, as experts, they should have been able to sense her.

They continued to send cursory scans around.

Bai Meiying was truly worried. She had already used Dyon's teleportation array to cross the natural moat around the Belmont Holy Land, after all, she couldn't fly and she couldn't very well swim – that would be too slow! But, that meant if she was found now, she would have no chance of escaping.

She had been sending help signals out using Dyon's communication array all this time, but she had no idea what the range was. Judging by Dyon's other arrays, and the state he had been when he gave these things to her, it couldn't be that far. But, Dyon had to be in this city! The World Tournament was taking place, he couldn't miss that given his personality!

Suddenly, one of the experts in the sky chuckled. "Now where did she get her hands on such a thing..."

"Did you find her?"

"Haha, you'd never guess. I have no idea how she did it, but she probably stole one of our concealment array plates. No wonder we didn't detect her immediately. Too bad that concealment array is much too weak to hinder my senses. This way."

"Don't you think it's a bit of an overkill to send us after one little girl?"

"Think about it." The expert who found Meiying's position spoke. "How could she have escaped right under our noses? Clearly someone is helping her!"

A sudden realization hit the other two, before serious expressions appeared on their faces. Indeed, how could she have even regained consciousness without the help of someone with extremely powerful array alchemy? Someone capable had helped her, for sure.

In an instant, they had appeared over Meiying who was trying to remain as still as possible, hoping they hadn't noticed her in the concealment array.

"Little girl, I think you're done hiding now," The expert grinned, baring his crooked and yellowed teeth.



Meiying's heart seized as her head slowly turned to the skies.

'It's over...' Tears fell from her eyes as she looked down at the box she was holding against her chest, 'I'm sorry...'

Chapter 526 Flesh

"Now, come along obediently. You're still the young master's favored wife, he'll definitely treat you well." One of the experts smiled, trying to coax Meiying into returning willingly. After all, should their plans succeed, their clan would rise to unprecedented levels. At that point, even should another Meiying come along and offer herself up, even they might not give her a second look.

Suddenly, the sound of whipping air and breaking glass resounded. The experts turned pensive gazes toward the distance to see a young man with two pairs of wings flying toward them with speed that shouldn't have been possible for someone his age. Little did they know he was severely torturing his body by flying at this speed. After all, his wings were spurred by his soul cultivation, but, his energy and body cultivation couldn't keep up.

That said, his presence had the desired impact.

"Dyon?" Meiying's eyes turned misty. She had a sensitivity to the truth of things only True Empaths could match. Despite Dyon's speed being far beyond her cultivation's ability to see, she could just feel that it was him.

Dyon's ring flashed, causing ten saint level Demon Generals to appear. This was overkill, considering the three experts were only at the lower saint stages, but Dyon wanted to ensure that they knew that they had no chance whatsoever.

In an instant, Dyon had appeared before Meiying. The usually domineering and oppressive wind will that circulated his wings became a gentle gust that wrapped around her protectively.

Even in this situation, Meiying giggled. "It seems I should apologize for all those times I teased you."

Although Dyon wasn't facing her, he grinned. "You mean all those times you almost coaxed your dad into killing me. Thanks for that, by the way."

"Pft. You were so intent on getting your own self killed that you hardly needed me."

Dyon's Demon Generals stood in the skies above the cowering experts. The familiar and graceful figures of River and Ronica stood at the forefront, leading their oppressive aura.

Seeing that the situation was handled, Dyon turned to Meiyong frowning once he noticed the injury to her leg.

"Let me heal that for you..." He said solemnly, bending down gently rotate his aurora around her wound.

Meiyong grit her teeth in anger. "I have that bitch Jade to thank for this. If not for her, I would have escaped without anyone noticing at all!"

Dyon's brows furrowed. "I'm sorry. I should have given you better arrays."

"Don't be like that. I saw first hand how tired you were that day. The fact you gave me any at all is the reason why I made it here. If I didn't have your teleportation array, I would have never made it across that moat fast enough. And if I didn't have your communication array, I would have likely been forced to go back before I even helped and all of this would have been for naught."

Meiyong suddenly shook her head, "we don't have a lot of time. The only reason I was able to escape is because they're busy executing some of the most important parts of their plan. Although, hehe, they may find that they'll struggle to do even that."

"Oh?" Dyon looked up, seeing the box clutched to Meiyong's chest. "You didn't do anything too dangerous, did you? You know Madeleine just about killed me when I told her what I let you do, right?"

Meiyong giggled. "Big Sister Madeleine getting angry? I'd like to see that."

Dyon suddenly turned back. "Kill them. We can't let them report back too soon."

The Demon Generals didn't need any more prompting. The experts lasted a mere instant before their lives were erased from the world.

The only problem with Dyon's plan was that to the Daiyu, every member they had was a precious existence. In the end, he was still too inexperienced about the martial world.

As a clan living in poverty for the sake of their future, how could they afford to lose saint level experts so easily? This was why, much like the Sicarius clan with Arios and Ava, the Daiyu had soul tied stones to their members. The instant those experts died... Elder Daiyu knew.

"Tell me everything you know." Dyon said, turning back to Meiyong.

Meiyong nodded. "Most of what I know is limited to what Chenglei would know, so I'm not sure if I have a whole picture of things since Elder Daiyu is very close to the vest even with him."

The truth was that Meiyong was sure that she had slowed them significantly. Without what she had taken from them, it was likely they wouldn't even be capable of executing their plans.

"The first thing I should probably explain is what this box is," Meiyong started, "If it wasn't for Elder Daiyu being worried about losing his life in the battle to enter the Belmont Holy Land, he would have never passed it on to Chenglei. But, luckily, he did. So, I was able to use that opportunity to steal it."

Meiyong smiled, holding out the box from herself, before opening its lid, "This is it"

Suddenly, Meiyong froze, her face looking ghastly pale.

"Meiyong?" Dyon stood from his kneeling position, a worried expression on his features.

"It's gone..." Meiyong's eyes reddened. She had thought that she had done great. How proud had she been? Even while running for her life. And yet, everything she had worked for... It was gone!

Dyon circulated to Meiying's side, his eyes narrowing as he looked down at the box. What he saw was something that he had seen once before.

Two beautiful feathers lay in the box. One was an ice blue that had flames cold enough to freeze a meridian formation expert in an instant. The other was a feather of some of the purest flames and heat in existence.

These were the feathers of the ice and fire phoenix!

Meiying's hand trembled as she reached for them.

"Meiying wait! You'll hurt your head!" Dyon's words stopped mid-sentence. The next sight he saw was truly sickening, even with all the blood and gore he had become accustomed to.

The image of the beautiful feathers immediately disappeared, replaced by a lump of bloody flesh.... Human flesh...

Chapter 527 What Do You Want?

In the cave within the Belmont Holy Land, Jade's grating giggle still filled and echoed through the space.

"Chenglei." Elder Daiyu's voice lost its usual calmness. "What happened?"

"Grandfather... I—" Chenglei didn't know what to say. He knew that his grandfather only intrusted him carrying out such an important task because he had no choice.

Although the Belmont family only had two celestial experts, one of which was King Belmont, and the other of which was their protector, Head Sicarius, their protection arrays were on a level that couldn't be looked down upon. This was exactly why King Belmont had felt it fit to focus his attention on the world tournament, keeping his eye on the movements of not just the Ragnor, but also the oddities of Planet Nix and Mino.

Luckily for the Daiyu, they had a certain level of assurance that they would succeed. But, it still required putting their lives on the line.

Elder Daiyu knew that if he lost his life, his possessions would fall under the control of the remaining Belmont – something that would make all of their previous effort useless. As such, he gave them to Chenglei, who was obviously too weak to participate.

As for why Chenglei was there at all, it was for the same reason why the World Tournament was being held to decide who entered. Chenglei's father, and Elder Daiyu's son, had said it once before. Chenglei's talent was enough to match up almost anyone. The problem was that the Daiyu had diverted all of their resources toward their plans away – focusing instead on building up allies and setting their plans in motion. This was meant to be how they repaid Chenglei for all of his sacrifices and patience. He was their future!

Jade giggled, "Let's just say the impotent boy tried to prove the doubter wrong and ended up paying for it."

Chenglei was without a doubt someone who was calm and collected. But, for some reason, whenever it came to this Jade, he couldn't seem to withhold his temper.

His veins bulged and his skin reddened, but how could he not know what Jade meant?

At the end of the day, he was a teenage boy with a wife he couldn't make use of. Day in and day out he would see Meiyong's beautiful countenance. And then there was Jade, ever since she had started to wear that mask to hide her scars, she had become more and more alluring to him everyday. Despite her face being ruined, it didn't change the fact her body was near perfect.

The worst part was that Jade didn't see a problem with flaunting her body around Chenglei. She constantly kept her scars covered, but that didn't stop her from wearing skin tight clothing and trying to seduce him at every corner, yet gliding away from his touch. Then she'd giggle, knowing fully well he couldn't act on it even if he wanted.

Whenever he lost his cool and neared exploding, she wouldn't even give him the satisfaction of reacting the way a normal woman would. There was no resistance in her eyes, nor were there any signs of her hating it. It was as though he was waiting for him to hit her, or even to kill her. However, in the end, Chenglei would inevitably be unable to finish his deed, causing Jade to once again laugh at him.

The Black Jade legacy that Chenglei practiced was unforgiving. It channeled all of his yang toward power in the initial stages, super charging his comprehension ability toward yang type techniques and wills. After he stepped into the last stage, which should coincide with him becoming a saint, he'd reach an all new level and also regain the freedom of his yang. In fact, that would be a point where dual cultivating would give him benefits few others could match.

Unfortunately, Jade didn't seem to care.

If Chenglei was more versed in the ways of people, emotions, and namely women, he might have noticed that Jade didn't show any adverse reaction to his sexual harassment because she practically lived for it. A woman like her, who had placed all of her worth in her looks because that was all anyone ever cared about... For her to suddenly lose all of that... The moments Chenglei lost himself in lust were the only moments Jade didn't feel an undying pain in her heart.

"What happened, Chenglei?" Elder Daiyu asked again.

Chenglei paled. He couldn't find the courage to answer.

"I'll answer for you then," Jade said, her smirk nearly penetrating her mask. "The impotent young master thought that this was as good a time as any to have some fun with his one and only loving wife. So he did so. Unfortunately... That loving wife of his wasn't exactly so loving."

Elder Daiyu frowned. "Impossible. Meiyang has been sealed. Her actions are limited to listening to what either Chenglei or I say."

Jade giggled. "She hides herself quite well. She doesn't even flinch when the impotent young master asks her to strip. A commendable woman."

Elder Daiyu frowned, looking at his grandson. It wasn't as though he cared, in reality, Meiyang was his wife. The problem he had was the timing.

"How could she..." Elder Daiyu's eyes flashed. "Dyon."

Elder Daiyu was a former dao formation expert. Although his cultivation had plummeted, he was still much smart and sharper than most. Although he couldn't see through Dyon's soul cultivation at the time because of his damaged dao – something highly connected to the soul – that didn't stop him from understanding how great of an array alchemist Dyon was. After all, he had been there when Dyon showed how he had sealed 14 sub families on his own to protect his secrets!

"Ah, my first love," Jade said reminiscing. But, given her tone. No one could tell whether she was serious or not. "Yes, it was likely him. But, that hardly matters now, because... Let's say I've helped you out quite a lot."

#### Chapter 528 Buried

Elder Daiyu's eyes narrowed. He had brought along this girl because she might have been useful. In the end, he was right. But, she was also out for herself. And he knew that. He also knew that if she was confident enough to step to him like this, the items they needed were likely hidden. In a time sensitive mission like theirs, they couldn't afford the time to look for it!

Taking a deep breath, Elder Daiyu settled his emotions. Trying to convince himself that this wasn't as bad as it could be. "What do you want?"

Jade's light laughter once again filled the cave.

The truth was that she had always known that Meiyong had the ability to unseal herself. In fact, it was partially because Elder Daiyu knew that Jade would be able to see through something like that that he hadn't even considered the fact Meiyong might have gotten help from Dyon. That said, the other reason was because he had personally witnessed Dyon's soul fatigue – he didn't think that, at that point, Dyon could do anything about the array even if he had the mind to.

However, Jade had chosen to say nothing, instead quietly scheming and waiting for an opportunity. And now, it was here.

"You definitely knew all of this time. Even if your True Empathy isn't perfect, it's enough to tell something like that!" Chenglei immediately deduced that they had been played. His anger exploded and he nearly lunged toward Jade, but, his grandfather's withered old hand clamped his shoulder.

"Stop. What's done is done and we're running out of time." As an elder, he had already regained his calm. How long had he spent in the Martial World? He was very much used to things like this already.

“You’re quite smart grandfather in law. I appreciate that.” Jade said lightly, “However, my first condition is that I am no longer a concubine of the Daiyu family.”

“What would you like to be?” Elder Daiyu asked, assuming she wanted higher status.

“No, no. I’m not asking to be a true wife. I’m asking to be released entirely. I wouldn’t mind if you burned all records of me ever having married into your family too.”

Elder Daiyu raised an eyebrow. He didn’t understand the movements of this girl. By all rights, she should need backing. She can’t go back to the Elves for obvious reasons, and she was a young girl with weak meridian formation cultivation. What could she possibly do on her own?

Jade only continued to wait for an answer, unperturbed by Elder Daiyu’s doubt. After all, as a talented True Empath, the last thing she was worried about was surviving in the world. She’d be able to see threats coming far before anyone else.

“Okay. We’ll release you from your responsibility. What else?” Elder Daiyu decided to just let it be. Although Jade’s abilities were useful, she was no longer a necessity. And, as an ancient family of this universe, how could the Daiyu not know about the Epistemic Tower? After all, much of the reason they were willing to groom Chenglei was to conquer it!

Once their Chenglei conquered the tower, they’d then be able to take their time in finding someone who had the affinity to take the True Empath trials and gain those abilities. That person should have been Jade, but since she didn’t want it, they were in no hurry to force her.

A hidden smile played behind Jade’s mask. “I’m going to have to ask you to make a soul contract with me for the rest of these requests.”

Chenglei stomped forward. “You! You’re aware that my grandfather’s soul has been heavily damaged, and you still ask for such a thing?!”



Jade giggled. “Your grandfather loves you very much. In fact, the whole Daiyu family sees you as their future. Don’t belittle yourself just because I have no interest in being your wife. Why would you assume I meant Elder Daiyu and not you?”

Chenglei froze.

Making a soul contract was little else than tearing away a piece of your soul to bind it to a set of conditions. In the grand scheme of things, it only took a few hours to restore your soul perfectly with no adverse effects – the speed was even faster if your soul talent or soul cultivation method was better. The reason why Chenglei hadn’t wanted his grandfather to do it was because this was a process far more excruciating for someone whose soul was already damaged.

However, that wasn’t why Chenglei was hesitant. The process was very painful and, he was essentially putting his life on the line. Should the Daiyu fail to meet any of the conditions, he would die.

That said, Chenglei knew that it was his fault this was happening to begin with. He was no coward. “I’ll do it.”

Elder Daiyu looked at his grandson’s side profile before nodding in satisfaction.

“Haha, I’m beginning to think that taking that pound of flesh from that little girl is the best move I’ve made in my life.” Jade giggled to herself. “Now we can get to business. Shall we?”

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Meiying’s hands trembled. She had given up so much. Much of her life. Her relationship with her family. Her dignity...

“Hey, hey...” Dyon said softly, closing the box.

He gently cradled Meiying’s head, giving her a much-needed hug. He didn’t need much thought to figure out whose flesh that was... It was none of than Meiying’s own.

Her leg injury was much more severe than she was letting on. The fact she had even managed to run so far was a testament to her tenacity and grit. Dyon couldn't imagine what she had been through all this time. But, what he did know was that just because she had kept her virginity, didn't mean that she hadn't gone through horrible things... Forced to do... Horrible things...

And yet, she had done them without hesitation, because she felt like she was doing something good. But to see her hard work mean nothing... It hurt her beyond belief and everything she had been holding in, flooded outwards...

So, she buried head in Dyon's chest and cried...

Chapter 529 Business

Meiying continuously shook her head, furiously rubbing her tears away on Dyon's shirt and trying to stop them from falling. No one knew more than her how important time was. 'I can't be crying right now!'

However, as much as she wanted to, she couldn't.

Dyon didn't press her. At this point, he cared little for what big moves the Daiyu were making and what the ramifications would be. What would happen would happen, but there was no reason why a girl just about his age should have to carry such a burden on her own. She had earned every right to cry as she pleased and Dyon dared anyone to say otherwise.

As for the World Tournament? That was even further from his mind. He hadn't hesitated to abandon it when he knew Meiying's life was on the line, and since he was already gone, whether he came back sooner or later didn't matter to him.

"I'm – I..." Meiying tried to speak, but she couldn't get the words out.

"There's nothing left you need to do." Dyon said softly. "Even if you want to wash your hands clean of this and pretend it never happened, I wouldn't blame you. The day Madeleine became my wife is the day you and Delia became my little sisters. Do you understand?"

Meiying's tears erupted to an all new level. All the previous apprehensions and misgivings she had crumbled as she let go, collapsing in Dyon's arms.

Thadius, who hadn't been in Dyon's ring, but had of course followed Dyon after seeing his odd movements, appeared beside River and Ronica.

River snorted. "You should take notes from the successor. This is how you should treat women. Brute."

Thadius could only helplessly look from River and Ronica, sighing in defeat. Inwardly, he praised Dyon.

'Too good. Too good.'

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Time passed, but eventually, Meiyong was able to grasp a hold of her bearings. The past two years of her life were a testament to how mentally tough she was, she refused to let something like this set her back for too long.

"Heh," Meiyong laughed through sobs, "I think I ruined your shirt more than Madeleine did on her wedding day. Speaking of which, you didn't have a wedding ceremony without me, right?"

Dyon laughed. "Of course not. Even if I brought it up, she'd refuse unless you were there."

Meiyong lightly pushed Dyon away, wiping her red and puffy eyes before lightly patting herself on the cheeks. It was truly adorable.

Dyon looked at Meiyong with a tinge of regret in his eyes. He shouldn't have agreed to her doing it, he knew it. But...

"You know Meiyong, the very fact the object you stole were what they were told me a lot... In fact, it told me a lot more than you know..." Dyon spoke seriously, he meant what he said. The fact those objects in particular were so key to the plan of the Daiyu let him know a lot. He never thought he'd say it, but he had to thank Elwing for that.

“Really?” Meiyong’s violet eyes sparkled, looking up at Dyon.

“Of course. And, considering how much time you spent with them, I have no doubt that you know other things of importance. Anything you can think of, no matter how miniscule or seemingly unimportant might help greatly. The time you spent there won’t have been in vein. I promise.”

Meiyong nodded, smiling light. “There was a lot I learned... But, much of it was about Daiyu history and how they came into conflict with your celestial deer sect.”

“Father in law told me about this last night, actually. I believe it had to do with the marriage to my master and the Dragon King?”

“Yes. That was the start of the animosity, but in the end, that was only a drop in the bucket... The sad truth is had that event not happened, the Daiyu might have even sided with the celestial deer sect. Unfortunately, the Daiyu Patriarch at the time, and my former grandfather in law, was one of the three Daiyus who were claimed to be the best fits for the 25th White Mother ... So, you might guess that he had little will to cooperate with the celestial deer sect.”

Dyon sighed. Why was the Martial World always so petty about women?

“Truth be told though... I don’t think this is as black and white as choosing the side of good or evil,” Meiyong added softly. “Elder Daiyu had no reason to explain himself to me, especially since he thought I was sealed. And yet, he did so anyway...”

Hearing this, Dyon’s eyes could only soften. Elder Daiyu was still, at the end of the day, someone who treasured the life of his grandson. And, for better or worse, he had tried to leave a warning for Dyon about trusting the Martial World. If Dyon had known that leaving that warning had cost him decades off of his already shortened life, he might have felt even more sympathy.

The Martial World was a cruel place where people often had to do cruel things for the sake of their families. Elder Daiyu had chosen his side based on dignity, and it was likely that the side he chose might have given him great benefits. In the end, hadn’t he been right? The Celestial Deer Sect was gone, and although his family was greatly crippled... They had survived.

"I can't be sure, but it sounds like he holds some regret about his actions. But, it's much too late for him to change course," Meiyong said solemnly.

"Why is that?" Dyon asked. It seemed like Meiyong was leading up to something... It didn't make sense otherwise. Why wouldn't the Daiyu be able to turn back? Their enemies were gone?... No? The Elves were greatly crippled too. The celestial deer sect was gone. And the Kitsune weren't even in the quadrant anymore. So, what was the problem?...

"The entity that they're in business with..." Meiyong said softly. "Has more control over this situation than anyone knows or wants to know..."

Chapter 530 Will He?

Dyon frowned. The entity?

Truth be told, Dyon had many theories for why the celestial deer sect was destroyed – much of which were derived from the trail of clues his master had left him. By picking apart what weren't in her memories, that should have been, he was able to compile a few possible stories.

In the end, the one he had settled on that was the most likely was a combination of what his grand teacher had told him and the clues left by his master. And that was that the celestial deer sect was destroyed because of array alchemy.

The chaos factions of the cosmos saw array alchemy as a threat. This was why the disciplines were separated. In fact, had Dyon never met Uncle Ail, he too might have subscribed to the segregation of alchemy and formation theory.

Dyon's senior brother, and the originator of array alchemy, had created the discipline as a direct counter to the coming chaos. The theory was that if you reached a penultimate level of array alchemy, you'd be able to recreate every law in existence for yourself, thus becoming a being who could form a universe from your own thoughts. If you ever reached that level, what use would there be in worry about "heat death". You could directly reverse it on whim.

However, reaching such a level was just a pipe dream. It was clear even its creator hadn't – and that was with millions upon billions of years at his disposal. Dyon didn't know exactly how old his grand teacher was, but he had an idea of how far back the history of the gates went. And since he used array alchemy

to create the gates, that directly meant that his senior brother had been alive before the creation of the gates.

This meant that a genius far above Dyon, capable of creating array alchemy from the ground up, had an unfathomable amount of time to grasp the peak levels of array alchemy, and had still failed to do so in all this time.

For all they knew... It would never be possible!

And yet, the shrewdness of their enemies didn't take any chances. They directly chose to stifle the spread of array alchemy, to the point where the combination of the two was looked down upon.

"I can't be exactly sure," Meiying continued, "but, from what I can tell – some of which comes from my eavesdropping and some of which comes from my will's abilities – a lot of what Elder Daiyu can say is sealed. He'll often have very roundabout ways of explaining things, or he'll avoid topics he should probably otherwise explain.

"At first I thought that was just him. Old experts often have quirks about him... But, then I realized he only acted this way when he was talking about very specific things... Namely their plans for the future. The truth is I don't even know what they're using the Belmont Holy Land for right now. It was clearly another thing he wasn't allowed to say.

"But, what really let me know that this entity wasn't something they could break away from was the fact that Elder Daiyu didn't seem to be the only one effected. In fact, aside from the younger generation which was practically limited to just Chenglei, every other member of the Daiyu seemed to have this seal on them as well."

"Which means this plan was set long ago..." Dyon pushed out a breath.

"Mm. If not, there's no way they'd know what they were doing. Their coordination is too good."

Dyon thought for a moment. His grand teacher hadn't told him any specifics... All he had asked Dyon was whether or not he'd be able to handle the truth in the future, or if he'd become just like the Demon Sage – losing his mind for millennia.

In the end, he had said that if he told Dyon, although the treaty couldn't bind him, it would immediately kill Dyon.

Truth be told, Dyon found that to be complete rubbish. He had too great an understanding of array alchemy to believe something like that. The ability to effect a person through the actions of his grand teacher was no different from binding his grand teacher. Something which his grand teacher himself had said wasn't possible!

It was clear he just hadn't wanted to tell Dyon.

"As for the bits of the plans I have understood... It seems they still need King Belmont for the last step. Their goal was to first infiltrate and lie in wait for the Belmonts which is probably why they sent saints to chase after me despite how important they are to their plan."

Dyon's eyes flashed. This was good. This was really good. It wasn't as good as it could be, because Dyon had no doubt that the death of the saints would be noticed – although it had happened much sooner than he anticipated. That said, they wouldn't be sending any more out to chase. They were smart enough to know that if 3 saints died, Meiying had made her way to some powerful experts.

"The only problems is that because you've escaped, they'll likely know that we might be ready for an ambush... Because whether or not they know of my connection to the Belmonts, they'll notice the fact I've made it into the top ten."

"You've made it into the top ten? No way," Meiying looked at Dyon, a bit in disbelief.

"Of course. This brother in law of yours is truly amazing. In fact, we were in the middle of the final round when I left. It's still going on now."

"Ah! I'm sorry," Meiying looked down.

"Don't be ridiculous. What is a ranking compared to your life? I'd leave a hundred world tournaments if it meant saving you." Dyon grinned. "Come on, your sisters are probably worried, they miss you."

Dyon scooped Meiyong up, his wings flashing as he flew toward the arena with his Demon Generals trailing him. He knew that since the Daiyu were lying in wait, there was no point in speeding over there. There were too many other variables and Dyon still didn't know how the Ragnor and the other planets fit into all of this.

Meiyong looked up at Dyon's side profile, a faint anxiety playing her heart strings. But, the more she thought about it, the less she could bring herself to tell Dyon.

'He's such a caring person,' She thought, 'but if he finds out... No... When he finds out the truth... Will he still be the same?...'