

## The Nameless 641

### Chapter 641: Little Bastard

An unsightly expression overtook King Aumen's arrogance. He could feel a pressure coming from these two that couldn't be matched up to anything he had felt before. They even surpassed the pressure Loki placed on him!

If King Aumen knew that this entire time, Loki was nothing but a peak saint, he might have shed real tears at this moment. That said, he didn't need to feel too aggrieved about the matter. Because of Loki's magic specialty, his illusions were nearly unmatched to the point where he may be able to fool even weak dao formation experts who weren't alert to his abilities. Since this was the case, how could King Aumen be any different?

"Little Belmont, I'm disappointed. Losing to inferior flames isn't like you at all." Nora lightly chastised, stroking the fur of the white fox in her arms.

"This..." King Belmont could only smile bitterly. He had to fight three celestials single handedly before fighting King Aumen, anyone else would have considered that he did his best. However ....

"Secluded meditation for 10 years. I can tell you haven't made any strides forward in your rudimentary domain. It's been 20 years since we last met, wouldn't this make me a laughing stock?" Nora continued to reprimand King Belmont as though he was a child, unwilling to let him be.

During this entire time, the cold sweat on King Aumen's back only continued to grow. Who in this universe had the right to reprimand King Belmont? Much less call him Little Belmont?! Who were these people?!

What King Aumen didn't know was that King Belmont's next words would send off millions of tiny explosions in his mind, causing him to stare blankly and listlessly...

"Yes, master. Disciple is ashamed." King Belmont did his best kneel and kowtow despite his injuries. Now that his master was here, it didn't matter if his injuries were ten times worse.

"And don't think I didn't notice you calling me by my first name. Consider that an added 5 years of seclusion." Nora harrumphed, before turning back to her injured disciple.

King Belmont could only withhold his grievances, putting on his best 'you're always right' facial expression.

It had been his very master that told him to pretend as though they were friends to hide their true relationship. He hadn't understood the command when it was first issued, but he had always obeyed his Master no matter what. So, him calling her by her first name, Nora, was something she had personally asked for! And yet he was being punished for it.

This might be the first time in history that a King of a royal god clan was treated as such so near to his prime.

However, despite her words, Nora lovingly kneeled before King Belmont and place her small and delicate palms over his bloodied wound without a care for her own cleanliness. In an instant, King Belmont was washed over with a feeling so pure that he nearly fell asleep in the skies.

"Congratulations master!" King Belmont couldn't help but say. Although Nora's array alchemy was far too advanced for him to put an accurate estimation on, he could tell that his master had vastly improved. But, what was more was the fact she had been gone for less than two decades!

To some, a master expecting improvement in 20 years would seem reasonable. But, one has to remember that the higher your comprehension and cultivation rise, the more even a single step becomes as difficult as climbing a mountain. So, the fact Nora could improve so drastically in just 20 years, despite having already been a monster before, was a testament to the fact she was an even more monstrous talent!

Nora smiled lightly, causing the world to seem as though it had frozen in time. She was such an otherworldly beauty that her even her slight movements could cause such a thing. However, King Belmont didn't dare to have such thoughts about his master. Not only would she see through such lewd thoughts in an instant with her intuition, her husband was an even scarier character...

In what seemed like an instant, the flames that had been rampaging through King Belmont were snuffed out by a gentle will and golden flames. If Dyon had been there, he would have been surprised to notice

that it was celestial will! But, it was on a level of intent that he couldn't imagine... In fact, if Dyon was knowledgeable enough, he would have known that it wasn't on the level of an intent at all...

Nora's husband, Amell, scanned the situation calmly. His golden eyes seemed to pierce through everything and the feeling he gave King Aumen caused him to fall to a knee, unwilling to look up.

By now, how could he not understand what was happening? What he didn't understand was just how such powerful experts could ever be a part of this universe. What were they doing here? And the fact that such experts would take a disciple from here? Nothing was making any sense.

Everyone was aware that King Belmont was fairly young, to the point where he had yet to name a true crown prince. Many thought it was because of this that he never showed any ambition to become a King God Clan. With so much time ahead of him, he was just biding it well, ensuring that he had the largest chance for success.

That said, King Belmont wasn't so young that he was worthy of being a disciple for such otherworldly beings... Right? He was only young for his cultivation by the standards set in this universe. After seeing what other universes had to offer, King Aumen had long since started to see his own as pathetic.

However, it was in that instant that Amell said something that completely shattered their otherworldly auras.

Taking out an array plate, he looked down as his handsome face became distraught. "Some little bastard's been stealing from me!"

Chapter 642: Let's

King Belmont's face twitched as he heard this. But, Nora, having long since become used to her husband's personality, only giggled lightly, before continuing to heal her disciple.

"I really can't trust those little gremlins to run anything when I'm not around. Do they think money grows on trees? Who can even eat this much food in such a short time?!"

The more Amell scanned over the information, the more irate he became. This supposedly calm and otherworldly expert had completely disappeared, replaced by a business tycoon who felt wronged.

He didn't understand what was happening, the amount of food, even from the very beginning was much too much. Being aware of this universe and the landscape of its experts, there shouldn't be anyone who can eat this much without exploding. It wasn't that he didn't consider the fact the meals were feeding multiple people, it was more so that he had information on how often the meals ordered were eaten in a single sitting! When he corrected with that information, the amount of food that individual ate was off the charts! Even if he had 50 people with him at that time, it would have been too much.

"It seems greed has met glutton." Nora said with a knowing voice, not hiding her sin nickname for her husband. "However, if this person really eats as much as your calculations show, it seems we've overlooked a worthy talent. He or she should be of great help to our plans, no?"

A sudden realization hit the two of them as those words were spoken. They had done a clean sweep of the planet, looking for any and all worthy talent before they left, 20 years ago. And yet, they hadn't found anyone who would be capable of such a thing.

It may sound silly that such experts were putting such importance into a person who they only knew had ridiculous eating ability, however, one has to understand that often times, eating capacity reflected strength! The stronger you were, the more energy you spent, and thus the more you needed to eat.

However, what really shocked them was that since they hadn't met this person 20 years ago... This person was still young! Young beyond belief!

Not only was this person definitely a talent worth nurturing, they had somehow been capable of stealing from Amell! This meant only one of two things, either he had defeated one of Amell's disciples and taken their ownership abilities. Or, this person's array alchemy had reached such an outstanding level that the arrays meant to protect Amell's assets meant completely nothing to them!

The shocking part about all of this was that Amell's youngest disciple was already over 23. And yet this person was without a doubt below the age of 20! To be able to beat a talent chosen by Amell, at an age younger than them... This talent... Amell almost forgot he was angry thinking about the truths of the matter.

"Husband... Do you think this person?..." Nora asked hesitantly.

Amell shook his head, "Even if he was like you and had an innate aurora, even if he trained from the moment he was birthed he wouldn't be able to circumvent Heaven's Wine's arrays. Although it was I, and not you who built the arrays, and I may be far less talented than you in that aspect, I don't think a child would already have the capability of ignoring me."

Even Amell and Nora had to abandon the idea. Even if that person somehow had an innate aurora, less than 20 years to reach such mastery was unheard of. And that was even if they were born the instant Amell and Nora left, and trained from that moment to now.

What was more, the first incident of this stealing occurred more than two years ago, which mean at the time, that person would have been 17 at the most – likely even younger based on simply probability. How could someone that young do such a thing?

Maybe if Dyon was in better condition, he would be sneezing at so many mentions of him. The truth was that Dyon's array alchemy hadn't been good enough to circumvent Amell's fail safes back then. He had been able to reach the top floor, yes. But, that was completely different from 'hacking' into the restaurant's arrays and forcefully making it bring you food.

However, what Amell and Nora didn't know was that the only reason Dyon hadn't been able to at that time was because up to that point, he had only studied array alchemy for less than three months!

In addition, the only reason Dyon didn't forcefully order food for himself now was because he had no reason to. Why would he when he had Iaachus' array plate? There was no need to put in such effort when he could just take the food as he pleased without hassle now. As for Amell's tears, why would Dyon bother to care?

If Amell and Nora knew that doing such a thing now was well within Dyon's power, who knew how they would react...

"If this person truly is an array alchemy expert, he'll be my disciple this time," Nora mused, lovingly ruffling King Belmont's purple hair as she stood.

Amell didn't have any objections. After all, his wife's soul talent far surpassed his own. She was among the very few whose soul was capable of keeping up with her energy cultivation. In fact, if it wasn't because she was so careful, her soul would have even surpassed her cultivation.

Nora rarely took disciples. King Belmont was currently her only one and that was because he showed exceptional talent in control, something Nora had always excelled in. After all, King Belmont did what no other Belmont had ever been able to do in fusing their red and blue flames into violet under his own merit. This was all done under Nora's guidance.

"Let's wrap this up, shall we?" Nora's smile faded as they all finally faced King Aumen.

#### Chapter 643: Last Words

King Aumen trembled, facing the gazes of the three of them. Even if it was just a fully healthy King Belmont he would have felt apprehensive. It was because of this reason he had waited until after King Belmont was tired to step in. But now, he had to deal with a healthy Belmont and two experts whose cultivations he had no way of seeing through? He was doomed.

"You know I won't fight your battles for you, right?" Nora said, looking at her disciple with a side eye.

King Belmont, having already expected this, nodded. But, the problem was far more than just about his individual struggle with King Aumen. He had a whole planet to defend, he couldn't afford to waste time here!

Turning his gaze to the fiery haired King Aumen, King Belmont's eyes narrowed. "Piss off back to your planet and take all of your people with you, or else I'll kill you where you stand."

This was the only way. King Belmont had to weaken the opposition's resistance, or else things would get bad even more quickly. He could already tell that this situation on the Earth was getting out of hand.

This was especially so for Nora and Amell. With their senses, how could they not sense the dense blood and killing intent coming from the surface of the planet that rotated slowly in the distance?

King Aumen was startled by this, thinking that King Belmont would do any and everything to kill him and seek revenge. But, it seemed he put the safety of his people first.

A part of King Aumen wanted to say that King Belmont was scared, but he didn't dare to. Whether his master would really not intervene was up in the air. And, even if by some miracle King Aumen won and killed her disciple, what was stopping her from retaliating? Absolutely nothing.

As such, King Aumen no longer hesitated. He sounded an order for retreat among his most esteemed elders and blasted off into the distance as quickly as his cultivation would allow.

King Belmont's cold gaze followed the streaking golden flames, but he made no move to stop him. In the end, King Belmont could only look down in shame.

"Master... I've failed..."

Looking at her disciple, Nora could only shake her head, a look of pity on her beautiful features.

With Nora and Amell's senses, they had heard what King Aumen said about King Belmont's son while they were still miles away. After all, in the vacuum of space, the only sound that could be transmitted where those forced into existence by experts. That meant that in reality, it was easier to hear things at a greater distance.

"There are some things that even the strongest of people can't control..." Nora's voice threatened to turn hoarse, but she controlled her emotions. However, in the end she couldn't help but think of the sacrifices her and her husband had made. She had no right to judge King Belmont...

At least he had been there for his children...

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Dyon breathed raggedly as he tried to catch his breath. He had only forcefully manifested his soul for an instant before it collapsed, and yet he felt as though he had just run a marathon.

His chest ached to the extreme, completely dwarfing the pain his charred body was sending to his senses. He even felt as though his mind would collapse at any moment. Almost all of the benefits he had received from absorbing Elder Daiyu's injured soul disappeared in an instant, leaving him in an even worse position than he had been before.

He couldn't help but call himself an idiot. He had wanted to cure his body, but in the end, he had ended up injuring it even more. There was nothing he could do... He couldn't very well eat Elder Daiyu's corpse. Not only would that be ridiculously disgusting, Dyon wouldn't have the energy to refine the meat properly.

Loki's laughter was like a constant annoying ringing in his head, unwilling to let him have any peace of mind.

'So much fighting...' Dyon thought as his eyes threatened to close. He had done the impossible, time and time again, and yet fate seemed to throw him to worse and worse situations. For an instant, Dyon wondered what it would be like to be oblivious of all of this... To not have to have his life on the line everyday... To live a life of peace...

However, those thoughts were erased in an instant. Replaced by an endless rage.

It was these people who constantly sought to make his life miserable. It was these people that treated him like a tool to be sacrificed at their leisure. It was these who tested his limits, time and time again.

Blood slowly trickled from the cracks in Dyon's charred skin as he struggled to stand.

His feet were slow, and he often stumbled, but, he steadily walked toward Loki's figure, a light of hatred erupting in his eyes.

Loki of course noticed this, but he couldn't move his body. The best he could do was sneer, inviting Dyon to torture him some more.

"Go on, vent out the last of your frustrations. In less than two minutes, it'll all mean nothing! I'll slowly kill you with my own two hands! I'll make sure you live hundreds of years just so you can be tortured for every day and night!"



Dyon's feet dragged, until eventually, he stood above Loki just as his eyes were threatening to close.

"Today..." Dyon wheezed, "You die."

Before Loki could sneer, Dyon took out The Soul Tome. On its 5th page, shun its new addition – Elder Daiyu's corpse. However, that wasn't what Dyon's hopes were hinged on.

The first page of The Soul Tome housed something its previous owner stored within – [Inner World: Sanctuary].

Its second page housed something Dyon had placed in it – [The Dao of Array Alchemy].

However, its third page housed something that Dyon hadn't known was able to enter its pages until his grand teacher told him all those months ago – Death!

Dyon roared with the last bit of his soul strength, manifesting the death qi that had once been under Lotus Tower and pushing it out from The Soul Tome's pages.

Loki's eyes widened in shock as he watched, helplessly incapable of movement. For the first time, he felt regret...

He hadn't felt regret when he forced the Saeclums to give up their lives to divine the future for him. He hadn't felt guilty when he forced the Ipsums to undergo untold pain to refine their artificial will. He hadn't felt any emotions when he constantly experimented on Tammy, even as he listened to her scream until she could no longer make a sound...

But as every disgusting and vile person in existence had ever existed, when Loki saw that it was his own life in the palm of another's hands... He collapsed into a miserable mess...

An explosion of untold magnitude resounded through the Belmont Holy Land even as Dyon's consciousness collapsed.

However, in those final moments, the Dragon King did something that should have been impossible... In the end, the 6th page of The Soul Tome was filled, unbeknownst to a nineteen-year-old teenage boy who had given his everything in this fight to honor the last words of his master...

Live on.

#### Chapter 644: Stepped

Dyon's body lay completely unconscious, a single arm hanging limply from the side of a crater so deep that the bottom was impossible to make out. It was a miracle that he hadn't fallen in. With a depth so astronomical, if he wasn't conscious to fly out, his body would be turned to paste.

Unfortunately, Dyon's last attack had taken everything he had left. To seal things within the soul tome was easy as long as they were lifeless. However, to manifest them back into their true form took power Dyon simply hadn't had.

From the very beginning, Dyon knew that the death qi he had sealed within the soul tome would be his final trump card. In a situation like this, where others saw despair, he had tossed all thoughts of loss out of his mind and only focused on paths to victory. However, Dyon also knew that an attack that didn't land would be useless. Because the death qi within the soul tome wouldn't have any momentum of its own, for experts on Elder Daiyu and Loki's level, dodging it would have been a simple matter. Even worse, after killing Elder Daiyu, Dyon knew he simply didn't have the soul strength left to bring the death qi out...

This was why he had dragged himself over to Elder Daiyu's corpse, to pull away the last sliver of soul strength that lingered on within him. It had crossed his mind to take the soul strength from Loki, but with him fighting, and Dyon currently being so weak, it would have been a fool's errand.

Because Dyon knew manifesting the death qi would have taken the last of his strength, even after absorbing Elder Daiyu's soul, he had chosen to attempt to heal his body first, hoping that he would have enough in him to complete both tasks. But, unfortunately, he had underestimated the strength needed to use the ancient Elvin techniques... Quite simply put, Dyon had been spoiled by his overwhelming soul talent. It was difficult for him to put in perspective just the level of strain normal individuals would be under until he, himself, was in dire straits.

In the end, Dyon had no choice. With the last of his soul strength dissipating, he had to forcefully push past his limits... The consequences of such a thing were untold and likely more severe than usual considering his burning soul.

Now, Dyon had completely collapsed. His body lay naked – as it had been since Loki's endless torture – with the only interruption in dense black and charred skinned being the cracked of red and dried blood that covered him. His soul was dormant, a faint whisper of gold with only endless darkness as its protection. And his meridians... damaged beyond belief and dry, not even the smallest drop of energy remaining...

However, in that instant, just as the faint embers of Dyon's soul were about to give out, the cracking of a barrier resounded through the now quiet Belmont inner world.

Essence energy rushed forward, greedily vying for its place.

The world trembled, almost unable to maintain itself under the shift in energy. The artificial skies shook violently, sending furious earth quakes throughout the Belmont Holy Land.

Dyon knew from the very beginning, that the amount of meridians you filled with energy during a break through often dictated your potential. Under normal circumstances, Dyon would likely not fill even a single one. His energy cultivation talent was simply too poor – he didn't deserve the universe's blessings. But, this time was different.

A faint and densely black aura emanated from the black wrist band that clung to Dyon's dangling arm. Its eerie and domineering presence completely overshadowing the deep abyss it hung above.

The moment that Dyon had first felt a real connection to the Dragon King, was the moment his senses were opened up in a way he couldn't fathom. All this time he had fumbled his way through dealing with the energies of the universe, completely unable to make full use of them. This had even affected the speed of the soul cultivation. After all, after sheering your soul apart, it was these energies you must rely on to grow your soul even stronger! If it wasn't for Dyon's overwhelming instincts when it came to soul related matters, who knows if he would have ever made any progress!

But now... The Dragon King's devastating talent had become Dyon's. The energies of the universe were irresistibly attracting to Dyon's unconscious body, constantly stimulating and extending what seemed to be his last breaths.

That said, the problem still remained...

Even as Dyon's first meridian filled to the brim, overflowing with endless energy before pooling into the second... Dyon's soul benefitted in no way... If anything, the endless abyss that surrounded it got larger, threatening to snuff out the weakly flicker light.

Dyon's third meridian filled, pulsing and nearly bursting before the energy spilt over into the fourth... then fifth... then sixth...

At this point, it could be said that Dyon was destined to become a first-grade essence gathering expert. With the scant energy in this universe, even filled two meridians would name you an unmatched genius. After all, in order to accomplish this feat, you were essentially beaconing the energy of the universe toward you – something that was much harder, the less of it there was. The process of a break through was a time where the universe would cultivate for you! Why would the universe waste its time on useless talents?

Seventh meridian...

Dyon's soul continued to flicker, raging onward with an arrogance only found in its owner, but quickly losing the ability to maintain its consciousness.

Eighth meridian...

Dyon had now reached legendary status... It was a well known fact that no matter how much the universe loved a talent, it would only ever cultivate to the peak of first stage for them. However, the rarity of such a thing could hardly be put into words! This was much more common in ancient times, when the energy of the universe was abundant and the restrictions were looser. But, for it to happen now?... Even among the trillions birthed in the universe, less than a few thousand could boast such a thing...

Ninth meridian!

Dyon's energy cultivation sky rocketed to the peak of the first stage in a single leap. The universe groaned in agitation, wanting to help Dyon more, but its own laws seemed to reprimand it, giving it no choice but to recede, almost bowing down in apology.

Dyon had stepped into the world of essence gathering experts.

Chapter 645: Had

The flood of pure energy had slowly healed Dyon body. His unsightly and sickly looking flesh flaked off as new and soft skin took its place. The wounds on his body slowly closed, chipping away the dried blood as though it disdained to be associated with it.

Dyon's soul continued to flicker weakly, but his body was slowly returning to its peak condition, removing even more of his flaws and enhancing his features.

His bones mended, and organs repaired themselves. In the end, Dyon breathing, although still heavily labored due to his soul, became slightly more relaxed. His muscles healthily rippled, bursting with newfound vitality that matched its sainthood level strength.

He grew in height once again. Because he wasn't conscious to suppress it, Dyon's body grew past 2 meters tall, before filling in his larger frame with lean muscles covered in veins that pumped with endless life.

However, this was all akin to trying to cover the scent of dense garbage with a few puffs of perfume... Dyon's body had once again reached peak condition, his soul was mere seconds from disappearing...

But, that was when a happy coincidence occurred.

Dyon had long since known of the restrictions that would be placed on him upon breaking through into the essence gathering realm. He would no longer be able to use his wills, and his soul would be locked away, leaving him with only his bodily strength to rely on.

In any other situation, this would have been completely devastating. Restricting a martial artist to be unable to utilize wills was like cutting off the hands of pianist and forcing them to play with just their big toes.

Because of his wills, even when Dyon had no energy cultivation, and pitiful body and soul cultivation, he had still been able to defeat meridian formation experts! This was enough to express the importance of wills to a fighter's overall prowess.

If you also take into consideration how heavily Dyon relied on his soul for fighting, the loss of this strength might have been even more devastating! He would no longer be able to use his awe inspiring arrays. It would be impossible to use the 33 heaven's weapons. And Dyon's opponents would no longer seem slow to him, because he would no longer have access to his 6 sense. Although this was an ability granted by his innate aurora, and not his soul, how could an aurora function without the source meant to power it?

All of this sounds absolutely horrible. Especially when it's considered that Dyon, even with the Dragon King's help, would be in this state for 5 to 10 years! If Dyon's battle prowess was only cut down by half, that would be something to celebrate.

However, in this case, had Dyon been conscious, he would be rejoicing, knowing that his gamble had paid off.

From the very beginning, Dyon had only sought out paths of survival. Since that was the case, why would he ever burn his soul without a plan for handling the situation in the aftermath? From the moment Dyon decided to burn his soul, he had already thought of using his essence gathering break through to seal his soul away!

He knew it was impossible to do use The Seal to do so, because utilizing the seal in such a way required soul power. Even when Dyon had hidden his soul away from Loki, it had been siphoning away his soul strength with each passing second. He could hardly hold on, waiting for Loki to take the Dragon King's weapon from him.

That was when Dyon thought of another possibility. It was a gamble, which was why Dyon didn't burn his soul from the very beginning. He wanted to see if it would be possible to beat Elder Daiyu and Loki

without burning his soul. But, in the end, that clearly became impossible. If he didn't go all out, he would lose!

In hindsight, Dyon should have used his soul burning to immediately utilize the death qi within the soul tome, but he had been unwilling to do so. The fact of the matter was that that was his plan originally, until he saw that breaking the seals on the Dragon King's weapon could actually help him kill Elder Daiyu. However, he hadn't wanted to do so because of how rare death qi was in the universe. Dyon had originally stored the death qi in the soul tome to study. If it hadn't been for it, in all likelihood, even with the 6 months his grand teacher bought him, Dyon would have never managed to reach the one with heart level because he was simply too stubborn.

The death qi that was once in the soul tome was far above Dyon's death comprehension... Dyon didn't know if he would ever find a cultivation tool like that again, which was why he was reluctant to use it in such a way...

In the end, Loki had forced him to do it anyway. Although he had lost a valuable resource, he had maintained his life. Now that his soul had been sealed by the [Inner World: Sanctuary] cultivation technique, it would no longer dissipate.

However, there was a trade off for this as well. Dyon's soul was meant to be building his inner world along with his wills, this was why they were sealed. With his soul being so severely damaged, unless he took restoration pills, it was impossible to guess just how much longer that 5 to 10 year span would take.

That said... An extra decade or two of weakness in exchange for one's life was well worth it. Whether Dyon would believe so, remained to be seen.

However, that aside.

Dyon had fulfilled his master's last wish. He had lived on.

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In the air above the shambles that was once a glorious arena, Amell, Nora and King Belmont stood with Patriarch Pakal and their other allies not too far behind them. Although they were bloodied, they had survived, thankful that Amell and Nora were able to dispel their situations so easily.

#### Chapter 646: If Not

Unfortunately, it seemed that the couple was unwilling to be too hands-on with this universe's affairs, and only forced their enemies to retreat. It was clear to all of them by this point that Amell and Nora didn't originate from this universe... If this universe had managed to raise such experts, not a single person wouldn't know their name! It was impossible that such talents would have gone completely unknown for so long.

However, right now, they were all worried about the same thing: the artificial blood sucking will that was running rampant below.

"So this is it..." Amell said under his breath. With all of the information he and his wife had, how could he not know that the Ragnors had been developing such a weapon all this time? It seemed that they had even managed to find methods of protecting themselves as well.

Nora's eyes flashed with a golden like as her aurora flames burned, her gaze seemed to be able to pierce through and analyze everything. "If it continues like this, even the Ragnors won't be able to protect themselves soon. What a stupid clan."

Although Nora said this, she knew the truth of the matter. It wasn't that the Ragnors were stupid, it was that they didn't care about sacrificing their own if it meant advancing. They would simply learn from the experience and move on. This was how Loki treated his experimental subjects, and the rest of the Ragnors were no different.

However, she was very right about the fact the Ragnors' protection would soon be inadequate. With every purification method their allies used, the surviving red crystals would get stronger, modifying themselves and adapting. This artificial will was truly horrible!

Down below, Patia-Neva wall of ice was continually being bombarded with red crystals, some of it even began to use its sharp nature to climb, seeking to get over its obstacle. Coupled with the endless attacks of the Ragnors, and the situation was seemingly getting worse.



That said, Patia-Neva had fulfilled his goal. The elves and Pakals had long since retreated, in fact, for some odd reason, more elves had gathered to form a defensive line. What Patia-Neva hadn't been able to divert his attention to notice was that many of the enemy had retreated. In fact, all of Planet Naiad and Planet Deimos were gone, having been ushered away at the fastest possible speed by their leaders. Only the Clyte family had lagged behind because of the death of King Clyte, but after they noticed the Kami fleeing, they made the smart choice in leaving as well.

This didn't go unnoticed by the Ragnors and Cavositas, however. But, because of their fear of Loki, they didn't dare to leave, even if it meant their deaths.

"We can't let this continue, I'll have to wipe it out in one go..." Nora said softly, her golden eyes shining brightly.

"Remember," Amell said softly, "No more than 10%, or else they'll be able to sense us."

Nora nodded, "5% is more than enough for this."

A brilliant array appeared in the skies. It was a white so pure that the heavens began playing a soft melody to accompany it. This was no normal array, it looked like its central formations were really celestial bodies manifesting in the sky, and it didn't match the color an array should have. By all rights, as an innate aurora wielder, Nora should draw golden arrays.

That was why this wasn't an array at all, but rather... a dao!

The Ipsums could only watch in horror as their red array shattered in its presence. It was as though it felt much too inferior to exist in the same plane as Nora's might, and it acted as such.

A comfortable feeling washed over the battle field. The allied forces even began to feel even their heaviest of injuries being healed simply by being washed over by the light!

"Be cleansed." Nora's melodic voice rang out. "Celestial scripture, Act 1. Vibrant Light."

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Hours later, Dyon rolled in his sleep, trying to stretch out his limbs. But, when he suddenly felt his weight give way to nothingness, his eyes snapped open and he instinctively grabbed forward.

Confusion filled Dyon's senses as he dangled from the end of an endless abyss with only his grip as his savior.

"I really can't catch a break..." Dyon could only shake his head. Did life ending events really have to be what startled him awake? Why could he just have his normal mortal world alarm clock?

Black flames flickered in Dyon's eyes as that last thought barely finished itself. The events of the past two days flooded into his mind, and he was suddenly strikingly aware that he had done nothing but fight for the past two days.

Lifting himself up, Dyon leaped from the edge of the abyss, looking over to see if he could see the bottom. He tried to stretch out his senses, but he immediately felt a feeling of loss. His soul was sealed...

Dyon sighed, looking down at his naked body. He didn't carry around clothes because he always had the ability to form them whenever he wanted. But now that his soul was sealed, did he really have to walk around naked?

"And why am I so tall now..." Dyon could tell that he was at least 6'6 now, it was an odd feeling. He had always suppressed his height. As a martial artist, one had pristine control over their body and its changes. It was only in very rare God constitution level cases that one's body height was out of their control. That and beasts, of course.

However, since his current height was still well within normal human world limits, Dyon didn't mind too much. As long as he didn't shoot up to 5 meters tall, he'd be okay with it.

Dyon turned his gaze toward the exit. Luckily for him, he had already taken the body and energy kernels, or else he would have had no choice but to leave them here. After all, how could he use The Seal without his soul? Unfortunately, that also meant that until Dyon's soul was unsealed, he wouldn't be able to use the kernels either.

'It would be a shame to not be able to use the body cultivation kernels when all I can do for the next ten plus years is body cultivate...' If that really was the case, Dyon could only shake his head. There was nothing he could do. Maybe his grand teacher would be able to use The Seal in his stead.

On his way to the exit, Dyon stopped by his puppet, sighing as he saw its disfigured state. He picked up a decently sized piece and held it over his crotch before putting the rest in his spatial ring.

Dyon couldn't help but sigh in relief when he noticed the treasures bound to his soul still worked for him. If not, he would have to carry the puppet himself.

After that, Dyon walked toward the exit with a 1000kg piece of material acting as his loin cloth, oblivious to the fact that he hadn't yet faced his last celestial being...

#### Chapter 647: Nothing

Blinding light washed over the stadium, layered with a pressure that caused the Ragnors and their allies to freeze.

It was impossible for those of lower cultivation to measure the power of those above them, but that didn't mean those people could tell the obvious differences... And something was telling them that this person was much stronger than the Loki they so feared.

In an instant, the rampaging red crystals began to shriek in agony. It was only at that point that a horrible realizing hit many who witnessed this... The essence of the red crystals trapped their families and friends within!

Tears of rage poured, filling the battlefield with a wretched atmosphere that was only made worse by the booming thunder clouds and heavily falling rain. Even to now, the effects of King Acacia cooling the atmosphere had not rescinded...

Although Nora was hit with a wave of guilt, there was nothing she could do. Stopping now would give the red crystals time to adjust and adapt, and, even if she did stop, there was no guarantee that their

family and friends could be saved. Even with all of her and her husband's knowledge, they had no ways among themselves to solve this situation in any other way.

By this point, Patia-Neva had calmed, sighing a breath of relief that he wouldn't have to fight this battle alone. However, when he saw the little white fox that lay on Nora's shoulder, a wave of pain couldn't help but overwhelm him.

How could he not recognize Kawa? For her to be in her beast form, and only have a single tail at that, Patia-Neva could only imagine the hardships she had suffered. Deep inside, he still loved Kawa and although he would never again act on those feelings, he couldn't help but hurt seeing her in this state.

Patia-Neva sighed before sending a look of appreciation toward Nora and morphing his wall of ice into a zone of quarantine.

The massive wall curved in on itself, pushing the weakening red crystals toward the Ragnors before curling.

The Ragnors panicked, unwilling to be trapped with their own creations. They ran and stumbled, doing everything in their power to escape Patia-Neva's reaches.

In the end, the only escaped because Patia-Neva allowed it. After all, as a celestial, how could he not deal with a few thousand essence gatherers and saints?

With their source of power being cut off, the red crystals had indeed forgotten who their masters were, springing toward the fleeing Ragnors to try and survive, shrieking in pain all the while. However, that was when Patia-Neva's actions showed their true benefit.

The ends of the wall completed a circle, slamming into each other's ends and crushing the red crystal zombie-like creatures that tried to escape.

Because of their weakened state, even slightly touching the purity path ice that Patia-Neva formed made them shrink back in anger, unwilling to deal with the searing pain.

The walls continued to shrink, closing in, closer and closer, until a radius of a kilometer became 500 meters... then 400... then 300...

Cries and pleas of mercy almost seemed human, losing their blood thirsty edge, but Nora and Patia-Neva could only continue, burying their feelings of pity deep within.

King Belmont stood silently, watching all of this unfold. Maybe saying that he had the most emotional investment in the situation would be going too far, but this was his kingdom. He felt a level of culpability for everything that had happened... In fact, he blamed himself for everything.

He was incompetent, and overly confident. And in the end, he had allowed the enemy who made likely made the worst and the worst possible, come from his very self.

How long had he known the nature of his own son? And yet, he ignored it, seeing his talent as something irreplaceable and naively believing that as his father, he could change everything.

But now, it was likely that a true genius was dead. He couldn't even bring himself to mention Dyon to his master and martial father... The guilt he felt was weighing much too heavily.

All this time, King Belmont wanted to believe that everyone's attentions were focused on finding the lost Epistemic Tower, but, it turned out that their goal all along was the Belmont Holy Land, to unleash a secret that the Belmonts were meant to have held onto with their very lives.

How could King Belmont not know by now that Elder Daiyu and Patriarch Ragnor had taken Dyon to the depth of the Belmont Holy Land? How could he not know that the only way to open those lands were with the fire and ice flames that were exclusive to his family? How could he not know that without his son's involvement, none of this would have happened so easily for the enemy?!

And now he had to watch the people he was supposedly meant to protect wither away and cry out in agony...

Everyone in their alliance had sacrificed so much. His master and her husband had not seen their child since their birth. Patia-Neva lost his entire clan seeking the power to help. Kawa and Edrym hadn't

hesitated to go on mission after mission, even after Kawa was saved, knowing fully well with every mission they accepted, it would be another length of time away from their daughter...

All he had to do was protect this planet! That was it! He didn't make any sacrifices. He got to see his family whenever he wanted. He got to raise his children and he was treated like a king every day. Even Big Red had lost people precious to him. And what had King Belmont done?

Absolutely nothing.

And in the end, it wasn't even him who fixed it all either...

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In the aftermath, the Ragnors and Cavositas God Clans, and their affiliates, were tied down for the time being. It would be up to King Belmont to decide what should be done with them, but at this point, everyone understood that this affair was far from over.

#### Chapter 648: No One Knew

The true culprits of this war were currently in the Belmont Holy Land, which was also shrouded by a top tier formation. Although Lionel had used a secret passage way to enter, that was nothing but an act put on by him to fool Ri, or attempt to fool Ri, not knowing that she had already seen through his act.

As a member of the traitor's alliance, Lionel had long been given means to breach the formation, however, those who wanted to enter now weren't so lucky.

Amell glanced at his wife as they stood in the air. He couldn't help but frown when he saw her serious expression. For a formation to make someone as outstanding as his wife react like this, it was definitely no joke.

After the grandmaster level, array alchemy itself experiences a watershed wherein one becomes a true expert. Of course, the grandmaster level requires a saint level soul, and although it is a difficult level to

reach, it isn't looked to with as much respect as upper levels. This is of course because the soul itself also reaches a watershed after surpassing sainthood.

When one crosses into the threshold of a celestial soul, the soul itself become capable of existing without the body. This isn't only due to the power now available to the soul, but because of the connection it now receives from the universe. The soul becomes blessed, thus being capable of relying on the universe itself to survive without utilizing the body as a proxy. This also acts as a first step toward truly becoming a transcendent being. This is also why the best universes and quadrants often see anyone under the celestial level as juniors, whereas true cultivation begins after stepping onto that path.

This is analogous with array alchemy as well. After the grandmaster level, one becomes truly acknowledge by the Guild Headquarters, and although they have long since stopped recognizing array alchemy as a single discipline, it warmly welcomes those who excel in formation or alchemy or weapon smithing, in addition to a whole host of array alchemy related professions.

After first stepping past the grandmaster level, one steps into the Comet ranks of array alchemy. This is split into 6 levels and corresponds with the first half of celestial cultivation, stages 1 through 6. Although the soul will continue to simply be Celestial stages, depending on the progression within those stages, they can correspond with energy cultivation rankings between celestial stage 1 and 6.

The next step is the Moon ranks. This is also split into 6 levels and corresponds with the second half of celestial cultivation, stages 7 through 12.

This means that one must have a Lower and Middle Celestial soul to draw comet rank arrays and have a Higher and Peak Celestial soul to draw moon rank arrays. The same is true of creating weapons. Spiritual weapons are named as such because they are named after celestial bodies. A Spiritual weapon can be either of comet rank 1 through 6, or moon rank 1 through 6, depending on its quality.

The third step after, corresponding with a Lower and Middle Dao soul, is the planet ranks. The fourth step after that would be the star ranks corresponding with a Higher and Peak Dao soul.

The number of planet rank specialists number in the few thousands, despite the trillions of living beings there are. As for star rank specialists? Maybe only a handful exist in this plane, because to have a soul that powerful likely means you've already transcended!

All of this said, Nora's current problem wasn't her soul strength. As a dao formation expert who specialized in soul techniques, her soul had long since caught up with her cultivation, steadying itself at the lower Dao stage. The problem was that, unlike Dyon, array alchemy expertise usually lagged far behind soul strength...

The fact that Dyon could almost instantly climb to an array alchemy understanding that matched his new soul strength was a feat that would cause billions of array alchemy fanatics to go crazy with jealousy. It simply wasn't normal.

At the moment, despite her innate aurora and a Dao soul, Nora could only don the robes of a rank 5 Comet formation expert. Her alchemy was slightly better, being at the rank 2 moon alchemy expert level, but that wasn't helpful here... Not when the formation before her was a rank 6 comet formation.

Even if it was a rank 5 comet formation, it would have already taken Nora some time to break. But, now that it was above her station, the time increased exponentially.

"Do you think it would be more efficient to break it forcefully?" Amell asked. Since it was a barrier formation, brute strength might work better.

Nora shook her head as her eyes shone gold. If one paid attention, you could see the faint darkness of a vast universe behind her pupils as 5 comets danced around in beautiful patterns.

"With this type of illusory formation, unless you have the ability to obliterate it with a single strike, it would divert your power to strengthen itself." Nora explained.

Although this formation was a mere rank 6 comet formation, capable of being built by a celestial level soul, the reality wasn't so simple. Just because a formation was created by a certain level soul, didn't mean that level of energy cultivation could obliterate it. There were many other involved variables. For example, the length of time taken to create the formation, the number of layers it had, and also what power sources it utilized to sustain itself.

Although Amell and Nora were dao formation experts, this formation had far too many layers and time invested to be taken out so simply. As such, Amell could only sigh, in wait. In his mind, images of a child left behind ravaged his memories.



King Belmont and Big Red could only stand by and wait. Although King Belmont had tried to get Big Red to go and rest, as he was heavily injured, he insisted that it was his job as the king's guardian to stay by his side. But, this only made King Belmont feel even more guilt.

However, this group of elders were right to hurry. Although the situation within had reached a stalemate with the demon generals steadily gaining an advantage despite the numbers difference, no one knew how long they could last in such conditions...

#### Chapter 649: Wash

Within the barrier, oblivious to the help that was trying to reach them, Madeleine and Ri sweated profusely as they held their delicate hands in each other's palms.

With Ri's focused creation of weapon's hell arrays, and Madeleine's supplying of soul cultivation, they were soon reaching their limits.

"It's okay to rest," A shy and gentle voice came from behind the two of them, clearly coming from Kaeda, "River and Ronica can handle the front line for a while. Plus, there are a few of us here that haven't switched in with them yet, we have plenty of fresh legs. Including Thatch now that they're gone." Kaeda smiled sweetly, diverting her soul strength into new master's wives.

Under the protection of numerous Daiyu, Chenglei's brow furrowed as he scanned the situation. The Daiyu after existing for so long of course had trump cards of their own, but to use it now? And only against 3000 experts? Wasn't that too much of a joke?

The mighty Daiyu being reduced to this state by an army led by two teenage girls...

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Dyon almost comedically walked out of the Belmont Holy Land – that had been reduced to rubble – with a square metal sheet being held up by his hand.

'If only I didn't leave my battle changpao in the supreme level ring...' Dyon sighed. But, it wasn't as though he was a woman, he didn't care about walking around naked at all.

These were only the trivial things on Dyon's mind, more than anything else, he was worried. Although he told his wives not to do anything reckless, how could he not know that Ri never had any intention of listening to him? That aside, he knew very well that Clara was likely feeling alone right now, and he wasn't there in her time of need.. again... He couldn't help but feel another pang of guilt.

'I can't replace your dad, but I can try my best to make sure you never suffer again...'

Dyon crossed the boundary, stepping into the caved catacombs. Because his senses were significantly dulled, he couldn't feel the same spatial fluctuations he had when he walked here, but he knew they were there. Now more than ever, he was highly susceptible to being lost.

The Belmont catacombs ran underground through the whole Earth, the only exception being beneath the mortal realm. That portion of the earth had no energy, so there was no need for these tunnels.

Because of the accumulated and still growing gama energy, many legacy worlds had accumulated here. This was meant to be the prize to the top ten, but the world tournament was the furthest things from everyone's mind right now.

"Can you help me with this?" Dyon asked, hoping the Dragon King would be able to lead the way.

Without a word, the Dragon King began to guide Dyon through to the exits.

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Within the catacombs, another group of people were making their way deeper. One was an elder, while the other two were two much younger and still tightly bound.

"Tell me the whole story." The summons ancestor looked down at Lionel, unwilling to release him without fully understanding what he had just done.

Lionel, having long since prepared for this, started to explain various things. They didn't need to be true, nor did they have to be unfalsifiable, they just needed to be believable for this moment, until the ancestor disappeared.

Every ancestor had a limit, but that limit was usually decided by how much energy they spent. Because of their heaven defying means, ancestors who were awakened could not replenish themselves and needed months of waiting time between summons if they were lucky enough to have more than a single summon.

It was impossible for the energy requirement to be avoided because every moment an ancestor spent in a plane they didn't belong required massive amounts of energy in and of itself. If Lionel's calculations were correct, this ancestor would last half an hour more at the most. This was why Lionel had purposefully asked to be teleported back into the catacombs instead of out of it.

Not only were the catacombs the safest place because of their spatial fluctuations, it also placed strain on an ancestor remaining in this plane, increasing the energy requirements.

The ancestor nodded as Lionel continued to explain, "So it's the world tournament... I was always against using our Belmont Holy Lands as a reward for such a thing. The rewards of the other planet couldn't hope to match us back then, and likely can't now either. We're giving up far more when we've sacrificed more than enough.

"But, those old fogies thought that it was be a great show of power that we were so confident and magnanimous enough to share such treasures."

The ancestor shook his head, lamenting over the old times. He had always disliked when martial artists placed appearances over what was truly important. And now it had come to bite them back, leaving him to, ironically, be the one to have to clean up the mess.

Suddenly, the ancestor's senses sharpened as his expression grew serious. He felt a dangerous aura approaching, one filled with dense hatred and killing intent.

A cold sweat permeated through his back. He was fully aware that there was only one path, despite the complex tunnel system, from the entrance to the heart of the Belmont Holy Land... And the aura he felt

now, was definitely coming from that direction. When the ancestor thought of just how fear inspiring the entity who was chained there was, his mind couldn't help but jump to the worst conclusion.

However, in the next instant, he was given the surprise of a lifetime.

Out from the depths of darkness, walked a boy rippling with endless vitality as lean muscles flexed taut. His eyes raged with an anger so deep that the ancestor had no doubt that this was the aura he had felt... But he was washed over with endless shame in the next instant... This boy... He had no cultivation!

In the next moment, Evelyn and Lionel eyes landed on Dyon, following the ancestors. At first, there was surprise. How was he here? Shouldn't he be dead?...

But then, there was a sinister glare in their eyes.

"Ancestor, he's one of the invaders of our land. As you can clearly tell, he's not a Belmont, but you see the direction he came from. It's best we kill him without mercy." Lionel said calmly, as though he was doing nothing else but ordering a meal.

In any other situation, the ancestor would be apprehensive. A boy? Coming from that direction? Something wasn't adding up. But, when the shame he felt as an expert sprung through, overshadowing his reasoning, he couldn't help but take a mighty step forward, the flames of his anger flickering.

He would wash this shame away with the blood of this boy.

## Chapter 650: One Last Chance

Dyon's eyes seemed to freeze over. Despite everything he had been through, he didn't feel the slightest bit of despair facing this new obstacle.

Facing Dyon's fierce expression, the Belmont ancestor couldn't help but feel displeased. He was a celestial level expert, and although he had less than 50% of his peak battle power, there was no doubt that he was still within that realm.

For a mere child to look upon him as though he was a lowly and insignificant existence made his blood boil.

If Dyon knew the ancestor's thoughts, although he would hardly care, he'd have to acknowledge his grand teacher's words. There was something about him that made his presence easy to hate. Whether that be his unbridled arrogance, or something else, it was there.

Lionel, though, didn't know how to feel about Dyon's expression. Unlike his ancestor, he was well aware of what Dyon would have had to do to somehow escape to be here right now. And, although he looked perfectly healthy, the fact he was practically naked aside from the obsidian plate covering his lower regions meant that he had gone through something... And that something, he had somehow survived.

He didn't want to believe it. How could a teenage boy escape two celestial experts? It didn't make sense.

'He had to have used some sort of trick. Considering how many treasures he has, that's more than likely. But, such a ground-breaking treasure can't be used more than once, or else why would he have allowed himself to reach this point at all?' Lionel tried to comfort himself, using logic as his platform.

However, in the back of his mind, he couldn't help but think of the possibility of him being wrong. It was because he underestimated Dyon's treasures that he had ended up in this situation to begin with. Had Ri not had a treasure capable of holding 3000 living beings, Madeleine's faith seed would be his by now!

"Do we have an issue here?" Dyon suddenly spoke. Although his voice usually imperceptibly leaked a domineering music will in situations like this, he had to now remember he didn't have access to it anymore. However, that didn't stop his momentum from being stifling. The air around Dyon had shifted in such a way that it was completely unnecessary for him to have music will to assert his dominance.

Seeing that his words were clearly ignored, Lionel frowned. But, Evelyn's reaction was even more severe.

"For what you did to my master, you deserve nothing more than a dog's death. Get on your knees!" Evelyn shrieked, having lost all rationality. The more she stared at Dyon's unperturbed attitude, the more she remembered how he looked down on her at the Earth Tower, how he had completely humiliated her.

Those feelings of anger bubbled up, unleashing themselves before combining with the sorrow and pain she felt with the death of Matriarch Niveus.

Considering the Belmont ancestor had yet to untie the two of them, she looked quite pitiful. Almost like a rabid dog trying to escape its chains.

Hearing Evelyn's words and the audacity she had in playing the victim, Dyon's gaze threatened to pierce through everything. Was this woman really asking him to repent to the woman who destroyed his home?

Before this, Dyon had no intention of doing anything to Evelyn. Although she had stolen a pill that rightfully belonged to Delia for her own selfish desires, that wasn't a crime that was worth a person's life and it wasn't something that Dyon would have bloodied his hands with. However, something had snapped within Dyon during the past two days. His master had done her best to cleanse it, but that nature was slowly prowling and growing within Dyon. His bestial desire to viciously protect his loved ones while slaughtering all those that even remotely encroached on his wellbeing was growing, and without his soul or wills to rein it in, it was unlikely that it would be dealt with any time soon.

Evelyn's words caught in her throat. In that instant, she forgot that her husband was right beside her. She forgot that there was a celestial there to protect them. All she felt was terror, a deep seeded fear for the young man in front of her.

A formless pressure laced with celestial energy covered the cave walls, snapping Evelyn out of her condition, causing her to grasp at her chest, breathing heavily along with her heaving snow-white breasts and hair.

"It seems the young have grown in arrogance since I've been away." The Belmont ancestor's jaw set. For Evelyn to forget about his presence, taken over by an overwhelming 'flight' extinct, was yet another slap to his face. How could she be scared of a child with no cultivation while he was right here?! He hadn't even used any wills yet!

"I assume you're an awakened Belmont ancestor?" Dyon's gaze left Evelyn, focusing back on the approaching man in white.

"Do you acknowledge your mistakes?" Was the ancestor's only response.

"Are you an idiot?"

The atmosphere froze over, solidifying in an instant. The three of them couldn't believe what they had just heard. Even in this situation, Dyon had the audacity to call their ancestor such a name? Was he truly not afraid of the Belmont ancestor?

Dyon, however, was in a completely different sort of mind state. He had just finished fighting a battle of life and death, he hadn't even had the chance to rest, to have a drink of water or a bite to eat, but more bullshit was being thrown at him.

He had never had a good temper to begin with, but the idea of being looked down upon by this sort of trash, especially after he had already defeated two existences far more powerful than this so-called Ancestor just moments ago, pissed him off more than words could describe.

"I'll give you one last chance." Dyon's muscles rippled, flooding with endless vitality as his veins of gold pulsed. "Kneel."

There was no question who Dyon was talking to. He wasn't speaking to Evelyn. He wasn't speaking to Lionel. He was speaking to the Belmont family ancestor!