

## The Nameless 651

Chapter 651: And Then...

Silence filled the cave, allowing Dyon's words to echo throughout, reverberating in their ears. No matter how arrogant a person was, there should be a limit, no? This was beginning to border on nonsensical.

However, Dyon's eyes didn't say that they were joking. As much as the three of them wanted to jump out and mock him, a dry and uncomfortable laugh was the only thing that managed to be squeezed out.

There was indeed a change between Dyon now, and two days ago. Maybe two days ago, uproarious laughter would have filled the catacombs of the Belmont Holy Land, but right now, there was a different air to Dyon.

When every martial artist was birthed, they were gifted a certain amount of blessings. This blessing was tied to all three forms of cultivation, culminating in the amount of good karma a warrior would have in their life time. This can affect everything from cultivation speed to ability to survive life and death situations.

These blessing are what incentivized ancestors to pause their reincarnation to serve their clans even in their death. That opportunity, for many people, was the best way to increase Heaven's Blessings, before carrying a small portion of that onto their next time.

But, there were yet other ways to snatch these blessings. The first was perfection.

Heaven's Chimes and Heaven's Light are both possible outcomes of achieving perfection in the face of hardships and trials placed by the universe. Of these two, Dyon is very familiar with the first, as it very often occurs when he practices array alchemy. These Heaven's blessings grace arrays with a boosted effectiveness, increasing their use even further.

This aside, the second way was in defying fate and snatching blessings from the jaws of death.

Because Dyon's body and energy cultivation were sealed, despite having a culmination of soul talent, his Heaven's Blessings at birth were exceedingly weak. In fact, even if he had a culmination of talent given by body and energy cultivation, his Heaven's Blessings wouldn't be so exaggerated. This was because

much of Heaven's Blessings at the beginning of life are converted into talent itself, it is only through life that it truly grows.

This was the universe's way of showing fairness.

So, what did this mean for Dyon?...

He just snatched the Heaven's Blessings of not only a peak saint, but also a dao formation expert! When Dyon killed Matriarch Niveus, it had been through a puppet, and thus it could not be accumulated to him. However, in killing both Elder Daiyu and Loki, both could be said to have died by his hands!

Loki was a man who not only had a faith seed, but was a master at killing those above him in cultivation as a result of this faith seed. His accumulated Heaven's Blessings were staggering!

As for Elder Daiyu, as a former dao formation expert, it could be said that his Heaven's Blessings were an ocean compared to Loki's lake.

This was simply not meant to happen. The idea of a meridian formation expert, now essence gatherer, killing a peak saint and a dao formation expert was unprecedented. The sheer rarity of such an event could hardly be put into words.

In normal circumstances, one would kill those in and around their cultivation level. This would result in marginal increases in Heaven's Blessings that would slowly progress along with your age and cultivation bracket. Essentially, in continuing like this, everyone of a set cultivation would usually have Heaven's Blessings of about the same amount.

However, this was where geniuses would make their names known. Killing those above your cultivation level would result in a much faster accumulation of blessings, putting you in a different category entirely.

As for what Dyon did? He was astronomically ahead of everyone else, even if he did nothing for the next hundred years!

No matter how domineeringly talented the Dragon King was in his life, one can hardly understand the sheer weight of filling 9 meridians when stepping into a new level of cultivation. The Dragon King was much too prideful to tell Dyon this, but even he, as an undisputedly top ten talent of Dragons to ever exist, had only filled 8!

With this perspective, one can fully understand just how heaven defying Dyon's blessings were at this point. Even the universe itself lamented not being able to help him more.

And now, he exuded the air of an expert far above not only what he truly was, but also far above the celestial ancestor before him now.

It caused his enemies to pause, unsure of what to do. And, whenever Dyon gained his access to wills again, not only would his one with heart become incomparably strong as compared to those of his cultivation level, with sovereign path would gain an edge of dominance capable of effecting even those above him in cultivation.

However, none of this could change just how embarrassed the Belmont Ancestor was of his actions. He had allowed a child to affect his mentality not once, but twice! How could he allow such a thing? It was a stain on himself as a martial artist!

"You..." The Belmont Ancestor dryly laughed, unable to muster a more mocking laughter. He was simply too restrained by his status as an ancestor to directly combat Dyon's presence with his own. How could a dead person beat a person of the living in such a thing?

"It seems you still don't understand your situation." Dyon's eyes sharpened. "Recognize the error of your ways within ten seconds, or else I'll ensure that your karma is forever tarnished."

Confusion began to color the features of the Belmont Ancestor. He couldn't understand just what was happening.

"Ancestor, he's simply bluffing. He's a mere meridian formation expert who took part in the World Tournament just two da –"

A sudden realization hit the ancestor. A resounding boom violently shook the catacombs as Evelyn and Lionel's eyes widened in shock.

The ancestor... The ancestor that they had placed their lives in the hands of... Had just kowtowed before Dyon!

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"Please forgive me!" The ancestor trembled, unable to look up to meet Dyon's gaze as his head repeatedly slammed against the ground.

He couldn't believe what he had almost done. Of course the person before him should make him feel inferior! What had he been thinking?!

The bound Lionel and Evelyn could only watch listlessly. There was no way such an expert could be bluffed to this extent, right?

"Get up." Dyon finally said, not displaying even a hint of surprise. "Take these two and let's go. Lead me to the exit."

"Yes, yes." The ancestor didn't hesitate to stand, not bothering to remove the dirt that accumulated onto his white robes, almost as a reminder to his foolishness.

Lionel and Evelyn could only dumbly stand, forcefully stood up by the now docile and servile ancestor.

"Ancesto –"

"Silence! Don't speak unless spoken to." The Belmont Ancestor immediately spoke, cutting off Lionel entirely. "If it wasn't for the young lord's orders, I would have already killed you for trying to have my name tainted by attacking him."

The Belmont Ancestor carefully chose his words. Although he was well aware that if he chose to attack Dyon, Dyon would be the one to die, he didn't speak in absolutes, instead giving Dyon every bit of face possible.

'Could it be...' Lionel's lip twitched as he glanced at Dyon who was following behind them. But, he couldn't find the courage to look him in the eye.

It was simple really. How could a Belmont meant to spent their life in servitude to Amethyst, not follow the orders of her husband?!

Dyon's master had long told him that he had not two, but four primordial yins within him... Elvin Queen's Reign, Goddess' Disposition, Kukan's, and... Amethyst's!

It seemed that Lionel had miscalculated. How could he have known that a being that lived for thousands of years had remained a virgin?!

From the moment the Belmont Ancestor appeared, Dyon had already calculated the perfect path to escaping the situation. Where others would see despair, he only saw victory.

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The Daiyu seemed to be steadily losing momentum. The rain of javelins from the sky, the pincer attack from both sides, all coupled with the facts the Niveus God Sect members weren't very strong to begin with all culminated in a battle that seemed they were fated to lose.

Under the berating of the demon generals behind them, Ronica and River finally gave up their places as vanguard. How they had fought for more than a day without rest was beyond be the Daiyu, and they almost sighed in relief when they finally switched out... Only to find that the two warriors who replaced them were not only large and sweaty men instead of the vicious beauties they had to deal with, they were also just as strong!

This plummeted the morale of the Daiyu. All this time they had thought that the reason Ronica and River didn't take a break was because they couldn't afford to. They thought that as long as they got these two

beauties to quit, the war would be won. They'd be able to storm into the cave and capture Ri and Madeleine, forcing the rest of the demon generals to surrender.

However, that didn't happen! The personal guard Dyon had chosen for his wives were much too strong. Even Kaeda, who was on the weaker side, was the best healer the demon generals had!

The only demon general that had made a single mistake during those days was Thatch, but even that mistake couldn't be considered to be his fault. How was he meant to deal with a celestial by himself? It was simply impossible.

Although he was trembling, he had done his best to hold his ground, and even now, he faced the dark tunnels, protecting their backs in case that celestial came back, even while knowing he was no match.

Chenglei, seeing that the Daiyu were slowly, but steadily being pushed back, began to grit his teeth in agitation.

'Do I really have to do this for such a small matter? Weren't the Ragnors supposed to have won by now? What's going on?! And why isn't grandfather back yet?!

Everything seemed to be falling apart, but Chenglei still didn't want to pull out what he had. If he did so, there would be no going back and the Daiyu would be forever crippled in the future.

Suddenly, Thatch froze. His ears twitched as he picked up the faint sounds of footsteps, and if he was correct, there were four pairs. But, that was one more than the amount that had left. Had they gone to get someone? Was that Celestial really coming back?

"Enemy!" Thatch shouted in a low but resounding voice. He knew he couldn't handle this alone, so he had no choice but to ask for help. The problem was fighting on one front as a small group was hard enough, how could they possibly fight on two?

Thatch's words immediately caught the attention of the demon generals and Ri and Madeleine.

Ronica and River immediately flashed forward. Unfortunately, because of the size of the tunnels, it didn't make sense for all three of them to fight side by side, so Ronica stood by Thatch while River began to emit a dense ice intent that coated the walls and snaked toward the enemy.

The brows of Ri and Madeleine furrowed. They had too much to worry about, and were fatigued beyond belief after pushing their souls so far. In the end, they had done all of this to ignore the fact they could no longer sense Dyon's soul, hoping to bury that feeling by pursuing something else, unwilling to believe he was dead even while all the evidence pointed in that direction.

However, the sight they saw in the next instant, threw them all into a pit of despair. The celestial had come back! He was the first to appear out of the darkness, his white robes providing a striking dichotomy that was easy to spot.

The atmosphere around the demon generals tensed. The two who manned the entrance, one of which was Thadius, had no choice but to focus on their task, unable to look back. In fact, because Ri and Madeleine had stopped using their weapon's hell formations, the pressure on the two of them had increased manifold.

But, that was when three more figures appeared behind him. Two were faces they had just seen, their escaped prisoners that had come back.

That said, the third face was one that managed shocked them even more than the fact Lionel and Evelyn were still bound.

"Go and kill the Daiyu with your remaining time. They've attacked your Holy Land, I think it's time a real Belmont do something about it." Dyon said simply, a small smile on his face.

Without delay, the celestial flashed out of the cave, appearing in the air like a god ready to smite its non-believers.

Thatch didn't know how to feel. The very same celestial that had shaken him to his core was being ordered on a whim by Dyon... He couldn't help but raise Dyon's place in his heart. This man was truly one worthy of being followed. And right now? He held the air of not just a king, but of a supreme Emperor, unmatched by the heavens.

At that moment, he became something more than just the successor to the Demon Sage, he stepped beyond that, forming his own light and rising above. He forged the foundation of a legend all to his own and left those witnessing his rise in awe and shock...

One could almost forget the fact he had an obsidian plate covering his crotch.

Ri and Madeleine stared with their eyes glistening. They couldn't understand why they couldn't sense Dyon's soul even though he was right in front of them, but none of that mattered. He was here... He was safe.

They rushed forward, forcing Dyon to have no choice but to drop that plate he had been using to wrap his arms around both of their waists, causing Ronica and River to turn their heads and blush furiously. But, Ri and Madeleine didn't care... Not right now.

Dyon smiled genuinely for what seemed like the first time in forever. The darkness that was threatening to take over his heart was beat back just a bit, cowering in a corner.

"Miss me?"

Chapter 653: You Mean?

Dyon silently held Ri and Madeleine in his arms. He knew well that there was an instant of time just a few hours ago that he had fallen into a pit of darkness so deep that he never had any intentions of climbing out. If it wasn't for his master, he didn't know if he'd ever be able to stand here with them again. He had intended to give up everything to exact revenge...

But luckily, he had managed to defy the odds. Something in Dyon was telling him that this was far from over. The day wouldn't be today, but some time in the future, these events would rear their ugly head again. Dyon would never forget the fact his master had said the entity allowed itself to be caught... He could never forget.

In fact, the entity hadn't reacted at all during Dyon's battle. It hadn't even attempted to stop Dyon from taking the body and energy kernels. It was as though it looked down in amusement as everything



happened... As though it didn't matter what them as lesser beings did, it would win in the end regardless...

However, Dyon buried this for now. He wouldn't forget, no. In fact, Dyon's only goal now was to kill that entity with his own two hands. But, he wasn't strong enough. It took an entire universe's talent and energy to seal this one person. Even worse, this was no normal universe. It was lauded as the universe with the most potential ever assembled... And yet it took everything it had to imprison this entity. Knowing this, how could Dyon feel foolhardy enough to believe he was enough now?

He had to bury the feelings churning inside him. He had to let them fester in agitation, growing along with him, spurring on his improvement. Until one day he could turn that condescending laugh into cries of pain and mercy.

Ri and Madeleine seemed to have lost themselves in Dyon's embrace. They could tell that something had fundamentally changed about their husband. It was to the point where his presence was intoxicating, as though the universe revolved around him, and them with it.

They blushed slightly, only now realizing they were hugging a naked man in front of so many, but they still couldn't pull themselves away, unwilling to leave the comfort of his arms and his infatuating smell.

Outside, the battle was still raging, but a massive energy barrier had blocked the entrance of the cave. It seemed that ancestor wasn't willing to allow even the slightest chance of Dyon and Madeleine being attacked.

Swaths of red and blue flames colored the skies, killing tens of Daiyu and Niveus God Sect members every moment.

With the cave, Thatch had taken his role in watching Evelyn and Lionel again. There was nothing Dyon wanted to do more than to kill the both of them, but in his giving face to King Belmont, he decided to let things rest for now. However, if King Belmont's chosen punishment was too lenient, Dyon would not hesitate for a single moment to take matters into his own hands, even if it meant offending yet another celestial.

"Hey you two, what are you blushing for? Did I get more handsome?" Dyon lightly teased, allowing the black flames in his eyes to give way to his warm green-hazel pupils.

Ri pouted as Madeleine giggled, "Put some clothes on pervert." They seemed to speak in unison.

Dyon sighed, "I can't. My soul was sealed and I don't usually carry clothes around with me."

Lightly pushing his wives away, Dyon cupped their cheeks lovingly, staring intently as though he wanted to etch every perfect curve of their features into his mind.

"Sealed?" Madeleine asked worriedly.

Dyon shook his head, "I had to enter Essence Gathering earlier than I wanted because I burned my soul."

Unfortunately, Dyon's explanation had the opposite effect of what he wanted. Madeleine and Ri both paled when they heard Dyon had to burn his soul. Although they knew before hand that it had to be something of that level that caused Dyon to feel as much pain as he did, speculating and actually knowing were two different things.

"Ah, it's not big deal." Dyon hurriedly explained, not wanting them to worry. Even without his soul, he could see how fatigued they were. It was just that he couldn't help heal them anymore...

Ri and Madeleine nodded, trying to hide their worry.

Suddenly, Dyon thought of something that dampened his mood. "How's... How's she doing?"

Ri bit her lip, immediately understanding who Dyon was talking about. Although Madeleine had been forced into a recovery-like state for much of these events, Ri had been awake, and much of her time had been spent with Clara before she started to deal with all of this.

"I'm not sure. I had to leave her with Delia, Little Lula and Zaire because of the chaos out here." Ri rotated the ring that held them within on her slender finger.

Dyon frowned but picked up the obsidian plate to cover himself. "I'll be back."

Ri and Madeleine understood, so they only nodded as Dyon disappeared into the ring.

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Outside of the Belmont Holy Land, Nora's brows continuously furrowed more and more. The longer she spent analyzing the formation, the more problems she found.

"Nora, this isn't like you. Even if it's a rank 6 comet formation, it's not too far beyond your capabilities." Amell understood his wife better than anyone. It shouldn't take her this long to undo this formation.

"The situation... Has changed..." Nora said solemnly, a bitter expression on her face. "The center piece of this formation was set by the creator to be themselves. The creator him or herself is the final counter measure."

"You mean?..."

"The person who set this formation died. Normally that would be good news, but in this case, it's horrible. The worst kind of formation has been set now. Even if I was a rank 6 moon formation expert I would have trouble breaking through this now... Not only can we not go in, they can't come out!"

Chapter 654: I'm Sorry

The law of the martial world was known to all. It was a cruel place, but often times those who were willing to sacrifice more, were rewarded with more.

In this case, the death of Elder Daiyu catalyzed the bewilderment formation used around the Belmont Holy Land to all new heights.

Elder Daiyu knew from the beginning that if he somehow died, his clan would be doomed. Because of this, he set contingencies. The first thing he did was hand much of his belongings to his grandson, Chenglei. This was why Meiying was able to 'steal' the box in the first place.

However, the second thing he did was probably the most important. Elder Daiyu invested heavily into preserving this formation for this specific plan. It was a formation that was tied to the life and death of its layer, and was able to use Elder Daiyu's death as a catalyst to become stronger.

His plan was simple. By locking his clan within the barrier, although they wouldn't be able to leave, they wouldn't be able to be harmed either. He hoped that by the time the formation ran out of energy, which wouldn't be for thousands of years considering it was catalyzed by the death of a Dao Formation expert, the Daiyu clan would be once again capable of standing tall against the world.

The location was nothing short of perfection. Not only was the Belmont Holy Land the best location for cultivation in this universe, it also gave access to a ridiculous amount of legacy worlds that had been attracted by the dense flow of Gama energy. With Chenglei's talent, giving him a few thousand years to grow and mature would allow him to reign supreme over this universe, without a doubt.

Before, Elder Daiyu had thought this might have been overkill. After all, who could possibly be enough to break through a rank 6 comet formation in this universe? Even the best, Connery Sapientia, or so he thought at the time since he hadn't accounted for Dyon, was a mere lower grandmaster. However, his prudence had been rewarded. Because of his sacrifice, even Nora was stumped.

Elder Daiyu had died knowing that as long as the Daiyu survived this impending crisis, they would flourish. And maybe in the future, the Black Jade Dragon would careen through the skies again.

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Dyon walked through the grasses of the inner spatial world, entering a small residential area made of elaborate tents that could almost be passed off as homes.

He first stopped by Alidor and his little sister's tent to ask him to make a pair of sweatpants for him. Luckily, Alidor didn't want Dyon tainting his little sister's eyes, so he fulfilled the request as quickly as possible before shooing Dyon away.

The two of them had no idea what was going on in the outside world, and Alidor hadn't bothered to ask. They seemed content on living peacefully and quietly cultivating.

Dyon avoided meeting anyone else, somehow knowing where he could find Clara.

Soon, he had made his way to the center of the camp and was now standing in front of his own tent. He knew that Clara would want to be alone, and he also knew that she would likely come to the one place she could be closest to the last thing she could cling to.

Dyon couldn't hear any sounds coming from the tent, in fact the world itself was eerily quiet without the 3000 demon generals here. The others that had come were likely still in the tower in the distance, not having wanted to bother Clara.

Taking a deep breath, Dyon opened the flap, stepping into the dimly lit tent. It was still lavishly furnished, bathed in somber and dark reds with soft cushions and carpets. But now that color scheme just seemed to add a layer of darkness to everything.

"I'm sorry, I still don't want to be bothered. I'll come out when I'm ready."

A familiar voice rang out, and although the word choice itself tried to remain as polite as possible, the piercing cold and deadpan delivery made even Dyon want to shiver.

Not hearing a response, Clara didn't know what to say. So, instead, under the stunned gaze of Dyon, she waved her hand, causing golden lights to fill the room before she disappeared from view entirely.

'That's... A concealment array! But...'

A sudden realization hit Dyon... He was older than Clara!

This one simple realization hit him like a ton of bricks. How had he not thought of this before?!

Dyon birth shattered the soul seal placed on human kind. This meant that everyone born after him in the human mortal realm, had their souls intact, just like any other person would!

This meant that there was hope. Even though Dyon would never see his parents again, there were hundreds of millions of people that were birthed in the 19 years since he was. If he could improve in the martial way enough, he would be able to revive the mortal human race of this universe using the very same method the entity noted so nonchalantly.

However, this realization was shocking for an entirely other reason. Dyon's master had been right! The talent of this universe had to far surpass that of others, or else Clara would never have been able to learn such an array so quickly. In fact, considering the speed she drew it with, it was shocking that this was truly within her capabilities.

But even more.... She had an innate aurora! What were the odds that the only two mortals to awaken their auras would both have it innately?!

Dyon walked forward, flicking his finger and shattering the array.

Clara brows furrowed in agitation. "Leave me alone!"

A formless soul pressure gushed outward. Dyon made no attempt to defend. If he did so, he would hurt Clara and that wasn't something he was willing to do.

Instead, he caught her hand as it swung outward before pulling her into a tight embrace.

At first, she struggled, screaming in anger as her fists pounded against Dyon's bare chest. But, Dyon held on tightly, refusing to let go.

"I'm sorry..." Dyon's voice caused Clara to freeze. Her shoulders trembled as she buried her head in his chest, unwilling to look up. "I won't leave you again."

Chapter 655: Deal

Clara lost track of how long she spent crying. In the past twelve years, not once had she cried. The last time her had was when her mother died, but afterwards, it was almost like a silent vow she made to herself.

But, when she saw Dyon 'die' right before her eyes, she had finally broken down, unable to contain it any further. And then her entire world was destroyed. Never again would she be able to see her friends... Never again would she see her father...

She tried to hold it all in again. In fact, she had succeeded... Even when she saw Dyon being taken away, her eyes only continued to become colder and colder... But then, for some reason, when she felt Dyon's presence just then, she completely melted again, unable to control the flow of tears from her grey eyes.

Clara kneeled on the bed, wrapping her arms around Dyon tightly, unwilling to let go. Dyon had no intention of pushing her away. He only continued to hold her, waiting silently as her trembling shoulders began to calm.

Dyon pulled back, cupping Clara's cheeks before lightly pressing in, causing her lips to make an 8 shape. She looked so adorable with her red and puffy eyes that Dyon couldn't help but tease her, "Since when did my Clara turn out to be such a crybaby?"

A spurt of laughter came from Clara's lips as she slapped Dyon's hands away, trying to stop them from squishing her cheeks.

She sat back on her knees, wiping her eyes as Dyon plopped down next to her on the soft bed. Clara couldn't help but inadvertently lean her head to rest on his shoulder, still trying to calm her emotions.

"He's gone?" Clara couldn't help but ask one final time, knowing what the answer would be even though the light inflection in her voice carried the faintest of hopes.

"He's gone." Dyon didn't sugar coat it. He knew Clara wouldn't go for that approach anyway.

A light sigh escaped Clara's lips before she closed her eyes. A part of her couldn't help but wonder if she would have been satisfied just dying with the rest of them. It likely would have been too quick for her to feel much pain, and she wouldn't have to deal with the garbage that was the martial world. But then she thought about how that would mean leaving Dyon alone.

She shook her head furiously. How selfish would that be?

"You sure learned array alchemy pretty fast." Dyon chuckled.

"Faster than you?" Clara jeered.

"Absolutely not. Your concealment array was so weak that it only took me a single finger to poke through. Pathetic."

"Yeah right. You wouldn't tell me even if I was, you egomaniac."

It had only been two days since Clara received the books on array alchemy from Dyon, and good portion of that time was spent dealing with the nonsense brought down by the Ragnors. When Clara found time to learn, Dyon had no idea. But, it seems that he was right in his assessment. Array alchemy really did suit her.

"Well, regardless, you'll have quite a few years to catch up to me." Dyon sighed.

"What do you mean?" Clara asked, clear worry in her voice. By now, she understood much about the soul and how it related to array alchemy. If Dyon couldn't practice for years, did he injure himself too badly to do so?

After Dyon's explanation, Clara was still worried, but still let out a small sigh of relief.

"So, what you mean is that I'll have almost 20 years to surpass something you reached in less than 3? Pft, how easy."

A mysterious grin appeared on Dyon's lips. "Let's make a bet then. If you can draw a peak grandmaster array in 20 years, you win."

Clara was off-put by Dyon's confidence. Was he really looking down on her so much? So, she decided to test him.



"If I win, I'll castrate you. How about it?"

"Sure, as long as you let me try anal for the first time. I read in a magazine somewhere that cold and domineering girls like you always have that single weakness. Deal?"

"Ah..." Clara's brows furrowed, pouting and looking particularly aggrieved. However, she felt a small bit of gratification in her heart.

It may sound odd, but a large part of her and Dyon's relationship had always been his sexual harassment. Although he never took it too far, he would bully her with his words all of the time in the past. But, when he came back to see her for the first time in what seemed like forever, he stopped all of that. To the point where he didn't even call her beautiful anymore. It was like he put up a wall to that sort of relationship between them, unwilling to allow her closer.

Then, when Clara had her talk with Ri on the matter, Ri had helped her understand why. Clara knew more than anyone how stubborn Dyon could be. If he didn't change his mind on his own, it was likely no one person could change it for him. It was just unfortunate that it took something so horrible for him to let her back into his heart.

Dyon laughed with a hint of mockery in his voice, "Scared?" He teasingly leaned back, glancing at Clara's round and plump ass, almost imagining his victory already.

"Not on your life." Clara harrumphed. "I'm changing my side of the bet. You'll be my slave for five years when you lose."

Dyon grinned. What Clara didn't know, just yet, was that Dyon would never underestimate her intelligence. There was no doubt in his mind that within three years, Clara would understand just as much array alchemy theory as him, and he was planning to give her all the same resources.

The reason she would never be able to draw a grandmaster array in 20 years is because no one could soul cultivate that fast. Only Dyon could, and that was because he had the accumulated talent of billions. And it still took him 3 years to reach the Saint soul stage. That's how difficult soul cultivation was.

"Deal."

#### Chapter 656: Won't

Dyon appeared back within a familiar cave to be greeted by loud booms and cries of agony. It seemed the Belmont Ancestor was very eager to play his role. Having already wasted much of his time, he had a lot to make up for.

Even without the energy barrier the ancestor put up to protect Dyon and his allies in the cave, the Daiyu wouldn't have any choice but to completely focus on the expert in the sky. Diverting their attention to a three front war would be no less than completely suicidal.

Dyon watched silently with Ri and Madeleine by his side, lamenting the fact that Alidor didn't make his pair of sweatpants as soft as he usually liked them. However, Ri and Madeleine were just relieved he was wearing clothes at all. At the moment, his presence was too intoxicating for them to also deal with his nudity.

However, there was something else on Dyon's mind. How could he, as an array alchemy expert, not have analyzed the formation before he entered it? He had already long since deduced not only what level of formation it was, but also understood that killing Elder Daiyu would make everything worse.

That said, what choice did he have? The thought of killing a dao formation expert was enough of an impossibility to drive anyone mad, let alone the idea of capturing them alive. The latter was simply far more ridiculous than the former.

Although the arrays Dyon could draw were limited to the grandmaster level, it could be said that his knowledge surpassed that due to one special thing he had access to that no other array alchemist did: The Dao of Array Alchemy.

Not only had it aided him in building a base of understanding that far exceeded his own self previously, it gave him knowledge far exceeding what he could make use of with his current soul strength. Something that was especially so now considering his soul was sealed.

There were two main ways to break a formation. Brute strength or disrupting its cores. Here, brute strength was obviously not an option. To destroy this kind of formation, dao formation strength would be needed at a minimum.

Unfortunately, Dyon had no idea that dao formation experts were currently outside trying to break through the formation. The problem was that they were limited in the power they could use in order to not alert their enemies. If this wasn't the case, and they directly attacked the formation at certain key points, a few of which would be easy for Nora to find, they could obliterate it.

The second option was likely even more impossible. To disrupt the cores of the formation meant not only having to understand how many there were and where they were, but also in what way to disrupt them and the order in which to do so.

There was a pseudo third option, which was just a combination of the first two. However, it was very difficult to pull off. It required first disrupting to weaken the formation, before then attacking it in its weakened state. The problem with this method is that disruptions agitate the failsafes. If not done properly, there can be heavy backlash on the soul.

"Is something wrong?" Ri couldn't help but ask. With the turning of the situation, by all rights Dyon should be happier. She couldn't help but think that maybe his talk with Clara didn't go so well.

Dyon shook his head before explaining the situation.

"Even if I had my soul strength, I don't think there'd be much I could do. Although I already know where the cores are, and how many there are, that's not enough to disrupt them properly, especially after Elder Daiyu's death. I would need soul strength similar to that of the level required to draw this formation to begin with in order to succeed." Dyon sighed, looking off into the distance.

The only way to ignore the soul strength requirement, would have be to have a kit specialized in formation disruption. Much like The Seal, such a kit would lessen the load on the soul needed to perform certain tasks. The Seal lowers the usual requirements for sealing, while these kits do the same for core disruption.

You would think that the celestial deer sect remains would have at least one of these kits, but it seemed they were among the rare items stolen along with much of their other precious possessions. It was lucky

that Dyon had gained even as much as he had. If the treasure room wasn't sealed away and hidden, he would have likely earned even less from the whole experience.

"Will we be here until the formation naturally runs out of energy, then?" Madeleine asked.

What would surprise most people is that they weren't too worried about this outcome. Their husband was safe and by their side, so the idea of being stuck in a place with such abundant resources wasn't the end of the world, right?

The only worry Ri still held, was her mother and what her current condition was. If they were truly stuck, she'd have no way of ever finding out.

As for the war, they were even less worried about that. Although that was mostly because they had never known the large scale the Ragnors would use their artificial wills at, for the most part, with Elder Daiyu and Patriarch Ragnor gone, they were now at an advantage with their celestials as long as Ri's dad made it back.

When Ri and Madeleine thought of this point, they couldn't help but look at the side profile of their husband. How had he done it?... How did he constantly make the impossible, possible?...

Dyon had already told them much of how when he explained the reason he was forced to burn his soul, but even knowing that their husband would never lie to them, it was still so unbelievable.

With a light smile, Dyon shook his head. "We won't have to wait that long. Just until my soul recovers should be enough."

However, although he said this, Dyon knew it would be quite dangerous to leave then. With the situation the way it was now, who knew what the Earth would look like in that period of time? It might be better to wait out a few hundred years until they reached sufficient cultivation to defend themselves against the threats of the martial world.

Chapter 657: Little Doubt

Dyon's worries weren't without reason. He was apprehensive about two things in particular.

The first was, of course, the repercussions of defeating the Ragnors.

There was a 0% chance that the main Ragnor branch hadn't already learned of Loki's death. If Dyon knew that Loki's faith seed was ranked second among the Ragnor's collection, he would have been even more firm in this belief.

As a result, the reaction of the clan would be unpredictable. The Ragnors didn't seem like the kind of clan that acted out of familial love. However, they were the type of clan that did not like to be slighted.

Although Loki's strength was acknowledged, to the Ragnors, they would know that he was a mere peak saint. In fact, to them, Loki might even be weaker than that considering they wouldn't have exact tabs on his cultivation after being apart for so many years.

This meant that Loki dying, although he was an important piece, wouldn't be enough to make the Ragnors fear what enemies they'd provoked. In fact, it was more likely that they'd send a scout or two, to ascertain the situation.

When they realized that Loki's death was a fluke, they may send someone less important, sure, but also much more powerful than Loki to handle the mess he created.

Remember, Loki was only chosen as the leader for this mission because of his cunning. The Ragnors believed in his survivability as well as his capacity for manipulation and planning. They had hoped that by using Loki, they could remain lowkey, not overextending themselves.

This was why Loki hid his identity. He couldn't afford the Pakal main branch learning of their actions, or else it would sprout curiosity. Something the entity did not want.

So, instead, the Ragnors were portrayed as an unwanted branch clan. And because they were sent to the worst universe in a quadrant, it was believable. It was only a shocking turn of events that resulted in this 'unwanted' branch in fostering not one, but three faith seeds.

In addition, since the Pakal branch of this universe wasn't in contact with its main branch, because they had been forced to flee from it, they were never a real worry to begin with.

All in all, this meant that within the 20 or so years it would take Dyon's soul to unseal itself, the Ragnors could have already re-established themselves in this universe. Even worse, their target would without a doubt be this very Belmont Holy Land considering that was Loki's target as well!

This place would be constantly monitored, looking for changes. If Dyon took his wives and subordinates to leave then, none of them would be strong enough to deal with the situation. In fact, Dyon might be forced to give himself up again as the one who dealt the final blow to Loki.

As for the second reason, it was one that maybe only Dyon would have the awareness to be worried about at this current stage. While everyone was worried about the immediate problem at hand, Dyon was fully calculative of the ripple effects of what had transpired over the past half year.

Just what was Dyon worried about?... The Uidah King God Clan.

Before the last campaign, the Uidah had treated this universe as a joke. Their Sons and Daughters would only come here on a whim, and most often, they would only be the Sons and Daughters of the meridian formation level. The only reason those of the Essence gathering level appeared this time was because of Alidor's odd movements, in addition to Amethyst's temple. Usually, even they wouldn't bother.

However, many things they couldn't ignore had happened this time... And the most glaring? Was the death of their 5th Son. Even worse? Because of Alidor, the murder was attached to Dyon!

To a certain extent, that could be ignored. Sons and Daughters were often in tough competition, so why would they care so much about a 5th Son? Let alone one of the meridian formation level.

For one, that thinking is faulty. Although the Sons and Daughters wouldn't care, the elders would. This would be nothing less than a slap in the face to them.

To put things into perspective. There were millions of meridian formation experts within a clan so close to becoming an Emperor God Clan. And yet, this person was ranked 5th out of all of them! Regardless on

if he was looked down by his siblings, within the clan, his worth was only outmatched by higher ranked Sons and Daughters.

Secondly, even if the Sons and Daughters didn't care about 5th Son's death, per se, that didn't mean that they didn't also take it as an insult. Not for the sake of 5th Son, but themselves.

All of this pointed toward the Uidah placing much more of a focus this universe. Something they had never done before...

It was too late to blame Alidor at this point. In reality, Dyon didn't even care too much. If Alidor hadn't been there, Dyon would have had to fight for the tower anyway. After controlling the Epistemic Tower, it was only a matter of time before everyone noticed the differences in that gate, then the Uidah would have set their sights here anyway.

When all of these issues are coupled with the information Dyon found in 5th Son's spatial ring, it all pointed toward a bad future for this universe.

Why? Because the Uidah King God Clan, as 3rd Son stated himself, was only a single universe away from becoming an Emperor God Clan, solidifying themselves as the third in this quadrant. After all, only controlling 25 universes was needed for such a rank.

With this being the case, it was only a matter of time before the Uidah focused their forces here. And now, they had even more ample reason to.

Dyon had little doubt that come the time when the gates opened next, his main opponents would be the Sons and Daughters of the Uidah King God Clan.

Chapter 658: Clear

Well, as much as Dyon would like that to be true, the reality of the situation was that he was stuck here. Not only that, he was stuck here with many of the talents that were meant to be tasked with defending Earth's gate.

Lionel was here. Evelyn was here. He was here. Madeleine was here. Ri was here. His demon generals were here. Even worse, it was unlikely that Thor and Vidar would be participating in such a thing either considering the Ragnors would now be war criminals of the Belmont family.

Dyon couldn't save Zabia now and had to leave him in a coma-like state because he couldn't make the pill necessary to recover his talent without his soul. Ulu would be 3-4 months pregnant when the gates next opened, not to mention dead with 9 months.

Dyon didn't know it now, but the Shruti had left the universe, unwilling to deal with the fallout of the war the Ragnors started.

The Aumens and their planet would have to be punished, and the Clyte and theirs had been severely crippled with the death of their king.

This was not to mention up and coming talents like Delia and Zaire were trapped here with Dyon as well.

The truth of the matter was that the Uidah had been placing more and more pressure on this universe recently because they were only one universe away from a watershed. However, because of the influence of the Shruti and Jafari, who came from other universes and quadrants, this universe had gotten a boost in strength they hadn't noticed until this world tournament.

However, now, all of those things were gone! To say the power of this universe had halved would be an understatement. If Dyon didn't lock down the gates, they might fall within one campaign.

This wouldn't be a perfect solution. After all, travel without the gates was possible. However, because of how expensive it was, and the numbers the Uidah would need to succeed, this method would likely buy them a lot of time, and as such, was worth using.

Even with all of these worries though, all Dyon could do was watch the Daiyu be massacred by the Belmont Ancestor. He felt handicapped beyond belief with his soul strength, but there was nothing he could do about it. That was the price he had to pay to keep him life.

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In a distance universe stood a prosperous kingdom few could match. Whether it be the grandeur of the towering structures, the density of the energy, or the quality of its people, this was truly an Emperor God Clan.

This was the Ragnor Clan's empire. It looked very much like a silver wonderland, with an interesting power structure that ran solely on lightning will sources. The inlay of crystals would astonish anyone seeing them. The display of wealth was unprecedented as those very crystals that embedded themselves into the exquisite pavements were without a doubt essence stones!

That value of such a thing was astronomical. But, no less was expected of the Universe known as Asgard.

Within the largest building of the Ragnor Capital, Rainbow Bridge City, a meeting of the elite and the elites was taking place.

At the helm, sat a man relatively short in stature. He had a full and round beard as clear as white snow that matched his long and flowing hair. His sharp and deep blue made few dare to comment on his height. In fact, doing so was nothing short of a death sentence considering this man had long since eliminated those who ridiculed him in his childhood.

This man was none other than Odin Ragnor. A man feared by billions and revered as the leader of their Emperor God Clan.

However, right now, he only sat and quietly listened. It was very rare that he would appear in public like this, so there was much he needed to catch up on.

"It's been too long. With our karmic manipulation, Thor and Vidar's faith seeds should have already appeared within the general population. The hundred-year mark has long since passed, we've never had a mistake like this occur."

"This was never an exact science. Messing with fate has always been the bane of our Ragnor Clan. It's about been about two decades since the hundred-year mark passed, we should have a bit more patience instead of seeking out more trouble for ourselves."

What the Ragnors had learned, that few other clans dared to do because of the sheer inhumanity, was manipulating karma to force faith seeds to manifest much quicker.

Karma was capable of being manipulating should one accumulate enough blank karmic slates to be sacrificed. In this case, the only way to do such a thing was to use newborns...

The Ragnors not only used this sacrificial technique to bind faith seeds to the clan to forever control them, it also sped up the reincarnation of faith seeds so that the Ragnors would never have to deal with a drought of them.

Normal clans would never go to this length. However, the Ragnors felt they had no choice. Because of the increased anger of the heavens during their break throughs, the number of Ragnors who could produce faith seeds to leave in the cycle of reincarnation were much too few. In fact, aside from Odin, Loki, Thor and Vidar, the Ragnors only had a single more! Even the Uidah King God Clan had more than 5 faith seeds. And, as a comparison between two Emperor God Clans, the Kitsune had 13!

This was of course not accounting for faith seeds lost in the stream of time after having been shattered by enemies during conflicts. These faith seeds would manifest eventually, but it would take so long that often records of them would be lost. As a result, the reality was that the Kitsune likely have more than 20 to 30 faith seeds in their history, waiting to reassemble themselves. Whereas the Ragnor clan have no such hope.

Those 5 faith seeds they have are vigorously protected by karma, making them impossible for any normal warrior to destroy before they dissipate.

5 vs 30... The difference was clear.

Chapter 659: Codename

"Thor and Vidar have already appeared."

The voice of an old man with wrinkled skin hardly attached to his bones caused everyone to pause before a sigh of relief filled the room.

The old man, quite eerily, had no pupils. Both of his eyes were nothing but an endless milky white. Likely backlash from a karma related cultivation deviation. However, despite this, he was the foremost expert in such matters.

"They awakened their fates just two or three years ago. The most recent was just a few month ago, that being Vidar. They're likely both around 20 years old, so it falls in line with our predictions. There aren't any issues with our methods. However, they aren't in our territory."

"Aren't in our territory?" The brows of many Ragnor ministers furrowed. Where could they be then?

It wasn't rare for Ragnors to be exiled. However, it was more likely that they'd be killed for offending someone with the power to exile. This was why many were confused now.

However, this was when many remembered that many had been sent on missions in the past hundred years because of a calamity that struck the Ragnors during that time. It was a calamity that caused them to lose two faith seeded geniuses in one sweep. This was the reason why, even with their methods, Vidar and Thor both appeared at the same time. It was because their previous owners died at the same time!

"They aren't a part of those missions led by Hela. They are, interestingly, part of a mission I had long since forgotten about." The old man closed his eyes, no longer saying any more. However, what he had said was enough for many to remember.

It had been a few hundred years now, since they had sent Loki off. The reality of the matter was that this was a mission few understood the purpose of because it was kept highly confidential. After all, the displeasure of an entity on that level wasn't something the Ragnors could afford to deal with. Although they were an Emperor God Clan here, that didn't mean they would be elsewhere.

"Since this is the case, no longer speak of this. They will return in due time." Odin spoke for the first time. Although his stature was small, his voice seemed to put an unseen suppression on all of those present. Even the old man, who was respected by many, was no exception to this. His demeanor made everything clear. He was the one above all, the only Ragnor who didn't have to answer to anyone else. And the closest currently alive Ragnor to transcending.

Everyone understood at this point that this wasn't a mission they would find more information about.

In the mortal realm, Odin was the father of Vidar and Thor, as well as the adoptive father of Loki. However, in reality, Loki was Odin's only and most beloved son. That phrase may sound odd. Of course he's the most beloved, since he's the only one. But... The reality of the matter was different. After living for so long, and understanding the failing of the Ragnors, how could Odin truly only have a single child?

No. The truth was the Odin had many children, but only one he truly acknowledged.

To say that Loki had a high position among the Ragnors was... An understatement.

The topic quickly changed.

"What of Hela and her side of things?"

The truth was the Hela was of high standing within the Ragnor Clan. In fact, she was betrothed to Loki, being the female with the highest talent and potential within the clan. If Loki hadn't taken it upon himself to undertake that mission of his, they would have long since been married.

A smile spread across a minister's face. He happened to be Hela's father, and also the minister who was in charge of accumulating the information gathered by these missions.

"First, a bit of good news. That daughter of mine ignored out advice and underwent her celestial break through."

The air seemed to freeze as the hearts of the men in attendance seized.

In other clans, this would be a happy occasion. Geniuses, although they faced more of heaven's wrath, rarely died from tribulation trials. However, it was clear to everyone by this point that the difficulty presented to a Ragnor was hundreds of times that of a normal individual. Especially one with a faith seed like Hela.

"Be at ease, it's good news. She managed to survive, although she spent months in critical condition. In fact, she filled 7- and three-quarter meridians!"

Astonishment filled the room. Even the old man once again opened his eyes, a slight look of surprise on his features before he smiled.

To put things in perspective, even the Dragon King only filled 8 meridians during each of his advancements, and he was among the top ten talents to ever be birthed into the Dragon Clans. For Hela to fill so close to that number as she became a celestial was something that improved her position even in Odin's heart.

"Good news aside," The minister continued, "There are much more pressing matters."

It had taken a few decades of research and planning for Hela's team to find a method of crossing quadrants. So, much of the information received from Hela's team had been superficial until now. But, it seemed like the century long investment had finally paid off.

"Hela classifies this as a top priority. And after reading it, it is without a doubt a quadrant level classification. If not higher." The minister's features lost his smile, becoming supremely focused.

Odin faintly nodded. His one action caused a cascade of events to take place.

Barrier after barrier fell down, accompanied by Moon level formations. Minutes went by before the endless booms ceased, leaving the once light room, completely darkened except for a few torches. In the next instant, tens of ministers died. However, it hardly left a mark on the hundreds of them that there were.

No one blinked an eye to these events. And soon, the minister spoke again.

"After you hear of this, you will not think that I've exaggerated even a bit. We'll call this codename Epistemic Tower."

Chapter 660: Apologies

The minister continued to diligently explain the information his daughter had collected, not daring to miss a detail as the dead bodies were dealt with.

Any government would of course have spies from competitors. It was also unlikely that the Ragnors had weeded them all out, but that just meant that those currently in the room would be heavily monitored for the next hundred years – a policy put in place by the very first Odin himself.

However, they all also understood that simply by virtue of killing these spies, they would alert their enemies that there were likely to be large movements taking place in the near and not too distant future.

That said, there was nothing that could be done about this. It was better than didn't know what was going on.

The more the minister explained the more shocked the room became.

To think that there was such a treasure trove in their very own quadrant, yet they never knew. How long would they have spent in the dark had they not been forced into a corner on that day a hundred or so years ago?

The day that Vidar and Thor died, or rather, the day the previous wielders of their faith seeds died, was a black stain on the Ragnors. And shockingly enough, it wasn't their long-standing enemies, the Pakals, that were responsible. In fact, the Pakals suffered as well, losing their faith seeded genius, Asura, in the process.

At that time, the Ragnors had little understanding of what was happening, or even why these people attacked them. All they knew was that although their cultivation levels were similar, their foundations were incomparably pure and refined, to a level many of the Ragnors and Pakals couldn't hope to reach.

By the end, it was clear that they were looking for something, but couldn't find it. So, after toying Vidar and Thor to death, and realizing that Odin and elders like him were too much for them to handle, they leisurely used their escaping treasures to disappear without a trace.

However, before that, they had challenged hundreds of geniuses in the quadrant to battle, and not a single one but Hela, Loki, a genius of the Pakals and the current Uidah first Son of Sainthood survived. But... Surviving didn't mean they won...

They called themselves Dukes and Duchesses. But, it was clear that that was a ranking their respective universes gave them in acknowledgement of their talent... A title well deserved.

If it wasn't for them causing the Pakals and Ragnors to divert much of their resources into figuring out just where they came from, the Uidah would never have risen as far as they had. It was nearly impossible for three Emperor God Clans to appear at once, yet, that was what was about to happen.

It was only now that the Ragnors finally understood just what happened.

Those geniuses had been the participating members of the adjacent quadrant's Epistemic Tower. They had come here because they had noticed that no geniuses had emerged from this universe in a long time. Because of this, they directly deduced that either this universe didn't have geniuses capable of earning the tower's acceptance and were tossed out just like Alidor's companions had been, or that this quadrant had somehow neglected their Epistemic Tower.

In order to figure this out without revealing their hand, they decided to go around challenging geniuses. At first, it was clear that they were inferior, and many started to believe that it was the former reason. But, after running into Loki's tricks, and Hela's ferocity, coupling this with the Pakal and Uidah geniuses, it became clear that there were in fact members of the younger generation that were capable of earning the tower's acceptance. This left the latter option as the only remaining option. This universe had forgotten about its Epistemic Tower!

Having deduced this, those geniuses spent a lot of effort trying to find the tower. After all, if their quadrant could have two tower key holders, instead of one, they'd have an unprecedented advantage.

Unfortunately, because of their rampant and carefree nature, and overall carelessness, they had alerted the true experts of this quadrant. After that point, they had no choice but to return. If they had stayed, no matter how talented they were, it only meant death.

However, at this point, the Ragnors could only thank them. If it hadn't been for these Dukes and Duchesses, how would they have known to investigate other quadrants? It wasn't that the Ragnors

never had any ambition to do so, but with so many enemies here, how could they divert their attention away unless they were forced in this way?

"Does Hela have any ideas on where our Epistemic Tower may be? We cannot allow the keyholder to be a Pakal."

"Hela made a few guesses, but there is one other thing of importance that must be stated first.

"Hela noted that the Pakals made the same moves as us, as well as the Uidah. It is likely that even with our counter measures, their own intelligence groups have learned what we have. In fact, it is because Hela fought with the 1st Son of Sainthood, the bastard from the Uidah, that she could no longer suppress her cultivation long enough to come home.

"Because of this, Hela suggests that we quickly find the tower, however we need to make concessions to the other power house clans as well."

A heavy tension filled the room. Everyone here understood Odin's personality. If it wasn't for the fact his son's father in law had said these words, Odin may have directly killed this minister for suggesting such a thing. However, this minister understood that this needed to be said.

"I apologize for my words, Lord Odin," The minister apologized sincerely, bowing his head. "However, a treasure of this caliber will result in nothing less than all out war. If we do not do this, it is likely that we will have to face both the Pakals and the Uidah. This is something we cannot afford."