

The Nameless 671

Chapter 671: Allow?

The loud booms of the attacks distorting the formation grew louder, as though it was slowly working its way through space, inching closer and closer to them.

Dyon could do nothing. He stood in front of the ancestor's floating coffin, ignoring the blazing white that emitted from it as he stared into the skies. His air of confidence and nonchalance had not cracked, because he couldn't afford to allow it to. Nor did he back away, for the same reason.

It was obvious that whoever was attacking the barrier currently was highly likely to be an ally of Dyon, but it was for that very reason that this was bad.

Anyone who treated Dyon like an ally would be seen with suspicion by the ancestor. The difference between his wives and the demon generals, and whoever was outside, was that Ri, Madeleine and the Demon Generals grasped the situation and were pretending to be completely servile. Whoever was outside wouldn't understand this.

In the same instant, the large coffin cover slid away, revealing the menacing form of the ancestor. He immediately noticed Dyon standing particularly close, but Dyon continued to pretend as though he noticed nothing.

"If these are enemies of yours, I should kill them." The ancestor stood. Although he was in pain, he had never been more powerful in his life. At the moment, even lower dao formation experts would die almost instantly should he wish. Such was the power of burning one's soul.

His logic was simple. Although the Dragon King had leverage on him, that didn't mean he had leverage on everyone else. In fact, those residents of this planet likely would not know the legend of the Dragon King, as such they wouldn't even know to be fearful.

If this was all true, and they decided to attack, the Daiyu would be caught in the cross fires.

The truth was that to the ancestor, anyone who saw the Dragon King as an enemy now, was likely allies of his Daiyu clan. But, he wanted to show that the Daiyu had switched sides.

Dyon shook his head. "Idiot."

The ancestor's head snapped toward Dyon, anger threatening to erupt within him again.

He could clearly feel 'The Dragon King's' cultivation in this form, and it seemed like his soul and even his energy cultivation were sealed despite his body being powerful. This likely meant that the Dragon King was injured. It would be child's play to kill him.

But... He endured.

"Do you not recognize the formation surrounding this place? I'm not going to waste my time explaining this to a fool." Dyon continued to look up into the sky, ignoring the gaze of the ancestor.

A sudden realization came over the ancestor, immediately causing him to gain a newfound respect for the Dragon King.

As primarily body cultivators – as evidenced by their reverse scales – their senses weren't exceptional in terms of non-battle related things. Despite his cultivation, it wasn't until the booms began to sound out that the ancestor realized there was a formation to begin with.

Even now he couldn't name the formation that surrounded him, which he was quite embarrassed about. But, he didn't need to. Although his senses were poor, the one thing he would never mistake was the scent of another Dragon.

He immediately recognized the Dragon King. He immediately realized that the 'Dragon King' was the one to kill Elder Daiyu. And now he realized that the formation that surrounded them permeated with Elder Daiyu's aura. Even an idiot could tell at this point that this was a formation boosted by the death of its wielder.

This all meant one thing: Anyone trying to break in now wasn't an ally of the Daiyu, but rather an ally of the Dragon King, likely trying to save him.

Understanding this point was enough for the ancestor to lower his alertness.

However, Dyon's nerves were still tight. Because in the next instant, the barrier disappeared completely revealing variables that even he couldn't have thought of.

In the air, tens of figures appeared.

Not only was there King Belmont, King Acacia and Patriarch Pakal and his son, there were also tens of Planet Nix warriors. And judging by their fatigue, it was clearly a group effort to break them free.

However, although this was a problem, it wasn't the most glaring issue. There were three people in the air that Dyon didn't immediately recognize, and that was massive problem. More accurately, it was two people and a beast who gave off the aura of a celestial. Even worse, those two humans had a cultivation that Dyon couldn't fathom!

When those familiar with Dyon noticed him, they all looked like they were seeing a ghost. Never in their wildest dream did they believe that Dyon would survive, let alone in one piece! They had come here prepared to fight to the death and also find their daughters who had so foolishly entered to save their husband.

Amell and Nora scanned the situation, but when their eyes landed on a girl with purple hair and eyes, they involuntarily trembled. But, Amell immediately held out his hand to stop his wife. They had long since vowed to each other to say nothing on the topic.

However, in the next instant, they felt a gaze that caused them to shiver land on them.

Their eyes widened in shock. How could such a gaze come from a 19-year-old boy?

A thick killing intent radiated outward from Dyon. His eyes bore into those in the skies, unwilling to let even a single one of them off. His rage rolled off of him in waves. However, even those that felt that it

was an act had lost the ability to separate what was real and what wasn't... Or maybe it was never fake to begin with.

None of them understood what was going on, but the ancestor did very well. How could the arrogant Dragon King allow so many of his subjects to fly above him like this?

Chapter 672: Do I?

Dyon immediately understood this. With how close he was to the ancestor, as long as the ancestor dared to investigate Dyon closely, he would realize that Dyon's aura was merely shrouded in the Dragon King's scent.

Before this, the ancestor hadn't been suspicious enough or bold enough to do such a thing. After all, how could he risk offending the Dragon King? Using your senses to scan an expert was a major taboo, everyone knew this, even Dyon. He learned this the moment he became the celestial deer sect successor.

"Dy —" King Belmont attempted to step forward to understand exactly what was happening. But, Dyon cut him off.

"You all have a lot of nerve."

The brows in the sky furrowed in confusion while the ancestor watched this silently, the last whispers of his life still going strong.

It was clear to Dyon at this point that taking the approach of someone who was always the Dragon King wouldn't work. He had to pretend like he had changed fundamentally. And, more importantly, he needed to stall.

King Belmont's words were stifled by Dyon's presence. At this moment, Dyon's momentum, despite his lack of cultivation was something only Dao Formation experts could match. Such was the effect of Heaven's Blessing. Although such a thing only had an effect on his talent and intangible aura, not effecting his strength at all, it was very useful in this situation.

Hearing Dyon's words, King Belmont felt a wave of guilt. He didn't understand the situation, but when he noticed Lionel bound and kneeling, he thought that Dyon might think he was involved somehow.

However, those who weren't being gnawed at by the same guilt could tell that Dyon was referring to them all, not a single person. How could they possibly take this lying down.

"Yo —" Ire Pakal was a hot headed youth. He didn't know anything about what was going on, and his cultivation was much too low to understand just the kind of presence that was currently sitting up in the coffin before Dyon. But, in his estimation, since Dyon wasn't afraid of it, why should he?

If he was a bit more intelligent, he would have noticed the still kneeling Daiyu and realized that this situation wasn't so simple.

"Kneel." Dyon's gaze swept across them all, making his attitude clear. If they didn't follow what he said, he would kill them all.

Ire's eyes were threatening to bulge out of his head. He barely had an impression of this Dyon kid other than what he knew from the world tournament, but if that was any indication, he was wildly arrogant. They had made all of this effort to save him, and this was how they were treated?!

"Haha." Dyon laughed, but his voice was filled with a dense killing intent. "It seems in the small time I've been gone, my name has been forgotten." Looking toward Ri, Dyon made a gesture. "Come here."

There was no love in his eyes. In fact, he looked at Ri as though she was nothing more than a piece of meat.

At this point, the hearts of King Acacia and the snow-white fox in Nora's arms seized. There was only one thought on their mind: The Dragon King!

They couldn't understand the situation. No matter how intelligent a person was, without enough information, making leaps in logic to reach the right conclusion was nearly impossible in this case. But, what they did know was that Dyon had a weapon that no one should be able to control.

And, even though he had somehow done it for a short time, he had just been in a life or death situation. Did Dyon have no choice but to hand his body to the Dragon King to survive?

Reaching this point, the rest became clear to them. Ri was listening to every word the Dragon King spoke not because she thought it was still Dyon, but because the Dragon King was holding the body of her love hostage! How could Ri dare to defy the Dragon King knowing her husband's life was in the balance?

Ri stepped forward without hesitation while Madeleine along with the Demon Generals didn't hesitate to kneel, following Dyon's orders without hesitation as though they were scared to meet his wrath.

The ancestor watched as Dyon lustfully scanned Ri's body, tracing her jaw line with his finger.

He had slipped into the role of tyrant with ease, not hesitating lift Ri's soft lips to his own before taking the ring off of her hand. He seemed to indulge in this without a care in the world, his other hand wandering across her body. One would have never thought that this was truly all an act.

That said, it wasn't very difficult for Dyon to 'act' infatuated with his wife's body. And, his face was more than thick enough to do so in front of her parents too. With his body having broken into the Saint Stage and him having taken on more of the Demon Sage's blood, his lust was even greater than it had been before.

King Acacia and Kawa trembled in the air but didn't dare to make a move. They could only watch their daughter lightly blush while gritting her teeth. Ri then took a step back before respectfully kneeling as well.

Dyon's hand flashed, in it appearing Caedlum Pakal.

Ire's eyes widened, watching his brother struggle to breathe as his neck was squeezed tighter and tighter by Dyon.

Caedlum had little idea what was going on. Just before, he was within the Demon Sage's tower, quietly meditating. And now the person who was the closest thing to a friend to him was trying to kill him?

He thrashed about, but Dyon's power was on another level now. Having broken into the saint realm, and now using the peak of the first act of Demon Emperor's Will, Caedlum stood no chance.

Whereas putting someone into a ring required consent. As the owner of the ring, how could Dyon not kick out anyone he wanted at any time?!

"Do I need to repeat myself? Or do I need to kill someone first?"

Chapter 673: If I May..

Ire and Patriarch Pakal froze. A bitterness rose in their hearts. Was this really the young man they had hoped would help them revive their Pakal Clan to its former glory?...

Ulu, however, was more intelligent. She had an innately scheming personality, the very same personality that led her to almost losing everything to Dyon. She could tell that something was wrong here. There was no way she'd believe that the man willing to spare her child and save her husband was the same one who couldn't stand anyone standing above him.

However, she also understood that it should be impossible for Dyon to have survived being taken away by a celestial expert. And considering Planet Nix was once approached to ally with the Daiyu, she knew they had a celestial who hadn't shown up as well. So, how could a teenage boy survive, seemingly completely unscathed, after dealing with two celestials?

The only answer seemed to be that he hadn't... But someone else had... Someone who clearly had a completely different personality.

Without any hesitation, she followed the Pakals in falling down from the sky, secretly motioning for her clan to the same. After all, how could she not understand that her husband was in danger if she didn't comply?

King Belmont and King Acacia, in addition to the allies and family didn't hesitate as well.

Dragon King or not, the most important thing was their daughter's life, not their pride. As for King Belmont, he simply felt guilty.

The sound of kneeling resounded through the Belmont Holy Land.

Caedlum continuously struggled in Dyon's hand, but by now, he knew it was futile. However, rage burned in his eyes, unwilling to watch his father and brother kneel for his sake.

Dyon didn't seem to mind, completely unperturbed. In fact, he was well prepared for this.

He silently applied pressure to a specific vein in Caedlum's neck, in mere moments, the struggling teenage boy struggled no more, hanging unconscious from Dyon's hand. Then, Dyon placed him down, ignoring him.

"He's alive for now. But disrespect me again, and there won't be a second chance."

Patriarch Pakal and Ire grit their teeth, but in the end, kept their heads lowered, not daring to say a thing with their only hope's life in Dyon's hands.

However, in the air, two people remained. The very same two variables that Dyon had locked onto from the very beginning.

"Would you like me to kill them?" There was an odd light in the ancestor's eyes now. There was something suspicious about all of this, but he couldn't put his finger on just what it was. He decided to subtly probe the Dragon King, seeing what kind of answer he would receive.

Hearing those words, it was now that everyone finally realized they were focused on the wrong entity. The sheer power the wafted off of the ancestor erupted. He no longer reeled in back for the sake of showing respect to the Dragon King, instead using fighting as an excuse to not hold back.

Only Dyon was aware of just how precarious this situation was. If the ancestor decided he wasn't who he was pretending to be, it was take seconds for him to kill everyone here, and this outcome would be worth it to him. Why? Because only the Daiyu would be left AND they'd have a successor and all the

treasures he had brought out to bring themselves up. He would likely be known as the Daiyu who contributed the most to their prosperous future and he would be rewarded in kind in his next life.

However, he had to be careful. If he provoked the Dragon King, and it led to the end of the Daiyu sometime in the future, it would negatively effect his karma, and thus his effort would have the opposite effect on his next life.

It was his dream to be reborn as a Dragon with a gold Dragon Soul. How could he not give it his all? But if he allowed himself to be tricked by a fake, he'd never reach his goal!

Dyon's brain was racing, trying to balance between stalling and dealing with the situation.

He thought of the Belmont ancestor who still remained, but he was clearly too weak.

He was almost at the point where he was silently pleading that they would just give in and kneel. He didn't know who they were, so how could he have a clever scheme of dealing with them?

For everyone else who came, he had plenty of leverage. Big Red's daughter Ava was with him. King Belmont's son and guilt. King Acacia and Kawa's daughter. Ulu's husband and the child in her belly. The Pakal's successor, Caedlum. But these two people? He had nothing!

Dyon silently stared into the skies. With his senses being cut to fractions of what it once was, he couldn't tell just how much longer it would be until the ancestor died from burning his soul. It was almost like there was a ticking bomb, but he didn't know just how much time was left!

In all this time, with so many things racing through his mind, Dyon had completely forgotten to think of a proper answer to the ancestor's question. After all, he didn't know who these people were! But, they were clearly allies. If he said yes, they would be as good as dead. How could he live knowing he had killed someone who had come to save him?

The eyes of the ancestor narrowed. He had finally realized just what was wrong with this picture.

Just as he was about to test his theory, Madeleine suddenly spoke.

"Sovereign Lord, Dragon King. If I may speak."

Inexplicably, a sense of relief came over within Dyon despite his lack of expression change. His killing intent continued to overflow, staring daggers at the couple in the sky.

'Dragon King?' The eyes of Nora and Amell narrowed, but it wasn't in a good way. How could they not know the story? In fact, they were there!

Chapter 674: You Must

This wasn't a good thing for Dyon at all. Before Nora and Amell were waiting to see just what would happen, completely unwilling to kneel as dao formation experts. They were smart and they understood that if they did so, they would be giving away just how much they cared about the people here. If they gave this person that understanding, this would be over. Only by maintaining nonchalance could they have a chance.

But, hearing that the virus that was the Dragon King was what was controlling this young man, they resolved themselves to attack.

That, of course, wasn't the only reason, there was more. There was someone here they cared about more deeply than anyone or anything in the cosmos, and they weren't willing to see them serve under this person like this.

Seeing that Dyon had no objections, Madeleine continued. "We are the basis of your new empire. Relying on outsiders to deal with disrespect to our sovereign ruler would be nothing short of a slap to our faces. Although you have every right to do so, I believe your kingdom would be better served if you ordered us to deal with these disrespectful individuals for you."

Madeleine's plan was simple. Use the pride of the Dragon King to justify not having the ancestor attack.

Suddenly Dyon thought of something. Madeleine's words were perfect for the situation, he realized that doing this alone was impossible. But, this wasn't enough.

There was a way out, he just had to take a chance on it. And all of this stemmed from one thing: King Acacia called Madeleine his god daughter! At the time, King Acacia would have had no way of knowing Dyon heard him. After all, he wasn't healed at the time and his senses were dull. This was clearly a secret they wanted to keep, but right now, that secret was Dyon's last hope.

"Come here." Dyon said, still not looking away from the skies.

The ancestor watched this scene, an amused light in his eyes.

Madeleine stood, nervously walking to Dyon.

Without so much as looking at Madeleine, entirely because he couldn't bare to, Dyon spoke his next work coldly.

"Strip."

Before Madeleine could even respond to Dyon's words, the thunderous booms of imploding energy raged through the skies.

But, instead of showing fear, Dyon smirked.

"How dare you?!" The husband and wife couple spoke in unison, not caring about whatever secrets they wanted to hold to themselves having completely lost their rationality to anger.

"Oh? Is it just now that you've figured out your petty tricks mean nothing to me? Kneel." Dyon's voice cut through their oppressive aura. He had no music will, but he had the air of an Emperor to him that could not be denied.

Madeleine, in keeping with her character ignored the couple in the sky. Although she didn't know why they were so angry, it was her duty to follow the words of the 'Dragon King' as law.

The buttons of white sleek white qipao slowly loosened one at a time as her elegant figure, once tightly wrapped, began to over flow. There was no question that she was a beauty few could match...

Dyon couldn't bare to watch, so he kept his eyes trained on the skies, as though he couldn't bother to care about the sight.

Amell and Nora grit their teeth, but immediately fell from the skies, slamming their foreheads to the ground in unison.

"We apologize for our rudeness, great Dragon King." Without much being revealed, many had guessed just the connection was between these three, but there was no time mention such a thing. There was a tension in the air that made it impossible for many to breathe.

Dyon waved his hand toward Madeleine, signaling for her to stop.

Suddenly, a clapping noise and a happy laughter came from behind Dyon. The voice was so deep that it could have only been from the ancestor.

Dyon turned, facing him. "Is something funny?"

"It's nothing," The ancestor laughed. "Just a senile old man enjoying the last seconds of his life. I have to say, I was looking forward to seeing a beauty dance in my last moments, it's unfortunate you made her stop."

"Is that supposed to be a joke? If anyone laid eyes on a woman I claimed, I would kill her. If you'd like to enjoy a corpse in your last moments, I'm more than happy to oblige."

"No no no, I wouldn't dare mighty Dragon King. I do have a question though, if you would be so kind. How does one use their soul to control a body if that soul is sealed?"

Dyon froze.

In the end, despite all of his effort, the Daiyu ancestor had figured out the major flaw in all of his plans. They were so close!

The Dragon King's method of control was obvious. Erase a soul by forcing it to use more energy than it had, before replacing it. But currently, Dyon's soul was sealed completely, and yet he still gave off the aura of the Dragon King. That was absolutely impossible.

If the Dragon King took over a body, the only part of that body that would be his would be the soul. If that soul was sealed, what then was emitting the aura of the Dragon King?

The only remaining explanation then was that the Dragon King had never taken over this body! And what was emitting the aura of the Dragon King wasn't Dyon's body, but rather the black band on his wrist!

The ancestor slowly got up from his coffin, stretching his neck, understanding that by Dyon's lack of an answer, he was correct.

Dyon's eyes narrowed, "Do you really think we can't resist you until you die? It's obvious to everyone you only have a few seconds remaining."

The ancestor laughed again, "What a funny joke. How long does it take you to crush an ant? Is that something even worth calculating?"

"I have to say, I'm impressed. You were very close to winning. I can't tell if you truly are just this arrogant, or if you're just a great performer."

Dyon sneered, "You don't seem angry about me forcing you to burn your soul."

"Pft," The ancestor laughed, "Of course not. I'm dying anyway and I have more than enough time to accomplish my goals. The only reason I'm talking to you now is out of respect for a youngster. To kill a dao formation expert as a 19-year-old without help... You are truly a genius among geniuses. Even that might not be enough to describe you."

Those who remained kneeling were stunned. What did this man just say? Dyon did what?

"It's unfortunate for you that whatever method you used is lost you now, likely gone away with the lock on your soul..." The ancestor shrugged, reaching out his hand toward Dyon as a formless pressure spread out and sealed Dyon's movements. "There's nothing us Dragons value more than strength, and you have not only that, but the air and arrogance only a sovereign should have. You've earned my respect, truly. But for the sake of my clan, you must die."

Chapter 675: A Battle Fought Well [Bonus]

Dyon watched as this massive hand careened toward him. There seemed to be no more tricks left. In the face of absolute power, what use was there in a 19-year-old struggling?

However, this was when an unexpected benefit of Heaven's Blessing was noticed by Dyon. His movements were still severely limited by the ancestor, he could still speak.

"Haven't you thought of one other thing?" Dyon said offhandedly, as though he didn't care about his own life or death.

The ancestor frowned. Did he truly miss something?

"And just what is that?" The ancestor asked. He was well aware of how much time he had left and stalling for time was an impossibility. He wouldn't have paused if this was truly his last moments.

"Well, for one, there were two wives kneeling before me, but now there's only one."

The eyes of the ancestor bulged as he looked Dyon.

Madeleine was still there, but Ri was nowhere to be seen! An instant later, the ancestor found her, standing over Chenglei was a sword pointed to the back of his neck while she stared at the ancestor.

"That's it, do you believe that I can't handle this? She's a mere meridian formation expert. Is this a joke?" The ancestor looked at Dyon with disdain. Even if Ri used her fastest speed to pierce downward, it still wouldn't be fast enough. In the face of absolute power, schemes meant nothing.

Although he was surprised that Ri had moved through his spatial lock, that was all. He was a bit surprised. He didn't have time to care that it was because she was wielding a supreme law and thus wasn't effected by such things. Spatial laws weren't the ancestor's forte.

"Of course not, that's just one thing to consider. The second thing to consider is that whether you're stronger than them or not, two of my subordinates happen to be dao formation experts as well. Even if you're stronger, you can't ignore them, now can you? Can you deal with their interference and kill my wife before she kills Chenglei?"

The eyes of the ancestor narrowed. But, Dyon was still too naïve, the difference between even a single meridian filled in the dao formation realm was incomparably large. Of course it was, even the most lauded geniuses spend thousands of years trying to fill even a single one.

Yet, the ancestor was multiple stages above these two so-called experts. Defeating them, especially with his soul burning, would be child's play.

They would delay him for a bit, but not enough to stop him from stopping Ri.

"Then there's of course the last thing." Dyon said with a smile. Even when backed into a corner, he had managed to think of a way out. "In your millennia of existence, and in the countless stories you've heard, how many people have forced the Dragon King to submit?"

The ancestor froze.

Dyon knew this approach wouldn't have worked under normal circumstances. The ancestor would have simply been too overcome with anger in the scenarios Dyon had thought of. But, in this case, it just might work. Why? Because he had gained this ancestor's respect.

"What are you trying to say..." The ancestor spoke slowly, his eyes narrowing.

"I only mean that I give off the aura of the Dragon King for a reason. It can't be faked, and you likely recognized it because you've sensed it before."

"... I was there when he killed two of our most promising geniuses. And now you've killed the third. Of course, I recognize it."

"Then you know that the reason I have this aura on me, while my soul is sealed, is because I've tamed the Dragon King. You could say that that makes him quite fond of me, don't you think?"

The ancestor already understood where this was going. It was nothing but a thinly veiled threat. Dyon was saying that whether or not he was the Dragon King or not didn't matter. In revenge for killing his master, whenever the Dragon King was next used, he would wipe out the Daiyu.

Dyon smiled, watching the ancestor think.

"What a hateful boy..." The ancestor muttered.

Dyon chuckled lightly. In reality, he got that a lot.

"And you still plan to enslave my family?"

Dyon's eyes flashed with anger. "This generation of Daiyu will never be forgiven by me for what they've done. However, I can allow the next generation of Daiyu to live. I plan to help my little brother rule over the Drago-Qilin lands, when the time comes, the next generation of Daiyu will be allowed a place to thrive."

There was no leeway in Dyon's voice. Chenglei was unforgivable. His grandfather? Had already died by Dyon's hands. However, it wasn't in Dyon's nature to punish the innocent. Even without the ancestor, Dyon would have allowed the next generation of Daiyu to live.

"Rule over the Drago-Qilin lands..." The ancestor didn't know how to feel. Dragons and Qilins were both the representations of sovereignty. The amount of power that would be needed to suppress that would have to be otherworldly. "Even the Dragon God nor even the Dragon Sovereign could do such a thing..."

Dyon ring flashed and a little boy appeared by his side. Little Zaire looked around blinking before he noticed his big brother standing beside him.

"Big brother!" Zaire jumped with excitement. Despite his strength, he was still just a 7 year old little boy, how could he not be excited that his elder brother was still alive?

Dyon laughed lightly, taking Zaire into his arms and hugging him tightly.

The ancestor stared at the back of this little boy, absolutely stunned.

"His reverse scale..." The ancestor nearly choked out his words, unable to believe what he was sensing.

From the first time Dyon met Zaire, there had always been a perfectly shaped white scale at the center of his forehead. This was no normal scale, it was none other than Zaire's reverse scale!

And within it, held an aura that could only be manifested by the most powerful of Drago-Qilin bloodlines. And yet, his was also mutated with a specialty only made possible by a miracle.

"Gold Dragon Soul... On a child..." The ancestor stuttered, incapable of holding in his emotions. He could tell that it wasn't just any Gold Dragon Soul. Zaire was likely only a single push away from the King Dragon Soul. A peak Gold Dragon Soul from birth! And it was a variation domain with incomparable purity attached to it!

Dyon rubbed his little brother's head lovingly before letting him sit atop his shoulder and look at the tall man standing before them.

"Haha..." The ancestor's voice seemed to be fading away. It looked like he had finally run out of time. "It seems that this may be the fortune of my Daiyu family... Take these treasures and raise this boy to surpass the Dragon God. Lead him to be the Dragon that Transcends all. Let the cosmos remember the might of our sovereign race... This was truly a small price to pay..."

And with those final words, the ancestor's consciousness disappeared, leaving behind a body flowing with vitality that Dyon immediately used the help of the Dragon King to place within the Soul Tome.

It was only then that Dyon finally sighed in relief.

He stumbled, falling to his knees causing Zaire to almost fall from his shoulders.

"Big brother!" Zaire rushed down, worriedly holding Dyon's unconscious figure on his small shoulders.

Ri and Madeleine rushed forward, kneeling beside their husband. But, all they found was a young man with otherworldly handsome features, sleeping soundly with a smile on his face.

The whole world was still kneeling to Dyon, but right now all he needed was rest for a battle well fought.

Chapter 676: Groggy

Dyon awoke groggily. He didn't feel very refreshed at all, in fact, he felt like someone who had overslept, yet somehow still wanted more rest.

With his habits, it was rare that he woke up feeling like this. Even when he was in a coma for 4 months, he had woken up feeling like he had just had a good night's rest.

Blinking his eyes to adjust to surroundings, he noticed that he was in a dark room he was unfamiliar with.

The bed he lay on was three times his height in width, and almost five times that in length. It wasn't an exaggeration to say this was the largest bed he had ever been on, but it was even more comfortable than it was large, and that was saying something.

Dyon was disappointed to see that none of his wives were here. He had expected to wake up to at least Clara, or maybe his little siblings, but it seemed they were off doing other things.

With one swift motion, Dyon tried to leap off of the bed. But, the moment his feet landed on the ground, he stumbled, nearly collapsing to the floor.

'Huh...' A wave of weakness overcame Dyon as his eyes threatened to close.

Dyon looked down at himself. It didn't make sense for a person with a saint stage body to feel this weak. Not to mention the fact he stumbled? When had that ever happened to him even when he didn't have cultivation?

It was clear that his body still had strength, or else he wouldn't have been able to leap off the bed like he did. But, it was also clear that using that strength depleted him far faster than it should.

Dyon's first thought that this was the result of sealing away his energy and soul cultivation, but that didn't make sense. Even if they were sealed, as a mortal, Dyon hadn't had any cultivation whatsoever and he never felt this fatigued.

'Damn...' Dyon held onto his head, trying to stop the world from spinning around him.

He vaguely noticed the fact he was wearing what looked like baggy white hospital pants, but the comfort exceeded that kind of material, so he didn't think too much of it.

After gingerly stabilizing himself, Dyon walked toward the door, not bothering to find a shirt.

'What the hell...' The door knob of the large oak doors slowly turned under Dyon's effort, but that was the problem, it was taking too much energy.

Dyon leaned backward, gritting his teeth as he pulled with everything he had. The door creaked open, but threatened to close immediately afterward. Dyon could only leap through the crack with his remaining strength, causing him to fall pitifully into the hallway, hitting his knees and palms hard against the marbled ground.

Coughing resounded through the large hallway. Dyon's chest heaved painfully as though he had just ran a marathon without pause.

He truly couldn't remember ever feeling so weak in his life.

Minutes passed by before Dyon's fit of coughing finally died down. Unable to get up for the moment, he looked side to side, trying to figure out just where he was.

If Dyon had been with Madeleine when she had her first confrontation with her former master, he would have immediately recognized this place as the very same hall she stood in. In other words, this was the Belmont Palace.

The floors were filled with intricate patterns of alternating marble, but the truly spectacular piece of architecture were the windows that reached tens of meters from the ground to the very peak of the curved ceiling, allowing the perfect viewership of the elegant gardens and ponds outside.

However, because Dyon hadn't went with Madeleine, this view meant next to nothing to him other than being pretty to look at. It told him nothing about where he was, which was slightly disappointing. Couple that with the fact that no one had heard him coughing for minutes on end, and he found this place quite odd. What was going on?

Out of habit, Dyon tried to check the technological devices he had for the date, but he could only freeze, not bothering to turn them on. Because of the all of the events that happened so quickly, it had only just now truly sunk in for Dyon that his world was gone. How could he use their technology to check when there was no longer keeping track of that sort of thing?

Dyon stared at the marbled ground, trying to steady his heart beat before he grit his teeth and stood. What was done was done. He had to move forward. The first order of business? Finding people.

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In a large hall that looked prepped for an exquisite banquet, numerous familiar figures sat. However, there was seemingly nothing festive about the event.

It was the early evening when King Belmont scheduled this dinner. It was meant to raise morale after the events that had been occurring recently. However, it seemed like none of that was working.

He felt like he was a failure of a king, so he was trying too hard to overcompensate.

King Acacia was trying to pretend as though he wasn't bothered by the fact his wife was permanently stuck in her beast form.

The Belmont family as a whole was trying to recover from the loss of a prince, something that had understandably made Queen Acacia lose much of her elegance.

The Pakals and Elves had lost too many in their war, despite many of their representatives appearing in an attempt to give face to the Belmonts as the Royal God Clan still in power, it was clear that their hearts were elsewhere.

Surprisingly, the Jafari and their subordinate clans were here as well, seemingly having replaced Planet Naiad as the allies of Planet Earth. However, they too were heavy spirited due to the young King being in a coma.

And yet, every pained expression here in this quiet feast seemingly still somehow revolved around one young man... Or it was quiet, until grunts of anger and agitation filled the space as someone struggled to open the large banquet hall doors.

Chapter 677: Awake

"God dammit... Who made these doors so heavy?..." Dyon leaned all of his weight forward, pushing with all of his might. Doors that should have taken him nothing but a finger to obliterate had suddenly become the hardest obstacle of his life.

Dyon had a mind to give up. He was looking around for people, but wouldn't a room filled with people have some kind of noise coming from it? He had even opened the door a crack, and yet he still heard nothing.

With the limited amount of energy he had, he wasn't even clear if he would fall asleep again the moment he took his next step. He couldn't afford to be opening heavy doors that led to nowhere.

Dyon's feet slipped backwards, causing the door to slam shut.

Everyone in the hall looked at each other. That voice, was it who they thought it was?

Ri, Madeleine and Clara immediately snapped their attention toward the door.

Dyon, however, was standing outside breathing so hard that it seemed his lungs might combust at any moment. His eyelids fluttered, threatening to close, but that was when a wave of anger came over him.

"Who the fuck made this bullshit door?! MOVE!" Dyon's voice roared through the quiet hallway. He had irrationally lost his temper at a completely innocent inanimate object. Maybe it was because of his weakness, or maybe it was because he still felt a lingering melancholy over remembering what happened, but either way, he was pissed.

The black band on his arm immediately became 6-foot-long sword, scraping against the ground because of Dyon's weak hold on it. But, that didn't stop Dyon's demeanor from completely changing. Sealed soul or not. Sealed wills or not. Sealed energy cultivation or not... He was still a weapon's master. And right now, this weapon's master wanted to hack this door to pieces.

Regardless of the seals still being on the Dragon King weapon, it was still countless times sharper than a regular grandmaster weapon. Even the weakest of babies could slice a hot knife through butter.

Dyon's arm swung with all the might he could muster, slicing the door three times before the sword morphed away. Even it seemingly realized that if it stayed, Dyon would collapse.

The booming sounds of pieces of door tumbling away filled, resulting in a flood of light landing on Dyon's hunched over figure.

The beating of Dyon's heart was fast, it was almost as though one more push would cause it to burst apart completely.

He instantly regretted his actions. He could barely walk, what was he doing going around yelling and slashing doors?

Dyon's eyes threatened to close again as waves of fatigue assaulted him. But, that was when an aroma wafted past his nose, catching his attention.

'Food?... Am I just hungry?...' Dyon looked up. It was as though he didn't see the hundreds of pairs of eyes staring at him, or the figures rushing toward him... All he saw was the endless food on the table.

"Food..." Dyon's voice was weak as he tried to stand up straight only to be rewarded with losing his balance.

Dyon fell forward, his eyes completely incapable of keeping up with the speed he was falling to the ground at.

Dyon was completely deaf to the cries, he didn't even realize that someone had caught him moments before he hit the ground...

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Dyon's lips twitched as he felt the drip of a sweet liquid touch them. It flowed slowly into his mouth, filling it with a blast of overflowing juiciness that shouldn't have been possible for just this single drop.

It continued to rain downward, allowing Dyon taste after taste of its delicious nectar.

Dyon's eyes lids were heavy, and no matter how much he tried to open them, it seemed that they'd always apply more force to stay down.

His arms reach up, trying to grasp at something to sit up, but that was the moment he realized his head was lying on something particularly comfortable, even more comfortable than the large bed he had just been on.

Dyon's hands paused, instead choosing to rub his eyes open. Slowly, but surely, the blurry image of his surroundings became clear enough for him to notice that something was hanging in front of his face.

In confusion, he weakly reached up, trying push it away, but almost immediately became frustrated when he noticed how soft it was. It gave way so much that he felt like all of his effort was being wasted.

'At least it feels nice...' Because of that, Dyon didn't feel the urge to slash it apart like the door. Instead, he continued to try and gently push upwards as he struggled to sit up.

Suddenly, a familiar voice filled Dyon's ears followed by giggling.

"Pervert."

Dyon's brows furrowed as his vision cleared. He could suddenly make out that the softness blocking his vision was actually what looked like a mound of purple with gold embroidery.

"Hm?.."

An instant later, the image clicked in his mind, causing his vision to go from surprise to a smirk. He shamelessly pretended to not understand the situation as he played with the softness, closing his eyes as a wave of comfort overcame him. The thickness of his face hadn't changed in the slightest. If anything, his rest had only made him all the more shameless.

Madeleine giggled, slapping Dyon's hand away. "You're awake... We missed you."

Dyon sat up from Madeleine's lap, blinking as he adjusted to the bright lights. It was only then he realized that they were in a large banquet hall and still by the pile of wood that once made up its doors.

Hundreds of pairs of eyes were on Dyon, apparently completely confused and/or surprised about what was happening. However, Dyon first noticed that there were quite a few people around him. He wasn't the type to feel embarrassed, but even he couldn't help but regret his temper tantrum earlier, even if it was only just a bit.

Chapter 678: Fifth and Eighth Time

"Ah, so is someone gonna help me up?... My legs don't seem to working..." Dyon looked around with a smile on his face. He could tell that there was something off about the atmosphere, but he put that aside for now. He was much too hungry.

A sad expression colored the features of Ri, Madeleine and Clara when they heard this. Although they had been trying to suppress their emotions for the sake of Dyon, everyone here could see it.

Dyon had walked out of his room feeling weak, but maybe the first thing he should have done was get a mirror.

His once healthy caramel skin was a sickly grey and his rippling lean muscles had become nothing but skin sagging against his bones. Even his handsome and chiseled features that had been slowly maturing had greyed, losing its luster almost completely.

As much as they tried to keep up their smiles, they could tell there was something very wrong with their husband.

Ri and Madeleine both took a side, wrapping their soft arms around his waist as they floated above the rubble and into the banquet hall. Before, they had been silent due to a heavy atmosphere of loss and regret, but now it silence as a showing or respect.

During the duration of Dyon's coma, everyone here had come to understand just what Dyon had faced alone. After interrogating the Daiyu and Ragnor prisoners, how could they not understand?

If it wasn't for the fact that they found the remains of Loki themselves, coupled with the ridiculously large pools of blood left by Elder Daiyu, even knowing the only explanation for Dyon being alive was to have defeated them, they wouldn't believe it.

A mere meridian formation expert had defeated not just a peak saint... But a peak saint and a dao formation expert. And that wasn't even counting the peak dao formation expert he talked down from attacking... He was quite frankly the savior of this universe.

They all felt useless. Even Nora who had complex feelings about this boy felt this way.

As a comet level array alchemist, whose alchemy actually reached moon levels, she was ashamed to have no way of making Dyon better. After everything he had done, there was nothing they could do for him.

If it wasn't for Dyon... They would all be dead...

Soon, Dyon sat down with his wives to either side of him, hardly able to keep his eyes open. But, when he noticed the food before him, somehow still untouched, he couldn't help but look around at these people like they were crazy.

"All of this food and no one's eaten? You couldn't have been waiting for me, no?" Dyon laughed to himself, completely unaware that his voice was so weak that had they not been a room filled with cultivators, no one would have heard him.

Although no one reacted with laughter to Dyon's words, he didn't seem to notice. He knew his body needed food, but he ironically had no energy to eat it. Even moving his lips was a burden, let alone chewing and swallowing. How he had even made it here was a miracle.

The Belmont Palace was a massive place, and the distance from Dyon's room to this hall reflected that. It should have been at least a 500-meter walk, and yet in Dyon's mind, he had gotten here in an instant.

His consciousness kept fading in and out. It caused his memories to be fragmented, and often times tossed out entirely.

Over time he was consistently getting worse.

His body grew weaker. His mind grew more frail... Even the outburst of rage he had just had was a product of accumulated frustration that may have been forgotten by him, but nevertheless remained in the depths of his being.

The Dyon they all knew would never yell at a door, let alone rampage through it like it was the enemy.

This wasn't even the first time Dyon had awoken... It just seemed that he forgot about it each time. A vicious cycle of wake and sleep that ended with the same disappointing result.

Dyon wasn't left alone in his room because his wives didn't care. They had been quite literally pulled out by force because they were unwilling to leave his side. They wanted to be there every time he woke up so that they could be ready to do anything for him, and yet in the end, they only felt more and more useless.

Dyon's chin slumped to his chest before snapping up. He shook his head, his eyes squinting as he looked at the food in front of him again.

He reached out slowly, grabbing for what looked like a beast meat leg. From the scent of it, it was seemingly an Earth level beast, so it likely had quite good nutritional value.

But, when Dyon stretched out to grab it, he suddenly noticed his hand.

At first, he was startled. He assumed that someone beside him was reaching for food at the same time. After all, how could he, Dyon Sacharro, have such a sickly-looking hand? However, when his hand back, about to apologize and let the person have the food they were both reaching for, a sudden realization hit him.

That wasn't someone else's hand... It was his own...

Dyon blinked, unable to believe just what he was seeing.

"H - ... How long have I been sleeping?" Dyon asked in a soft voice, suddenly realizing that Madeleine's breasts were much larger than he remembered...

Tears fell... No one knew who lost control of their emotions first, but it was clear at this point that not many could handle the fall of a such a genius...

This was not only not the first time Dyon had woken up... It was also not the first time he asked this question...

This was the 5th time he woke up... And the 8th time he asked this very same question...

In the past nearly two years...

Chapter 679: Too Slow

Dyon sat with a dazed look, but because of the weakness of his muscles, he looked as though he hadn't reacted to the answer to his question at all.

However, his next sentence was different that what a normal person would ask. In fact, all 8 times he had asked his first question, he always immediately followed it up with this one.

"How long can I stay awake?"

"Three days is your maximum. But, it's clear you've overexerted yourself today so it's impossible to tell if that time will be shortened or not."

Without anyone needing to tell him, Dyon had already concluded two things. He had likely already been awake and had thus asked these questions before, and despite all of this time, he hadn't come up with a solution, which also unfortunately meant that he was having memory loss issues.

"What have I said out loud already that hasn't worked?" Dyon asked this question to save time and be more efficient. He knew himself well. There was no doubt in his mind that he would have begun to speak out loud so that his wives could note what he wanted to try.

The problem was clear to Dyon now. Despite his soul being sealed away, it was still dissipating, although at a much slower rate than usual.

This meant many things that only made Dyon angrier the more he thought about it.

For one, the boost in speed [Inner World: Sanctuary] would have gotten was gone. It was impossible for his inner world to have made any process in the past two years with the mess his soul was in, and it was equally impossible for the Dragon King to compensate for such a thing.

Before Dyon began using the Dragon King to boost his energy and body cultivation talent, even with his soul talent having accumulated billions of souls, it was estimated by his grand teacher that it would still take him more than a century to build his inner world. And that was WITH his overwhelming soul talent.

It was only after grasping the true use of the Dragon King's weapon that Dyon became capable of reducing that time to a fraction of its original form, shortening it to about 5 to 10 years.

This may not make sense to those unfamiliar with the technique, however, there is no mistake in this calculation. The inner world's construction requires a balance of all talents excluding body cultivation. No matter how overwhelming Dyon's soul talent was, after a certain point, it would be impossible to compensate for his poor energy cultivation talent.

But now, the reverse situation was occurring. The talent Dyon had gained from the Dragon King was trying to compensate for his dwindling soul, and clearly it was losing.

That said, there was one possible explanation that just might salvage this situation.

If Dyon's soul was sapping energy from his body in order to sustain and repair itself in its sealed form, then that would explain pretty much everything.

By the time Dyon reached this conclusion, only a split second had passed, and his wives hadn't even begun to speak yet. It seemed they knew he would reach this conclusion as well. It was like they were replaying the same events again and again. Each time they were in awe of how fundamentally sound Dyon's logic was, to the point where he would be capable of reaching the same correct conclusion no matter how many times his memories were wiped.

"So I'm right..." They didn't need any more communication between them. From their silence, Dyon understood that they had lived all of this already.

"So I already mentioned The Seal and what's in it?"

They nodded.

"And I already asked that woman over there to try and use it?"

They nodded again, sending a complicated gaze toward Nora.

"And I assume the Dragon King is in a coma right now, too?"

Once again, they nodded.

Dyon sighed. He already understood what happened.

The Seal had his last hope within it. If he absorbed the talent, it might give him enough of a boost in immediate energy so that he'd be able to eat, plus it would increase his body's ability to feed his soul.

One might wonder why Dyon couldn't just swallow a piece of food with very dense energy. And the answer to that was: digestive efficiency.

The reason Dyon could eat so much when he was healthy was ironically because he was so full of energy. As a cultivator, those who could eat more were often seen as much stronger because they actually had the ability to digest what they were eating.

Right now, not only did Dyon not have enough energy to eat, even if he mustered the courage to chew, he would convert a very small percentage of that food into true energy. In the end, he'd likely spend more energy biting and chewing than what he gained.

The only way to compensate for this would be to inject Dyon's body with readily available energy he wouldn't have to digest, but such things were ridiculously rare.

There was a second way to compensate, and that was by having someone 'digest' the energy for him, but the amount of energy Dyon's body needed was astronomical. It wasn't that there weren't any here powerful enough to do it, it was just that the efficiency would be poor, which would bring them right back to square one.

A celestial would have to use celestial energy, something Dyon's body couldn't withstand. This was even more of a glaring issue for dao formation experts. If Dyon so much as touched enigmatic energy with thoughts of absorbing it, he would implode. This meant that these experts would be forced to lower their quality of energy to saint energy, but because their meridians weren't filled with it, the process of doing so would be only marginally faster than if they were back in their saint hood days and cultivating. Needless to say... It would be too slow and too inefficient!

Chapter 680: The Only One

There was no need to talk about saints, themselves, doing it. Dyon had plenty of talented demon generals willing to help, but Dyon was at the point where saint energy would be of little help!

Dyon's situation was truly unfortunate...

He couldn't digest food himself because he would need more energy to do so than he would gain.

He couldn't have others digest it for him either... Saints wouldn't be able to convert enough energy for him, and higher level experts would be too slow in accumulating the necessary energy because if they used higher level energy, Dyon would die...

Dyon was at a point where he needed high levels of quality energy... But at the same time... That energy would kill him!

Having already understood all of this, Dyon had thrown out both the ideas of eating and having others digest for him. As such, he had focused his attention on the kernels. But, the problem was that the kernels were stuck in The Seal.

It was clear that this Nora person was incapable of being recognized by The Seal, and she was seemingly the most qualified. However, The Seal had completely rejected her, not allowing her to use it at all.

This meant that Dyon's next option would have been to rely on the Dragon King. Because of the Dragon King's soul connection with Dyon, it was recognized by other objects bound to Dyon. This was how he was able to use the Soul Tome to grasp Loki's faith seed, something Dyon still wasn't aware of, likely because he had been too fatigued to notice when he placed the Daiyu ancestor within.

However, Dyon understood that the Dragon King was a mere remnant soul. While placing things inside The Seal and Soul Tome was easy, taking them out was exceedingly difficult. This was why Dyon had completely passed out when he pushed the death qi within the Soul Tome out.

Despite this, the Dragon King had tried to help Dyon by manifesting The Seal for him, but half way through, his soul was damaged, causing him to go into a coma-like state as well. Dyon understood this because he had tried to ask the Dragon King how long he had slept for after he realized he couldn't use technology anymore. But, he had gotten no response... now he knew why...

The seemingly only remaining option was to take Dyon to his grand teacher at the Epistemic Tower, the old man would likely be able to do something. But, that was where the problems just continued to add up...

"The Uidah..."

Once again, everyone nodded.

Dyon had missed not one, but two campaigns in their entirety.

If Dyon was awake when the gates were open, that would be one thing. All he would have to do is appear in the gates before locking them down and forcing everyone out. This was very much possible as an Epistemic Tower key wielder as long as you were in the universe housing your Epistemic Tower. Another reason why the old man would be shocked if one of his chosen died.

"Tell me what's happened..." Dyon said in a weak voice.

"It's not so bad at Earth Gate," Clara chimed in, grasping Dyon's hand lightly to allow her golden aurora flames to comfort him.

"You..." Dyon could see right through what Clara was doing. She had immediately tried to calm his emotions as he spoke.

"What? Did you expect me to just sit here? Without your innate aurora, the efficiency of the army takes a huge plunge."

Dyon frowned as well as his features would allow. "That's just an excuse you're peddling, there's still Alidor. He's more than capable. In fact, by now, his soul should have surpassed me when last I campaigned."

If Dyon remembered correctly, he was only around the Lower Essence soul stage then. Alidor, with his talent and two years, should have definitely caught up. That meant his efficiency shouldn't have been much less than Dyon's from back then.

"Hmph. Although my soul only just reached the Middle of the Blossom Stage, I had a peak Foundation stage innate soul. I can't just do nothing. With Ri and Madeleine, nothing will happen to me."

Dyon sighed. Aside from him who was born with a peak Blossom stage innate soul, the very best of the best could boast about having a peak Foundation stage soul.

If this was known to any universe across the cosmos, soul experts every would clamber to have Clara as their disciple. In fact, even Nora had tried to coax Clara while Dyon was in his coma, but she had vehemently refused.

It was just important to keep in perspective that although Dyon far overshadowed everyone in terms of soul talent, he could only be measured on his own scale, while it was best to measure others on another.

"Don't be mad." Madeleine said softly, "Learn to trust Clara the same way you've trusted me and Little Sister Ri in the past. Do you understand?"

Dyon struggled to look at Madeleine, but he truly couldn't see clearly. Everything was much too blurry. He felt pained that he could enjoy the beauty of his wives.

In the end, he could only nod.

"Like Clara said, Earth Gate isn't so bad... But that's only in comparison to what it could be," Ri continued.

The entire banquet hall was quiet as they watched these four interact. It was as though everyone had a tacit understanding to not interrupt. Even Little Lyla and Zaire, who had both grown up quite a bit, had matured enough to stay quiet. They knew that this wasn't the time to see their big brother.

"The Uidah, for both of these past campaigns have been completely focused on us. In fact, they've entirely ignored the other gates."

"All ten sons and daughters?" Dyon asked weakly.

They all solemnly nodded.

"All five meridian, and all five essence sons and daughters have gathered."

"So I guess they replaced the dead one..."

"They don't seem highly intent on ending this quickly. In fact, the first move they made was to secure the perimeter around the Epistemic Tower. We've tried twice now for all four months the gates are open to get you in... But we've failed both times..."

"Even worse, because our forces were so focused, the only tower we have left in our possession is Earth Tower... The other seven... Are theirs..."