

The Nameless 681

Chapter 681: No Choice

Dyon's eyes narrowed. They had conquered all of their towers but one?

He couldn't help but feel guilty. There's no way such a thing would happen if everyone wasn't so focused on trying to save him. With all the talent that was here, how could that be possible?

In these two years, he had no doubt that Ri and Madeleine had become near unbeatable in the essence gathering realm. They were likely stronger than he'd been two years ago, even with his soul unsealed. In fact, Dyon had no doubt about that fact.

There was Caedlum who would've vastly improved as well. Even without the use of Thor and Vidar, there was still Alidor as well.

And none of this was to mention the demon generals. But then, Dyon thought of something else.

"It's the other planets... Isn't it?"

The atmosphere seemed to get heavier. It was clear that the aftermath of the war wasn't so simple at all...

"We've been forced to station many of the demon generals on Planet Mino, Deimos, and Naiad..."
Madeleine said softly.

"Planet Mino? Why Planet Mino?"

Ri shook her head, "The Shruti disappeared. We've found no traces of them at all. If it wasn't for the remaining Planet Mino citizens, we could have already lost Mino Gate."

This confirmed to Dyon the Shruti really weren't from this universe. They had forcefully taken Planet Mino by eradicating the previous God and Royal God Clans, but because of that, Mino had no one protecting it... No one strong enough anyway...

However, this isn't what made Dyon angry. It was Planet Deimos and Planet Naiad that truly pissed him off. These were none other than the two planets that helped the Ragnors in their attempted take over.

Planet Naiad housed the Clyte, who were now leaderless. Planet Deimos housed the infamous Aumen clan... A planet Dyon had sworn to destroy.

"We knew that they weren't trustworthy." Clara said through gritted teeth. "So, King Acacia took a diplomatic trip along with King Belmont to see just what their thinking was. It turned out that they had plans to willingly hand over their gates to the Uidah and submit... If it wasn't for King Acacia, we would have been caught completely unawares..."

Dyon chuckled bitterly. "Let me guess, the Uidah asked for my head and the Aumens were all too willing to oblige?"

A wave of frustration and anger overcame the banquet hall, but it seemed this truly was the case.

"In order to keep them in line, Nora and Amell, respectively, spend the campaign months on either Planet Deimos or Naiad, effectively keeping their upper tier experts hostage. But, even that isn't enough for us to feel assured, so we also separated out a few hundred demon generals to keep those armies in line." Ri finished explaining.

"Luckily, Planet Nix has officially allied with us." Madeleine said with a sweet smile, seemingly lighting up the whole room.

Dyon blinked, trying to stay awake. "Did I already teach you how to make the pill for Zabia? Where is he?"

Under Dyon's words, Nora blushed profusely, unable to make eye contact with the young man that could hardly see her through his blurred vision.

Dyon was taken aback by the lack of response, but he didn't have the energy to pursue the topic.

Amell coughed awkwardly, feeling bad for his wife.

This, of course, wasn't the first time Dyon had asked this. The moment he woke up the first time, the first thing he had done was try and fulfill his promise, but obviously, he had no soul strength at the moment, so it was impossible.

However, when he found out that Nora was an innate aurora wielder, he was elated and immediately tried to teach her the method for making the pill. After all, it was exceedingly simple in Dyon's mind, while Nora was a moon level alchemist. There should have been no problem considering the pill itself was actually just a master level pill according to Dyon's master. But... Nora had failed time and time again. Even under Dyon's diligent explanations.

The reason for this was simple... Nora was an alchemist. Dyon was an array alchemist. Nora had no real concept of fusing the two concepts into one, as such her view points were shallow and her understanding was lacking.

Dyon's master hadn't lied. The pill itself was a master level pill. But, if you wanted to create such a complex pill without the perfect fusion of the two disciplines, it became a mountain almost impossible to transcend. In fact, it was even difficult to find the ingredients!

Dyon simply didn't have the wake hours or the energy to explain things to Nora any more than he had.

It was an odd situation. Nora without a doubt had more accumulated knowledge than Dyon, and it might be true that Dyon wouldn't make heads or tails of comet or moon level alchemy, not now, but when it came to grandmaster and below, it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that Dyon was unmatched through the cosmos.

Suddenly Dyon thought of something else. He had left Clara with the Dao of Array Alchemy all of this time. With her intelligence, he had little doubt that she had grasped a solid foundation. She was the perfect person to teach Nora because Dyon couldn't.

"Clara can you –"

"Stop." Clara said abruptly, grasping onto her knees tightly.

"Huh?..." Dyon blinked, shaking his head.

"Stop worrying about others and worry about yourself." Clara spoke firmly, her grey eyes reddening in what looked like a violent mix of anger and sadness.

Ri and Madeleine ignored Dyon's gaze as he looked toward them, completely unwilling to help.

"You don't remember what happened the first time you woke up, but we do. You recognized the problem immediately. You sat there and made the very same deductions. And then when you were finally getting somewhere, you stopped and changed the subject entirely, pretending as though we wouldn't notice."

Dyon froze. Something was telling him that this was the very first time Clara had said those words. The pattern... Had been broken.

"You know why your little sister didn't come and greet you? Because she's quite literally in too much pain to be around you!"

"The very first time you woke up, Little Lyla said it clear as day. You already had the solution, you just weren't willing to say what it was. Instead, you trudged through and tried to use the Dragon King to accomplish it. And even worse, when he wakes up, you plan on trying again!"

"No matter how much we poked and prodded you, you refused to tell us the solution."

"Stop being selfish and give us our Dyon back!" Clara glared at Dyon angrily.

Dyon looked at Clara to the best of his abilities. In the end, despite his best try, he could only see two floating orbs of grey he assumed were her eyes.

"Haha, I can't see you, but you've probably gotten more beautiful, right?" Dyon smiled. "It's a shame I can't see you three..."

"But even if it means my death, I'll never hurt any one of you."

"Shut up." Clara clamped her delicate palms over Dyon mouth. "You see, in the years you've been out of it, moping around, waiting for death, I finally figured out the solution."

"Now you have no choice."

Dyon's eyes widened, "Clara wai –"

In an instant, Clara's eyes flashed with a golden light and the two of them instantly disappeared.

Everyone remained in the banquet hall stunned, having no idea what was going on. The only clues they had was a King Acacia who refused to make contact with anyone, a Little Lyla who was oddly acting the same, and a Ri and Madeleine who had devious smiles on their faces.

Chapter 682: Stop Distracting Me!

Dyon's world went dizzy for an instant. He wasn't used to being the one teleported away as he was always the one controlling it. It seemed Clara had improved quite a bit in these two years. Although with a Middle Blossom stage soul, her teleportation radius was only a few hundred meters, that was more than enough to move directly from one side of the palace to another.

"What are you doing?" Dyon said weakly, stumbling forward only to be caught by who he assumed was Clara.

There was no response, but Dyon could feel himself being lifted up into the air before being dropped down on something soft. The feeling felt familiar, so he immediately understood that this was the very same bed he had woken up on.

Flashing gold lights assaulted his blurred vision, fading away in the next instant.

Then, Dyon felt something tight binding his wrists, before he felt the same sensation on his ankles. Before he knew it, he was spread out like a star. If he could see himself now, he'd look like a cross between a pale ghost and an incredulous housewife.

"You can't be serious. Can we talk about this? What is going on?!"

Dyon once again received no response, all he felt were his pants being but off and a slightly comfortable breeze hitting a place it shouldn't usually hit.

Even in this state, Dyon couldn't help but laugh. "And you call me a pervert. You want to take advantage of a wounded man like this? Have you no shame?"

"Hmph, you should be more worried about whether you can get it up or not. It'd be pretty embarrassing if you had erectile dysfunction at only 21."

"Hey, wait. You aren't serious, are you? This isn't even the solution I had!"

Dyon suddenly felt a weight climb on top of him. And somehow, despite his weakness, it felt exceedingly comfortable.

"Don't lie to me. Not now." The laughter in Clara's voice had disappeared, Dyon could only remain silent.

"I know the truth and what it takes to use The Seal, you just weren't willing to tell us. So, instead, you made us run around madly trying to get you to the Epistemic Tower when all along it had taken you ten minutes to think of a solution. Do you think you were being brave? Or selfless? Do you think that this is something that pains me? Do you like making decisions for me that much?"

Droplets of liquid fell onto Dyon's torso as he felt two small palms touch down to his chest.

There seemed to be something deeper about Clara's words... As though her tears had nothing to do with this situation, but rather guilt at not having died along with her father and friends... As though she resented Dyon's decision to take her away...

When she thought that she'd at least be able to have Dyon lifting her up by her side, to dull that pain, he had fallen into a coma and been struck with amnesia. He couldn't even see her properly anymore. Dyon had no idea how much it pained Clara to see him like this.

"Forget it. All that matter now is that your wives and me are too smart for you to fool for so long. In fact, I'm certain that Madeleine and Clara figured it out a long time ago, they just weren't willing to tell me for the same reason you weren't."

Clara couldn't have been more correct... Madeleine was the first to understand the method to heal Dyon, and she understood mere moments after Little Lyla called Dyon out for withholding information. Ri wasn't too far behind either...

The reason it had taken Clara almost two years to understand was because this solution wasn't just about being intelligent. It required being intelligent and having a strong understanding of the martial world, something Clara just didn't have back then.

Dyon stared at the ceiling silently. From the moment he had woken up, his vision had been getting worse and worse, almost as though as he ran out of energy, so did his senses go as well. But, that didn't stop an overwhelming guilt from sinking deep into his stomach. Whether Clara truly figured out what she had to do or not no longer mattered, what mattered to Dyon was that she would have to do something like this for the sake of saving his life... He didn't feel like it was fair.

"Do you know how long it took me to figure out that it wasn't normal for others to be able to use treasures you had bound your soul to? I feel silly just thinking about it." Clara said softly.

Dyon could feel her shifting on his chest before soft fabric landed on his face. He was agitated in not being able to see, but just the thought of what was happening made him immediately react.

Clara felt something poking at the small of her back and when she turned around, she couldn't help but be stunned.

"Pervert! You can't even see!" Clara harrumphed, but the beating of her quickened, as she whispered her next words in a voice Dyon was too weak to hear. "Why couldn't that thing shrink like the rest of you..."

"What can I say, your clothes smell nice. Plus... Apparently it's been two years..." Dyon would shrug, but his hands and feet were tied. In fact, they were done so tightly that it made him question Clara's strength. "You've been cultivating?"

Clara nodded although Dyon's vision was blocked by her dress. "Ri and Madeleine wouldn't let me go until I reached the ninth foundation stage. But, it seems I can't continue from then on. No matter how hard I try, I can't sense my meridians."

Dyon sighed. Although the seals were effectively undone now, Clara's energy cultivation talent was technically still locked in The Seal right now.

A sudden realization came over Clara. "Stop distracting me! I know the truth now and you won't get out of this."

Chapter 683: The Best Feeling

"Clara, as much as I'd love to do this, you really have it all wrong! You don't have to do this." Dyon's voice came out firmly, surprising Clara. It was as though all of his weakness was gone.

"Shut up. If you want to be convinced that I understand so much, I'll tell you. Then, I'll never talk to you again since it's apparently such a burden for you to do this with me."

Before Dyon could refute that, he felt Clara shift again before another pair of fabric was stuffed into his mouth, stopping him from speaking completely. However, what was most glaring to Dyon was the distinct skin to skin contact he felt when Clara sat back down on his lower torso. In fact... He thought that for just a moment, he felt a faint wetness.

Dyon's imagination spun out of control, causing him to grow yet another size. Clara could only ignore the object that was apparently trying to bore a hole into her back as she silently unclipped her bra,

allowing two mounds of beautiful flesh to drop into the view of no one but herself. And then, she steadied her breathing.

"At first, I didn't think there was anything odd about Madeleine and Ri being freely able to use your spatial rings. In fact, even Little Zaire can do so. But, when I realized Little Lyla couldn't, and then that I couldn't, I realized that it was more complicated than that.

"To just realize that there was something odd, something that simple, took me more than a year!"

This wasn't Clara's fault, honestly. To observe something that detailed without actively seeking to understand was a miracle in and of itself.

"When I noticed this, I knew there was something more to it. At first, I thought it was simply sex. But even with how much of a fool you can be, I would never think you did something like that to Zaire."

Dyon cringed. 'Why would you even bother saying that? I get it.'

"When I asked Ri and Madeleine about it, they seemed to want to dodge the question. Clearly they knew I was coming close to the answer as well. But, eventually, you woke up for the 4th time. Your condition was so much worse than before that it seemed Ri and Madeleine were finally getting worried that you really wouldn't get better.

"I know why they chose not to tell me. They wanted to respect me, as well as your decision as well. But, all you three did was hurt me more!

"Eventually, I found out that while Madeleine gained the ability to use your spatial rings through having sex with you, Ri was able to even before that. It was clear at that point that what connected Ri and Zaire was the fact they were both beasts and had a special connection with you. While Madeleine was human, meaning there had to be a physical connector to reach that point.

"At first I thought this was great, but then I thought of another problem. If this was all it took to use the seal, why hadn't Madeleine or Ri done it yet? It turned out that they had already tried while you were sleeping, but they couldn't get The Seal to acknowledge them.

"And yet, when I tried, even though I hadn't had a soul connection with you yet, I could at the very least sense its presence, although it didn't acknowledge me either."

Clara grit her teeth. "Who asked you to have so much soul talent. Making everything so complicated."

By this point, Dyon knew that Clara had understood. He knew from the beginning that the bare minimum soul talent needed to be acknowledged by The Seal would be someone with enough talent to earn an Innate Aurora at birth.

Much like Nora, Clara had sensed The Seal, but in favor of Dyon, it had turned the both of them down.

However, if either Nora or Clara linked their souls with Dyon, the result would be much different.

Dyon could obviously not ask such a thing of Nora. For one, she had a husband, and secondly, even if she didn't, her identity was likely really sensitive. And, if he was right about who she was, there wouldn't be a hot enough place in hell for him if he asked that of her.

On the other hand, Dyon would never ask Clara to do this for him. He would literally rather die.

Clara was the last person he had of their world. She was his best friend. He understood just how important her virginity and her love life meant to her, how could he ask her for something like that?

So, even though he knew it was stupid, he still asked the Dragon King to try and use The Seal through him. Unlike Zaire, Ri and Madeleine, the Dragon King could perceive what Dyon did, making him able to skip the step of sensing The Seal. However, because he was a remnant soul, he ended up injuring himself... In fact, to now, he had been in a coma for more than a year and a half...

"Now, I know what I have to do. Since we can't get you to your grand teacher, you'll have to accept me. You can decide to not acknowledge me after this, I've decided that I'm fine with that. But, for right now, with your life on the line, you have no choice."

Dyon froze as he felt a trembling hand grasp onto his member. He could barely stay awake, let alone fight back against these restraints.

The scent of Clara filled his nose, but when he felt the delicate fabric in his mouth, he almost lost control of what little energy he did have left.

His tip was invaded by a faint wetness as it glided across soft skin that seemed to easily separate... And then... His mind went blank, filled with a sensation he could never forget... The best feeling in the world.

Chapter 684: Sheering

Clara bit her lip, unable to stop the gasp from escaping her lips.

'This is strictly to save his life. Yes. This doesn't feel good at all. Not one bit.'

Clara was a tomboy, as Dyon often teased her for. As such, she played a lot of sports as a kid before she stopped to focus on her cancer research. So, her hymen had long since broken due to those activities, and considering the fact Dyon was the person she would want to do this with the most, she felt no pain whatsoever, exactly like Ri and Madeleine.

Dyon felt the slow grind of a wet vortex steadily lowering toward his base.

Soft moans escaped from Clara as she hoped that Dyon was too weak to hear her. If she couldn't focus, this would all be for nothing.

Soon, she reached the very base, but she felt like all of her energy had been sapped from her.

She fell forward, resting her head and hands on Dyon's broad chest while she slowly grinded her hips. It was almost like she had forgotten the true purpose of her actions.

If Clara knew that this was a mere fraction of Dyon's ability, and that had his celestial will and aurora flames not been locked away, she would feel hundreds of times better, who knew how she would react.

Soon, Clara snapped out of it. Although she couldn't bring herself to stop grinding her hips, her own aurora flames finally flamed into existence, slowly tracing Dyon's body with comfortable golden flames.

Dyon felt his inner energy surge to life as the flames bored into him, making their way to his aurora and slowly caressing it before piercing its way inside.

Clara didn't have much cultivation, nor did she had an overwhelmingly powerful primordial yin, but, Dyon cherished this moment nonetheless.

Under normal circumstances, Clara's cultivation should have skyrocketed, but Dyon's body was completely lacking energy. If it wasn't for the fact that it was the body's innate instinct to protect reproductive abilities, there was a chance that even this might not be possible.

But, that was when everything changed...

Clara's aurora flames melded into Dyon's mind's eye, finding his sealed soul and gently embracing it. Their souls intertwined, forming a connection that Ri and Madeleine immediately felt, causing smiles to spread across their faces.

In the next instant, Clara immediately felt capable of manipulating The Seal.

An intricate array with wildly shifting colors and endlessly shifting gears appeared in Clara's mind as she slowly teased it apart, finding two floating orbs within. She could immediately feel which was which with her connection to Dyon and didn't hesitate to grasp the body cultivation orb, pulling it into reality.

Clara's breathing was heavy and labored. One might think it was because of manifesting something from The Seal, when in reality it was because the moment her soul melded with Dyon's, she felt an overwhelming rush of love and worry coming from him. It was so intense that her lower regions clenched, convulsing involuntarily as she lost control of her body.

The orb was completely forgotten.

Clara held onto Dyon's torso both as firmly and gently as she could, unwilling to hurt him even as she lost herself in the feeling of being connected to him.

She, herself, was embarrassed to even think about how often she had thought of doing this with Dyon... She couldn't help but see him as her man...

Two years ago, Clara would have done this very thing for Dyon, but deep inside, she would know that it was only for the sake of saving his life. Although she loved him back then as well, there was a deep seeded doubt within her that couldn't leap over the barrier that protected martial world culture.

If the mortal realm still existed, Clara would without a doubt be known as a traditionalist. She wanted to have a single husband, all to her own... She wanted to lose her virginity to the one she loved, but she also wanted it to be on her wedding night. She wanted two kids, one boy and one girl, hoping that the boy would be the elder so he could protect his little sister... These were all things Clara wanted... And she wanted them with no one else but Dyon...

But when he came back, the first thing she heard was that he had found not one, but two others to fill a place in his heart she thought she could one day fight to earn...

It had hurt. She knew that her and Dyon had never had that kind of relationship before, and she knew how irrational it was to feel that way, but she couldn't control it...

She had genuinely wished them the best, thinking that she could just avoid Dyon and never see him again, allowing him to continue ignoring her as he had for all those years, but then he swooped in and flashed his handsome smile and caring, warm eyes at her... Then he saved her father like it was as easy as breathing to him... And then he whisked her off to an unknown fantastical land where he didn't hesitate to protect her with his very life...

During those two years of Dyon's constant pain and torment... His amnesia... His unwillingness to hurt her by burdening her with this decision...

Clara realized that she just didn't care anymore. There would never be another man in her heart....

"I love you..." She said softly.

The orb gently floated above them. With nothing to bind it, it finally had freedom for the first time.

The laws of the universe dictated where talent went, but it also had an inability to take back that talent... This meant only one thing. Since there were only two mortals deserving of this talent left, it could only go to one of them...

Dyon understood this as well. He didn't need to do anything, that talent would simply choose.

But, that was when something highly important happened.

Body cultivation talent was directly linked to body constitutions... Of which, was directly separated into male and female rankings... So...

The bulb of light shook violently, confused with what to do with itself before eventually sheering into two halves, still hovering in the air.

Chapter 685: Where Are You Going?

Dyon's eyes became sharper. Although Clara's primordial yin wasn't much now, as a woman with so good soul talent, even with her energy and body cultivation locked, the energy she provided was the purest of the pure.

He could feel her aurora flames coursing through his body, tapping awake veins of blood that had laid dormant for months before revitalizing the beating of his heart.

And then... The orbs fell.

Dyon and Clara's heart beats stalled, freezing them in time as one clung to the other. Motes of light danced along their skin, filling the room with blinding hues.

It felt like everything within them was rearranging. Confusing and foreign concepts became simple, odd and abstract wills became as easy as breathing, and their bodies... transformed...

It was clear by now just what kind of concept having the accumulated talent of billions for soul cultivation. Unmatched will stamina and comprehension, otherworldly manifestations, and exceedingly domineering intelligence.

But, what did it mean to have the accumulated talent of billions for body cultivation? It meant never having an affinity out of your touch. Never would there be a cultivation technique unsuitable for you. Never would there be will you couldn't learn. The world was opened up... Whether it be the soul or the meridians, both were anchored by the body...

Clara's convulsions finally stopped. She couldn't see Dyon, or even herself clearly because of the lights, but she knew that she had done her part.

She slowly lifted herself off of Dyon, biting her lip as she felt a large mass slide out of her. But, when she tried to get up to leave the room, her legs gave way, causing her to collapse on top of Dyon again.

Frustration began to build. She felt like she had so much energy and she felt better than she ever had before, so why weren't her damn legs working?!

She tried to use her aurora to teleport away, but that was when she realized that changes weren't only occurring in Dyon, they were occurring in herself as well!

Clara could almost feel her silky brunette hair growing longer. In fact, she felt it sliding down spine, well past the small of her back.

The bones in her face shifted ever so slightly, there was barely a change but with Clara's senses, how could she not feel these things happening to her?

Her gorgeous caramel skin grew softer, and her grey eyes grew brighter. She was very much still the beautiful Clara Dyon had called best friend for so many years, but she had grown in elegance and grace, something impossible to put into words.

Clara was already an otherworldly beauty, one rivaling Ri and Madeleine without a doubt. This was something that was gifted to her by her domineering soul talent. It had cleansed her in a way other mortal women just couldn't match.

However, there was something overwhelming about her presence now. Almost as though she was sculpted by the hands of a master... The perfection of a female form only meant to be looked at, but never blasphemed...

Dyon was right, she had gotten more beautiful in these past two years... But this was an entirely different level.

Soon, the lights around Clara faded and she blinked awake to find herself still lying on Dyon. Although her legs were still weak, they had finally recovered enough for her to move, so she lightly pushed off, getting a good look at Dyon.

What she saw, left her in a daze.

Dyon had seemingly lost consciousness. But, Clara didn't mind. The same had happened to her and she was in much better condition than Dyon had been.

His sickly and loose skin had disappeared, replaced by a golden sheen that pumped with vitality. His lean and rippling muscles had come back, coursing with veins of gold that made Clara blush when she realized her small hands were still lying on his chest.

But, what Clara truly couldn't stop looking at was Dyon's handsome face.

It had been two years since she last saw him in full health, and back then, he was still just a teenage boy. He was the most attractive man she had ever seen until she laid eyes on Amell, but nothing could compare to the love she felt for Dyon. However, now that hardly seemed to matter at all.

His face had lost all signs of immaturity. His jaw was strong and even held a faint stubble that made Clara swoon. His nose had a delicate and elegant arch to it and sat perfectly symmetrical at the center as though it was a crowning achievement... But, what Clara couldn't help but want to see were his eyes... Unfortunately, they were closed as his breathing steadied to a comfortable rhythm.

Clara chuckled when she noticed Dyon's full lips were slightly parted with a piece of laced fabric hanging out of them. Her hand caressed his cheek before she pulled it out gently, taking her dress that had fallen to the side along with her.

She moved to slide off of Dyon, looking back one last time before she gave herself a nod of assurance... Even if he didn't accept her, she regretted nothing.

Clara silently slipped her dress on, unwilling to wear these soaked panties of hers and her bra was even less of an issue. Suddenly, she froze as she felt a strong grip on her arm.

"Where do you think you're going?"

Clara didn't look back, "You want to fight me? I'm not so weak anymore, hmph."

"What I meant was that that was some pretty self pleasing sex. How are you going to use me like a tool then forget about me?"

Clara was so taken aback by that answer and the pitiful sound of Dyon's voice that she burst into laughter. "Leave me alone pervert, I don't know what you're talking about. I simply helped out a friend in need. You're welcome. If you want more, you'll have to get into a queue with all of my other future husband candidates."

Chapter 686: Clara...

Dyon paused for a moment.

Clara didn't turn to face him, but there was a slight disappointment welling up in her heart at the pregnant silence. She tried to pull her arm away, but Dyon's grip seemed to tighten.

"I don't think you understand." Dyon's voice held a domineering power to it that caught Clara off guard.

Dyon's grip pulled her toward him with a force that was somehow gentle, yet inescapable.

In an instant, Clara found herself beneath Dyon, staring into the very hazel-green eyes she had wanted to look into this whole time.

If Dyon was stunned by Clara's beauty, he didn't show it. To him, the loves of his lives were always the peak of perfection, regardless of how the world viewed them.

"You're my woman now."

Clara looked up, stunned. Still awkwardly holding onto her panties and bra, but all she could see was the pair of eyes above her. And despite the domineering nature of Dyon's voice and actions, all she could see was love and... pleading...

But, she didn't want to be a burden for Dyon. She didn't want to be yet another person he thought he owed... yet another person he thought he had to make something up to...

"Don't be ridiculous." Clara said, looking up at Dyon to show how serious she was. "Sex means nothing. Especially not self pleasing sex. I didn't do this to become your charity case. I did this to pay you back for everything you've done for me. You owe me nothing."

Clara shifted out from underneath Dyon, flashing to the side of the bed before walking toward the door.

However, just as she was reaching for the door handle, she heard something that made a tear inadvertently fall down her delicate cheeks.

"I love you too."

The words were simple. But, their impact was so profound that Clara's hand couldn't seem to grip the door knob properly.

She hadn't thought Dyon had heard her. After all, he was unconscious and his hearing was impaired to begin with. However, it was clear to her now that he had to have.

A moment later, Clara didn't have to turn around to feel a warm and comfortable presence standing directly behind her. All she saw was a palm on the door... A hand so steady and strong that she almost couldn't stop herself from leaning backward.

"Jeez. I go to sleep for a few years and you become such a crybaby. What the hell happened?" Dyon snorted.

"Fuck you." Clara wiped her eyes with her forearm, still not looking back.

"Tsk, ts, ts. Is that any way to speak to your husband?"

"Pft. You think I'd let you call me your wife? I'm not as nice as Ri and Madeleine. I see no ring and I definitely see no ceremony. You think you can just use our bodies and give us nothing in return? Pervert." Clara harrumphed, still unwilling to look back.

Dyon grabbed Clara's hips, spinning her around to face him before tilting her chin up.

"You want to talk to me about perversion? Who just used whose body again?"

Clara glared at Dyon but found herself unable to keep her anger while looking up at him. "Used you? I barely felt a thing. If anything, it was a chore."

Dyon smiled, looking down at Clara. She could tell that there was something new hidden behind the teasing in his eyes.

"Let me have it." Dyon said softly.

"Have what?" Clara's voice came out weaker than she wanted, causing a blush to spread along her cheeks.

"Your first kiss of course."

"Tha —" Clara's words were caught in her throat. She really hadn't kissed Dyon, or anyone for that matter.

"Until I get access to my soul back, you'll have to settle for subpar sex. But, as a Sacharro, I'm sure you'll soldier through."

"Hm?" Clara didn't seem to understand Dyon's words immediately, but when she did, she went through a cycle of blushing and rolling her eyes. "Can't you be serious?"

However, despite her words, she inwardly had a sudden realization. This really wasn't as good as it got...

Clara didn't get her answer, instead, her senses were overwhelmed by Dyon's scent as his lips touched down to hers.

This was the very first time Clara and Dyon had interacted in such a way... This was the first time they truly and seriously crossed the barrier of friendship... And as Clara fell into Dyon's arms, almost incapable of controlling her trembling legs, she felt nothing but happiness.

Dyon slowly pulled back to find Clara's grey eyes staring back at him. She stood on the very tips of her toes, clutching her panties and bra against Dyon's chest, much to his amusement.

"One time." She said softly, lowering her head to avoid his gaze. "You get one time, then you have to go and eat. Or else this would have all been for nothing!"

Clara squealed as Dyon lifted her up by her thighs, a sound she never thought she'd make. But, under Dyon's powerful hands, she felt like a feather in the wind.

Dyon gently laid Clara down, letting her soft thighs wrap around his waist as he slowly pulled her dress off. Even expecting a scene of unmatched beauty, Dyon's breath couldn't help but quicken.

Clara was perfect. Her caramel skin was glistening with a sweet layer of sweat that reflected the red of her adorable blush. Her figure was nothing short of golden proportion. Ample, soft breasts, wide hips, and an ass so plump and round that Dyon's hand nearly got lost in their fullness.

Reaching down, Dyon delicately cupped Clara's face as she shyly looked away. But, she was unwilling to show weakness, so she allowed Dyon to scan her in her entirety, not blocking his view with her hands.

Their eyes met as Dyon lowered his forehead to hers.

"Clara Gallagher... Are you willing to be mine?"

There was only a brief silence before Clara's soft lips met Dyon's, allowing her small tongue to release a pleasant fragrance into Dyon's mouth.

"Clara Sacharro." Clara corrected softly.

Chapter 687: Pervert

Clara's shy moans filled the large room. She was a mere foundation stage expert being ravaged by a man with the body of a saint, it was no wonder she felt like she was just along for the ride. However, there was no barriers left in her mind to what was happening, she was happy to cling to Dyon's neck, running her hands through his hair as she enjoyed his lips.

A part of her couldn't believe that there could be any feeling in the world better than this, but the other part was eager for Dyon's cultivation technique to run its course.

However, that was when Clara began being filled with another feeling entirely.

The first time Dyon and Clara had sex, it wasn't dual cultivating in the strictest sense. Without the active participation of both parties, such a thing was impossible. But now? Everything was different...

Clara felt her soul surging to ridiculous heights. She couldn't believe what she was feeling. It had taken her two entire years to climb from the peak of the Foundation stage to the Middle of the Blossom, and yet she had just broken through the Higher Blossom stage without any difficulty. She had always wondered why Ri and Madeleine's souls were so powerful despite their not having much talent in that area, but now the answer was clear. It was all Dyon!

Clara, though, wasn't the only one to benefit as their two bodies intertwined.

Before these events, Clara's primordial yin had been simple and fairly weak... But, this all changed the moment she absorbed half of the kernel. Clara had essentially been given an entirely new body, a new body capable of giving its own virginity as well.

The individual constitutions had washed away into something completely new... A primordial yin of absolute balance and perfection, without blemish or fault... It could only be given the very same name as Dyon's flames: Origin primordial yin. A constitution transcending a God level one...

This was, of course, the same for Dyon. By the design of his new body, he too was a virgin. Before, Dyon had never had a primordial yang. Not a true one, anyway. How could he without a bodily constitution? Much like Clara's, his was exceedingly weak and frail. However, now? His could only be named after his flames as well: Origin primordial yang.

Unfortunately, or maybe fortunately given the current situation, the very reason why Dyon had never been able to make true use of Ri and Madeleine's primordial yin is because his own primordial yang wasn't complete.

Unlike primordial yin, a primordial yang never leaves the body of its owner. Instead, it grows as its own source of power, capable of supplementing either one of the three cultivation disciplines. This meant that Dyon could now continue to improve through dual cultivating instead of being stuck at a singular boost after taking the virginity of a power woman.

In addition, as long as a woman continued to cultivate with the same man that held her primordial yin, they too would continue to receive massive benefits, improving by accepting energy from his primordial yang. It was because of this oddity of the universe that the culture of the martial world was as such. The physical reality of things had begun to effect the cultural reality of it.

'I guess this means I can teach you a real dual cultivation technique now.'

Dyon frowned, hearing the ancient voice of the Dragon King entering his mind. 'Sh. You've been pretending to be asleep for weeks now so that I wouldn't send you on that suicide mission again. This is literally THE worst time for you to speak. Go away and close your eyes.'

Clara looked up at Dyon confused, obviously unable to hear the Dragon King. Her hips wiggled in agitation, wanting him to continue. Dyon obliged, ignoring the snort of the Dragon King.

Dyon smirked, slowly stroking as he watched Clara try her best to maintain eye contact without letting her moans escape from her lips.

"You know, unless you want little kids running around, you're going to have to get good enough to use arrays in this situation."

"You're ruining my vibe, I was almost there." Clara harrumphed adorably but given the convulsion of her walls and how she bit her lip after she spoke, Dyon could tell that 'almost there' was an understatement.

Hearing this response, Dyon was sure that Clara likely placed some sort of protection on herself before hand.

Dyon didn't bother too much with her words, instead pulling her up to sit on his lap. He lifted her up and down slowly by her ass, feeling himself about to lose control.

Noticing this, Clara smirked to herself, lowering her head to lightly kiss on Dyon's ear before purposefully thrusting her hips downward and tightening.

"Ah, shit." Dyon's wrapped his arms around Clara's waist tightly, holding onto her as his breathing slowed.

The room grew silent. Clara was unwilling to let go of Dyon's neck... And Dyon was unwilling to let go of her waist...

Two lovers in each other's arms.

It was only when the rumbling of a stomach filled the once quiet room that Clara giggled lightly. "Go and eat, pervert. I'm too tired to move."

Dyon smiled, slowly lifting Clara off of him before tucking her into bed.

"Before you sleep, make me a pair of sweat pants and shirt."

Clara waved her hand nonchalantly, causing a purple gold formation to bloom around Dyon. This wasn't surprising to Dyon in the least. With her soul talent and his added boost, it only made sense for her to burst through to the lower Essence soul stage so quickly. In fact, had her energy cultivation not been sealed, she may have improved drastically in that aspect as well.

"For the record," Dyon lowered his head and kissed Clara on the forehead, "The bet is off. If you keep attacking me like this, it's only a matter of time before you reach the Higher Saint soul stage."

"Ha." Clara smiled, closing her eyes and rolling away and into the covers. "No thank you, slave. And you had better not neglect me either just to win a bet."

Dyon could only chuckle bitterly. But, he responded seriously. "Never."

Although Dyon couldn't see Clara's face anymore, when she heard those words, she couldn't help but smile from the depths of heart because she knew with her soul connection to Dyon, that he meant that word with every fiber of his being.

Dyon quietly left the room, finding a nearby bathroom to clean himself before taking the clothes Ri gave him to put on.

After putting on the sleek black sweat pants, he finally felt comfortable. But, when he looked at the white shirt, he couldn't help but shake his head.

At the front, in big letters, it said: "Pervert."

[Important Announcement Below!!]

Chapter 688: Repay

Back in the banquet hall, a few hours had passed but no one had left. Regardless of whether Dyon truly got better or not didn't change the fact that this universe was still in a bad spot. The next campaign was only a few weeks away and had to be planned for.

Under normal circumstances, this was something left to the youth. Never would clan heads or elders participate. However, it was clear that the balance had been tilted. Now that so many of their towers had been conquered, the campaigns had changed from a training ground for young talent, to the literal life and death of a universe's sovereignty.

"As much as I appreciate what Dyon has done for us, we can no longer continue to concentrate our forces to attack the Epistemic Tower. If we continue to do so, it's only a matter of time before Earth Tower is conquered." A Belmont Elder spoke. He had been lucky enough to be part of the Belmont entourage that escorted the royal family to the World Tournament, as such he wasn't as heavily injured as the other Belmont under the attack of the Daiyu.

After the events of the war ended, many Belmonts were found chained and bound in the castle underground prison.

Ri and Madeleine, although angered by this statement, only responded with logic and not emotion.

"In case you've forgotten, the choice to focus our forces on the Epistemic Tower is about more than just saving our husband's life." Ri refuted.

"This about this logically," Madeleine continued, "despite us concentrating the entirety of our forces at the Epistemic Tower, not only have the defended so well that not even a single one of us made it through, they also had enough forces to attack our other towers and conquer them."

What Madeleine said was correct. What they described as "the entirety of their forces", was really just the vast majority of what they had at their disposal. With that aside, they had of course left some numbers behind to defend their towers adequately, and yet, they had still lost them. The meaning was clear.

"If they could conquer and defend so well at the same time, that means that they are simply that much more powerful than us," Ri support Madeleine's statement wholeheartedly. "This means that our only chance of winning is Dyon's recovery. His life means more than just his life."

Hearing these words, many in attendance couldn't help but frown. The truth of the Epistemic Tower was still a tightly guarded secret. Understanding just how much the Emperor God Clans wanted it, how could they allow such information to be spread willfully?

So, when others heard the confidence in the voices of Ri and Madeleine, they couldn't help but believe that it was simply blind love that clouded their judgement. How could one boy, a heavily injured one at that, change the course of a war against a King God Clan by himself? It didn't make sense to them.

Even King Acacia was skeptical. As the only one truly aware that Dyon had the Epistemic Tower Key, he by all rights should be full of confidence. But, he simply didn't know what the key could do. His knowledge of the Epistemic Tower was limited to the fact that it was a cultivation resource of utmost importance. In fact, he wouldn't have even recognized the key at all if it wasn't for his True Empathy.

As much as he wanted to tell Amell and Nora, at the very least, he couldn't. Not while Dyon was unconscious and not while he didn't understand the function of the key. Amell and Nora simply had too many enemies. This was the reason they could only output a max of 10% of their power, or else they would be found. Luckily, 10% of a dao formation expert's power was enough to run rampant in this universe.

"I know that you trust your husband's ability. We've all witnessed it as well. But, don't you believe that this is on an entirely different scale? Even if we manage to get him to the tower, who knows how long it will take him to recover in there?" A youth of the Jafari clan spoke.

Honestly speaking, many youths were quite disgruntled. Before, no one was aware of the names of Clara, Ri and Madeleine, but in the past two years, there wasn't a single youth who didn't either look up to them or dream of them. Those three had firmly erased all ideas of the six beauties. Now, there was simply a triad of goddesses.

However, therein lied the problem. All three of these women had somehow fallen for the same man, not showing even a hint of interest toward anyone else in his absence. It was almost to the point that it was depressing.

Sure, Dyon had been crowned the honorary first place champion of the World Tournament, a feat less than a hundred people had accomplished, also being by far the youngest to do so. And, sure, it was clear after his fight with Zabia that Lionel Belmont and Tau Aumen stood not a single chance in defeating him. But, he was a cripple now! How could they just sit idly by and let three pristine beauties wallow away their youth for a now useless man?

Unfortunately, these feelings were shared by many. The martial world was a cruel and disgusting place, incapable of understanding even the most basics of human decency when it was left to the opinions of the masses.

Jealousy. Envy. Inferiority.

These things were only made worse every time Dyon woke up... As they steadily watched him decline.

Ri looked at the Jafari clan member with a look of sheer disgust. She still hadn't forgotten what happened those years ago, but she had forgiven because Ulu had done right by her in her nine months of pregnancy.

Dyon's first instinct, even while so injured, was to try and save your very own King and yet this is how you repay him.

Chapter 689: Dole

Seeing Ri's gaze, the youth looked down, but didn't back off of his words.

"Do remember that we will be the ones fighting. While what your husband has done for this universe is commendable, it cannot be denied that had he not done so, his life would have ended as well. Painting him as a savior and a saint would be nothing more than wishful thinking." Elwing Belmont spoke.

It was hard to tell whether or not he was still hurt by his brother's betrayal, or even if he irrationally blamed Dyon, but at least at this very moment, he stood against Dyon.

It wasn't that he didn't understand what Ri and Madeleine were saying. A Dyon at his peak could very well change the course of the war by himself. But, he just wasn't now. Even if they saved him, there was no telling how long it would take him to recover, let alone how long it would take after that for him to have an impact on the battle field.

Because he understood this, he could only choose to cripple a leg of Ri and Madeleine's argument. This would stop their ability to appeal to emotion and thus make implementing his own plans easier. Without his elder brother here, he was the most qualified to succeed the throne, and he had to make strides to protect his own kingdom.

Without knowing it, the elders had completely dropped out of the conversation, letting it be controlled by the youths. After all, it was these very youngsters that had seen the gates most recently. As such, they were in the best position to speak on the topic.

King Belmont also remained silent. Deep guilt still resided in his heart, but he had lost all of the drive he once had. He was simply a shell of his former self... Even his master had, Nora, had noticed this. But, there were some things men and women needed to work through for themselves.

"Are you sure that's the angle you'd like to take?" Madeleine spoke evenly and gently. The softness of her voice somehow lessened the blow of the opposition, weakening their strikes.

"If we want to speak of selflessness, there is no man in this world more selfless than my husband.

"If it wasn't for his actions, how many more thousands of innocent students would have died at the hands of the Storm family? He was a mere 16-year-old boy without any cultivation to speak of, and yet he angered two God Clans for the sake of saving them.

"If it wasn't for his actions the Elves would have fallen under the control of the Daiyu. Without the support of the Elves, how many more of your people would have died to the red crystal will of the Ragnors? How many more of your families would you have to bury? He was a mere 17-year-old boy when he saved the Elvin Kingdom.

"If it wasn't for his actions, we would have lost our towers long ago. Did you already forget that he single handedly repelled an Uidah army led by their second daughter with ease? He was merely 18-years-old at that time.

"If it wasn't for his actions, who would have killed the dao formation level Elder Daiyu? Who would have killed the wielder of the second strongest faith seed in Ragnor history? Who would have stopped a peak dao formation expert from attacking? He was merely 19-years-old at that time.

"Tell me, were all of these things done for himself? Did you hear them from his own mouth? When he was disrespected by clans in this very room, dragging his name through the mud in your silly World Tournament, did he choose not to save you?"

Madeleine wanted to say more, but she stopped herself. Only her and Ri knew that had Dyon decided to go to the entrance of the Earth Gate, the Epistemic Tower key would have allowed him to enter even during the gate's closure. If he had done that and only taken those he cared about with him, would these people even be here?!

However, what she said had fanned the flames of inferiority in the room. They couldn't help but wonder, what else would he have accomplished had he not been in a coma for the past two years?

Many, though, were stunned by her words.

Amell and Nora had never heard these stories. But, considering many of those they involved were in this very room, they understood that there was not a single hint of falsehood in her words.

Just as Elwing wanted to refute though, another voice rang out.

"No one in this world should ever question the selflessness of Dyon Sacharro. Least of all Planet Nix citizens."

Everyone's gaze shifted to a beautiful dark-skinned beauty. Her hair was long, and her eyes slightly tired, but she had a smile on her face that read that she was nothing but happy with life.

In her lap sat a wide-eyed toddler who constantly looked around the room with his large silver eyes, giggling happily in his mother's embrace.

This person was none other than Ulu Jafari, genius of the Lebna God Clan.

"Two years ago, I made a mistake."

"Quee –"

Ulu shook her head, stopping those around her from speaking. "I acted out of my own selfish desire to see my clan prosper. I saw it fit to bend anyone to my will for those goals, even if it meant tearing a family apart.

"In the end, in an attempt to control Dyon, I forced a seal on Alexandria that would effectively make her barren."

Shock rang through the hall. Many inadvertently turned their gaze toward Ri to see what her reaction would be.

"However, it was only a moment before I understood that I bit off more than I was capable of handling. It clearly took no effort from Dyon to remove the seal I placed, and he rightfully decided to punish me by giving back what I chose to dole out."

Chapter 690: Soon

Confusion reigned the banquet hall. Everyone here could understand Dyon's actions. In fact, it was almost righteous.

However, wasn't this meant to be a story about his selflessness? What did this prove?

"After that happened, I spent two months with only thoughts of revenge. I hardly thought about what I had done wrong and only sought to one-up those who had wronged me. What I didn't know all of that time, until my mother in law told me, was that I had been pregnant. And as a result, Dyon's seal not only ruined my life, but likely the life of my child as well.

"Because of my actions, my husband fought Dyon with his life on the line. What should have been a simple spar between geniuses turned into a battle of life and death."

Flashbacks of the bloody battle between Dyon and Zabia played through the minds of those in attendance. Many had wondered just why Zabia hated Dyon so much... But now, the reason was very clear.

"In the end, my husband burned his soul and nearly killed Dyon. But, even in the brief moment we thought he was dead, I realized that there was no satisfaction in my heart because I had lost someone dear to me...

"Dyon had every right to hate me to my core. He had every right to look down on my husband for defending a woman that didn't deserve such a thing."

Silence... No one had anything to say.

"Yet, he didn't kill my husband when he had the chance to. The only reason he is still alive is by the grace of Dyon..."

"But, that alone isn't the reason I won't tolerate anyone speaking ill of Dyon's motives.

"That very day. In a midst of a battle that put his life on the line. Directly after he lost the world he had come to know. After watching his own mother in law drawn within an inch of her life. After knowing he was entering a den of experts he had no business or chance in beating... He still came to me and removed the seal, saving my baby.

"At the time, he told me I would die. He said the moment I gave birth, I would be exchanging my life for that of my child."

The Jafari gasped. This was clearly an aspect of the story even they had never heard.

"So, I prepared myself for death. I diligently prepared for my baby's arrival. Writing letters for him to remember me by. Reading him stories late into the night. Feeding him what he seemingly craved." Ulu rubbed the head of the little boy on her lap lovingly, a small smile on her features.

"And yet, when the day came, I didn't die... In fact, our elders found an array within my that greatly boosted the nutrition and healthy growth of my child."

Those who had spoke out against Dyon couldn't find a place to hide their faces. How could these actions be anything other than the peak of selflessness... A person who truly wanted to do good in the world...

"There is no leader of people better than Dyon Sacharro. There is no man I will ever love other than my husband, but Dyon is a man that will always have my undying support and respect. If he needs me, I will be of use.

"Planet Nix stands with Dyon." Ulu finished firmly, quelling any rebellious voices within her subjects.

The Elves smiled before Zaltarish too threw in his thoughts. "The Elves stand with Dyon."

Eli lightly gripped on Delia's delicate hand as they nodded to each other. "The Viridi and the Niveus God Sect stand with Dyon." Venus and the rest of the Viridi, of course, had no objections.

Caedlum never thought of joining another side at all. "The Pakals stand with Dyon."

Thadius' uproarious laughter filled the banquet hall. "The demon generals will always stand with the successor."

Elwing had an ugly expression on his face, but there was nothing he could do. Not only did their allies side with Dyon, most of his own people did as well. That wasn't even to mention the fact the demon generals were highly important to all moves they made. How could he have forgotten that they only responded to orders from Dyon or his wives?

A chorus of voices rang outward, mostly from girls of miscellaneous clans that had fallen for Dyon's heroic stature, but they were supportive nonetheless.

Suddenly a light laughter sounded at the sliced banquet hall door, causing everyone to focus their gaze on a handsome young man wearing baggy black sweat pants. He held a shirt in his hand, but he was clearly unwilling to wear it for some odd reason, but considering everything, no one was very focused on that.

Ri and Madeleine's eyes glistened when they saw Dyon looking so healthy. It was clear to them that Clara and them had been right.

Little Lyla and Zaire clapped their hands, excited beyond belief to see their brother looking like himself again.

Dyon smiled lightly, scanning the room before his eyes landed on Ulu. With a flash of his steps, he appeared before her and knelt down to get a good look at her son.

"Thank you." Dyon said, sincerely thanking Ulu for standing up for him.

Ulu shook her head, tears streaming down her cheeks. She wanted to say that she should be the one thanking him, but she couldn't make out the words.

Dyon stretched out his hand and ruffled the hair of the little silver eyed boy, "What's his name?"

"S – Sarid." Ulu managed to choke out.

The happily clapped his little hands, recognizing the sound of his own name.

"Would you allow me to be his God Father?" Dyon didn't know why, but he wanted a connection with this little boy.

"Mhm." Ulu nodded, still barely able to speak.

Dyon smiled. His ring flashed, coming with it something he hadn't used in a very long time. It looked like a skateboard, but it didn't have any wheels and had a sleek silver metal finish.

The eyes of the little boy widened with happiness, seeing a toy he very much liked.

Dyon didn't hesitate to give it to him. The board shrunk, turning into a ring that slipped on Sarid's little fingers. With all the safety features he had built into that hover board, not even the smallest bruise would appear on the little boy.

"Grow strong. I'll bring your real dad to see you soon."