

The Nameless 691

Chapter 691: Provocation

Dyon walked to where Ri and Madeleine sat. They looked like a pair of goddess-like queens, and the smiles on their faces were so radiant that Dyon's heart couldn't help but quicken.

The male youths in the banquet hall could only imagine just what had revitalized Dyon like this, but with the absence of the third beauty, the jealousy ran rampant in their imaginations.

Before, Dyon had been sure that the most beautiful woman he had ever seen was Nora. But, somehow, in these two years, Clara, Ri and Madeleine had matured into women that could look down on anyone. It was only now that everyone realized that the six beauties of three years ago were all women deep into their 20s while the only still in their teens had been Ri and Madeleine.

Dyon took a single knee and gently took both of their hands, seemingly not noticing the eyes aimed toward them in the room.

"You seem to be doing much better." Ri said with a knowing look in her eyes.

Madeleine giggled, smiling sweetly as she tried to cover Dyon's large hands with her own.

Dyon cleared his throat, "I have no idea what you mean. I only innocently picked you two up a third sister. Is this not noble of me?"

Ri nodded. "We approve."

Little Lyla and Zaire couldn't wait anymore, the sprinted down from chairs much too tall for them and ran into Dyon's sides, almost tackling him to the ground.

"Big brother, you're so mean!" Little Lyla pouted, her large pink diamond eyes glistening with tears.

She had grown into a delicate little flower in the last two years. She was now about 8 years old, while Zaire was 9, and from the looks of things, quickly approaching the peak of the essence gathering realm.

Dyon held them tightly, repeatedly saying sorry until he appeased the little beasts.

Madeleine got up, allowing Dyon her seat. He was going to refuse, but that was when her purple eyes glistened with a double meaning. When Dyon saw what she meant, he was more than happy to allow such a beauty to sit in his lap.

"They really have gotten bigger." Dyon breathed in Madeleine's delicate scent, enjoying the view of the plump roundness that was now eye level with him.

Madeleine smiled. Despite how selfless she was, she couldn't help but feel resentful at how long it had been since her husband touched her. So, she was the happiest she had been in a long time right now.

"You should eat," Ri said, pointing toward the food her and Madeleine had set aside for him.

Dyon grinned, finally biting into the Earth level meat he had been eyeing before. But, before it reached his stomach, he could feel that it had dissipated into practically nothing.

Dyon could only laugh bitterly, "It seems like this amount of food isn't going to be enough..."

At first, those in the banquet hall couldn't understand his words. There was so much food here that even a year wouldn't be enough for a single person to finish it all.

But, as the minutes passed, the shock only grew.

Dyon's stomach was like a black hole, endlessly absorbing energy. It was to the point where Dyon didn't even feel food settle into his stomach, it disappeared into nothingness, digested to 100%, in an instant.

King Belmont finally looked up from his depressed state, feeling a bit better to see that Dyon was okay. "Bring the Heaven beast meat."

The surrounding servants didn't dare to delay and immediately went to prepare.

In this universe, Heaven level beasts were rare. This ranking was, of course, not based on cultivation, but rather bloodline. Earth level beasts were usually just modified ordinary creatures. However, heaven level beasts qualified to be true beasts with a connection to the universe.

Unfortunately, there was only one such beast still native to Earth. It was a deer that grazed the grass of the crescent island that once surrounded Focus Academy. Because that had once been celestial deer territory, this was the first case of an ordinary animal evolving to a heaven level beast. But, that was just a product of how good the celestial deer land had been.

There were only a few thousand of these creatures, but the Belmonts had a few hundred that they bred for this purpose.

When the servants brought the deer out, those around were stunned by its sheer size. It was easily 40 meters long and just as high if the antlers were accounted for.

And yet... Dyon didn't stop until it was all gone... The bones was so clean that it shone a bright white that illuminated the room.

It was only then that Dyon stopped. It wasn't that he was full, but if he had to pace himself in what he ate everyday. Otherwise, they'd run out.

Suddenly, a voice rang out from a clearly agitated, but seemingly still handsome man with golden eyes.

"YOU LITTLE BASTARD. IT WAS YOU!"

Dyon, who had his arm wrapped around Madeleine's waist lightly enjoying the feel of her thigh while speaking to Ri, was a bit startled by this outburst.

"Do I know you?" Dyon raised an eyebrow.

laachus, who was right by his master, pretended not to know anything. But, how sharp were Dyon's senses? Even without his soul, the moment he recognized laachus in a group of what looked like geniuses he had never seen before, he put two and two together.

Nora tried to calm her husband down, but could only sigh in the end. After all, Amell had been a money grubber from birth. He hated to lose out on profits.

But, his anger was likely even placed to a higher level with not only Dyon's response, but also the fact Madeleine was sitting on his lap like some sort of play thing.

Dyon, however, who figured out who this man was, wasn't inclined to apologize. After all, it had been his own disciple that lost the bet, so how was this his fault? Couple that with what the identity of this man likely was in relation to his Madeleine, and he didn't have much of a favourable impression of him to begin with.

"Ah, you must be esteemed owner of Heaven's Wine. I must say, your food is quite good." Dyon smiled with a bit of provocation in his eyes.

Chapter 692: Down a Peg

The geniuses around Amell who had once been nonchalant about this whole situation suddenly sharpened their attention toward Dyon. It was clear how they somehow thought they were above what was happening here.

They couldn't be blamed for that, honestly. They were five of the most talented youths in this universe, hand picked to be the disciple of dao formation experts, how could they not feel haughty? Couple this with the fact that they were already dissatisfied with Dyon and his relationship with Ri, Madeleine and Clara and it was a combination more than lethal enough to implode with this very clear disrespect of their master.

There was a reason none of them had participated in the World Tournament: their master had told them not to. However, every single one of them knew that there was some sort of special relationship between their master and the girl on Dyon's lap. They all assumed that she was someone their master had an eye on, so they had all begun to see her as a junior sister of theirs.

To them, the reason Amell hadn't already accepted her as a disciple was because judging by her age, the last time Amell was here, she was a newborn.

This was why Iaachus was so acquainted with Madeleine. He had been hoping to be the first of her senior brothers to win her heart.

Although none of them said anything about it, all of their opinions were in sync. Since Dyon had never caught the eye of their master, he was below them.

The veins on Amell's face bulged. He actually had quite a good impression of Dyon and didn't hate him at all. If there was one man who was deserving of Madeleine in the cosmos, he had to admit that it would be Dyon. Although he was a bit dissatisfied that he had more than one wife while even he only had concubines, it was something he could accept. But, his bottom line was his money! This kid had cost him so much!

The moment Amell saw how much Dyon could eat, he understood immediately that it was this very Dyon that put his Heaven's Wine in a deficit they were STILL trying to climb out of.

Hearing that Dyon knew what he had done, and even guessed his identity, how could Amell tolerate the blatant provocation?

Dyon picked up on four pairs of glaring eyes and one that was clearly avoiding his gaze. He chuckled to himself, it seemed Iaachus wasn't going to admit his wrongs on his own.

By now, though, Amell had settled on the fact that Dyon had used his array alchemy to cheat his system. After sensing his soul for himself, although it was sealed, as a dao formation expert, he could easily tell it was very powerful. Couple that with the fact that he had wanted to guide his wife in alchemy, and that sealed his thoughts. Because of this, he threw out the idea of Dyon having used one of his Heaven's Wine badges.

"You owe me two transcendent stones!" Amell roared.

Dyon, who had been drinking some spirit wine to continually replenish himself spit it out in a fit. If it wasn't for Ri's quick array to catch it, it would have sprayed all over the table.

To Ri and Madeleine, Dyon was dying of laughter. They knew their husband quite well and two transcendent stones was a drop in a bucket to him.

However, to everyone else, he was nervous beyond belief. After all, two transcendent stones was an astronomical amount!

The normal mode of currency for most here were profound stones, only very rarely would they use saint stones. Even calculating the conversion made some faint.

Stones filled with enigmatic energy were split into three categories with a conversion of a million between them. This meant that transcendent stones, which were the second step in this category, were worth 1 000 000 dao stones.

A step down from this were celestial stones. This was also another conversion of a million. This meant 1 transcendent stone was 1 000 000 000 000 celestial stones.

Another step down was saint stones. This was a conversion of a thousand. This meant 1 transcendent stone was 1 000 000 000 000 000 saint stones.

Yet another step down was the final step to reach profound stones. This was a conversion of another thousand. This meant that 1 transcendent stone was 1 000 000 000 000 000 000 profound stones.

Amell was essentially asking Dyon for 2 000 000 000 000 000 000 profound stones! This was an amount those here couldn't even fathom!

It was only after everyone finished sweating over these calculations that everyone realized that Dyon was laughing.

Ri and Madeleine shook their heads, however the small smile on their faces showed that they were happy to be here. If only they had been there to see Dyon scoop up all of the transcendent stones of the Daiyu, they would know how much of a joke it was for him to see a dao formation expert stressing over two of them.

In fact, even before that, didn't Dyon also win 100 000 transcendent stones from bidding on himself in the World Tournament? Even if he used some to fuel the Demon Sage's Tower, there was still plenty left.

Amell wasn't very happy with Dyon's laughter, but Nora seemed to realize that there was quite the scheming eye behind that boy's laughter. If her husband continued, he would definitely end up on the losing end. However, before she could tell him to protect his pride, one of Amell's disciples stepped forward, clearly unable to take the disrespect of his master any longer.

Interestingly enough, he looked nothing like one would expect. Usually the first to step out would be a muscle headed brute, but that archetype of their group had only glared at Dyon for a few moments before going back to his food.

The one who stepped forward was actually quite a scrawny boy who also happened to be quite tall. He had large glasses on his face and he held what looked like a grimoire in his hand, but in reality, it was just a normal book.

Amell was going to stop him, but then he thought twice of it. He decided to let his disciple cut Dyon down a peg before he stepped in to be the magnanimous elder.

Chapter 693: For This?

"My name is Trot Vinum. This is the third time you've disrespected my master today, as his most senior disciple, it is my duty to clear his name. Please step forward."

It seemed Amell gave all of his disciples the very same last name. Either that, or Iaachus and Trot were related. That said, the former was the more likely of the two options from Dyon's observation.

Dyon didn't seem like he was going to move though, after all, he felt so comfortable. Plus, he didn't want to lose the feeling of Madeleine on his lap. "Three times? Please enlighten me."

"First with how you addressed him. 'Do I know you?' is not a proper way to greet an elder. Second with your laughter. It is a fact that you owe what you owe. My master has worked very hard to establish his

franchise throughout many universes, you happened to take advantage of the more lax security in this universe to steal. While slightly impressive, it is still wrong.

"Thirdly, you've dared to disrespect our junior sister by having her sit on your lap. This is the ultimate disrespect to my master.

"Step out if you have any face."

Dyon blinked, looking at Madeleine with a raised eyebrow. But, when he saw her shrug, he understood that she had no idea what this person was talking about either.

"So, I've disrespected your master by spending time with my wife? When next I wipe my ass, should I ask for his permission first too?" Dyon turned back to Trot.

Trot's calm demeanor finally seemed to crack. He wasn't expecting such a vulgar response and the laughter at Dyon's words only made it worse.

Martial artists of their stages didn't even need to do such a thing, so why would he say this?

Trot's frown deepened. "How could you be worthy of our junior sister? And what kind of marriage could be finalized without the consent of her master?"

Dyon shrugged, "This kind. I didn't even need permission from her father to marry my Madeleine, why would I need that of her master?" Dyon emphasized the word father, not bothering to look at Amell, but his meaning was clear.

Amell's eyes narrowed. But said nothing.

"I've had enough of your talk. Either pay my master or step out here coward."

Dyon ignored Trot and looked at Ri, "Did any of them participate in the campaigns?"

Ri shook her head. "No, I assume they stood guard on Planet Naiad and Deimos with their master and his wife."

"Oh, and why's that? It doesn't seem like they're saints yet."

Ri shrugged, "I guess they believe they're above it."

Dyon laughed. "I see."

Madeleine raised an eyebrow. "Why?"

"I dunno. They just seemed really weak, but also big headed. I just wanted to make sure my assumption was right."

"Weak?" Trot grit his teeth. "We don't participate in your wars because our master told us not to. We're not meant to influence this universe. We've been trained our entire lives to do just one thing: Conquer the Epistemic Tower. Now is just not the right time. We have to hide our strength and catch the opposition unawares. You would understand nothing of that. You are nothing compared to us."

Dyon gently lifted Madeleine up before standing and setting her down on their seat.

But, just as he was walking forward, Ri grabbed his wrist. "Are you sure your body is okay?" Both her and Madeleine had worried expressions on their faces. Dyon had literally just recovered, they weren't even sure if it was permanent just yet,

Dyon smiled, "I'm feeling great."

In the end, Ri could only let go, sighing as she watched him walk to the center of the room.

Trot smirked on the inside, happy that he had provoked Dyon to come out. This way, he could expose him for the fraud he was.

Dyon's hand flashed with a light before too long shards of energy stones came out, balancing on the tips of two of his fingers.

The entire room seemed to freeze, staring at Dyon's hand. Even Amell's eyes widened, unable to comprehend what he was seeing.

Dyon stopped ten meters from Trot, spinning the energy stones. "I guess these are the two transcendent stones I supposedly owe your master, right?"

"Well, I quite frankly don't feel like giving them, so how about this. You beat me, and you get the glory and the stones. In fact." Dyon tossed the stones behind him as pile after pile of transcendent stones filled the room.

Amell's heart seized. Even Nora, who hadn't expected this, could only shake her head.

The message was clear. Why would I have to steal when I have this much money?

Trot immediately understood this as well. This was nothing less than yet another slap to the face of his master. How could he tolerate such a thing?

"Since you don't understand your limits, I'll cripple you for good!" Trot growled.

Trot's foot slammed downward, his book disappearing in a flash of light as sped forward with blinding speed.

His body seemed to disappear into a mirage, shifting oddly under the light of the room.

This was clearly a high level movement technique. It seemed Amell treated his disciple well.

Without his 6th sense, Dyon had to admit it was a bit difficult to see just what was happening. He dearly missed his soul. Such a thing couldn't even be called child's play if he had it.

It was clear that Trot still marginally respected Dyon, willing to go all out. However, Dyon could hardly care.

Without moving even an inch, the tattoos on Dyon's back bloomed magnificently, causing two pairs of white and black wings coated in glistening feathers to appear, spreading out three and half meters to each side.

The room was immediately filled with a majestic and stifling arrogant aura. Dyon's wings seemed to sing with excitement after being held in captivity for such a long time.

They flexed in unison as Dyon calmly watched Trot approach. And then.... They flapped.

From beginning to end, Dyon didn't take either a step forward or back.

Trot hardly registered what happened as a gust of wind as violent as a category 5 hurricane careened toward him, blasting him away and nearly caving his rib cage inward.

Amell had no choice but to open up a barrier, protecting his disciples from the unforgiving wind even as his most senior disciple slammed against the walls, coughing up blood. Even his reinforced glasses that were actually a vision treasure shattered underneath the impact, sending shard of glass around his eye. But, it seemed Dyon had somehow managed to not blind him.

Dyon took a look at Amell's bitter expression. "This is what you left this universe for 20 years for? This is the group of supposed geniuses you put together to conquer the tower?"

[Important announcement below]

Chapter 694: Within a Few Days

"What could you possibly know about it?" Amell frowned, deeply surprised by Dyon's power. Regardless of the fact he had heard that Dyon defeated a peak saint and a dao formation expert or not, he had thought, and rightfully so, that that involved a lot of tricks and trump cards. He had no way of knowing that Dyon's base strength was this overwhelming.

"I'm just making a commentary on how you were so willing to leave what was important behind, and yet your results are so pathetically mediocre." Dyon's eyes sharpened as he looked from Nora to Amell. Only a few in this room understood what he really meant, but those words cut deep for both Nora and Amell. Although the story wasn't so simple, the bare truth was that Dyon was right.

However, that didn't mean that they were happy to hear it.

"Do you have any idea what you're talking about? Do you understand the importance of the Epistemic Tower? Do you understand how difficult it is to conquer? Do you know just how many decades of research and blood and sweat and tears it took us to gather the information we have? We did all of this for this universe and those who are important us.

"We want to grow a future for this universe and allow geniuses to lead to the path. You are clearly worthy in terms of power, but your character is wholly lacking." Amell's playful anger had completely disappeared. He was serious now.

"My character? Funny." Dyon snorted as his hand flashed once again. "You don't recognize this, do you?"

Amell froze. How could he not recognize the badge of his own restaurant?

"You..."

"For a man speaking on another's character, you'd think that he would at least do his research before accusing another of stealing.

"Your very own disciple lost a bet to me and was forced to give me this. As his master, it's your responsibility to make up for his short comings. It's just a shame that your supposed pillars of the future have been losing to me for years already.

"You speak of character, yet what you've instilled in your disciples nothing but overblown and undeserved pride. Do you think I'm the only one in this universe who can beat them? Are you really so shallow? I have little doubt that my very own wives are more powerful than me right now. Any one of

my demon generals can slaughter them with a thought despite their being the very same age. Caedlum Pakal. Thor Ragnor. Zabia Jafari. Even my little brother can beat them. Yet you let them parade around like they're something they're not? And you want to speak of my character?

"You left this universe for almost two decades. You were so sure in yourself and your own perception that you thought it would be impossible for anyone you have chosen to be inferior to someone else. Well, let me be the first to tell you that you are wrong. Very wrong.

"With how weak your disciples are, how are they supposed to be a trump card of any kind? Did they even watch the World Tournament? Or was that too far beneath them? If they had done at least that much, even with how blind they apparently are, they would at least have known there was plenty of competition for them."

King Acacia frowned, holding onto a pure white fox in his lap. He had long since figured why Dyon was being so hard on Amell and Nora, but he still felt like this was too far. No one was pained more than the two of them. But, they had done what they thought was best.

However, Dyon had no intentions of letting up. There was nothing in this world he knew more about than living without parents.

Madeleine had spent years with such an inferior clan. She had spent even longer crying over the strained relationship between her and people who weren't even truly related. And yet here were her real parents, still pretending not to know her, still not acknowledging her, while peddling some nonsense about 'for the greater good'? He couldn't stand it!

Until now, he had completely ignored them. He hadn't mentioned them to Madeleine. He hadn't even thought about them. But then, not only did he want to provoke him for actually spending time with his wife, he also raised such piss poor excuses for the 'saviors of the universe'? Are you fucking kidding?

"And for the record, oh great dao formation experts who think only for the sake of the future. I know nothing of Epistemic Tower? I can't understand how important it is? It took you how much blood, sweat and tears?"

Dyon forearm flashed with a blinding golden light as an intricately designed key appeared in the air. It was somehow both delicate and yet robust, carrying with it a complex structure and layered mechanism that could make one's head spin

Amell and Nora stormed to their feet. The eyes of their disciple below widened. Even Trot, who was still coughing blood stuck to a wall in the distance felt himself faint, only to wake up to see the image before him was very much real.

"This very thing you spent so long planning for is meaningless. If I had to choose between this and those that I love, I would toss it away a trillion out of a trillion times."

Dyon's key disappeared as he flapped his wings to gently land beside Ri and Madeleine, scooping them up in his arms and causing them to giggle with delight.

The anger on his features disappeared as he landed a kiss on each one of their cheeks, flying away through the broken door and not forgetting to pick up every last one of his transcendent stones.

"Call me when the campaign gates open. Don't waste your time debating strategy. I'm back now."

"Within the first few days, the Uidah will run home with their tails between their legs."

Chapter 695: Different

Dyon lay in his large bed with his eyes closed, a smile content on his face. How could he not be happy? Ri lay on his chest panting, while Clara and Madeleine offered a handful of plump softness for each one of his hands. Even one of these beauties would allow a man to die with a life fulfilled, and yet he was lucky enough to have three of them.

Truth be told, Clara would have never been so eager to join into this imperial orgy so quickly, but Dyon in true perverted fashion, had brought Ri and Madeleine into the room while she was sleeping. Before she even realized it, his hands were running all over her and her mind had gone blank with the endless waves of pleasure.

"Hmph." Clara harrumphed, trying to roll away. But, the ache between her thighs caused a half moan, half pained cry escape her lips.

Madeleine giggled. "You need to be more caring of Little Sister Clara's body. She's talented, but she hasn't cultivated for long yet. You'll hurt her!"

Dyon shifted, lightly placing the out of breath Ri on the bed beside Clara before attacking Madeleine.

"Then you have to take responsibility as her big sister, no?"

Madeleine's purple eyes sparkled with desire. Over the past two years, she had integrated with her faith seed more and more, causing her desire for such things to grow as her bestial instincts grew as well.

However, because of her selfless nature, she had allowed Ri to pounce on Dyon first. At first Ri had been so energetic that Madeleine was worried that Dyon would be tired, but it seemed she had worried too much. This man had too much energy for his own good, he had even made Ri yield.

Dyon silently scanned Madeleine's glistening eyes before lightly kissing her neck and running his hand across the soft curves of her body.

It only took a few rounds for Madeleine to figure out that Dyon's stamina was truly endless. She collapsed onto the bed with a content smile on her face, clinging onto Dyon's arm.

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Later that day, Dyon sat with his back to the head of bed, Clara sitting in the nude on his lap with Ri and Madeleine watching the scene with interest in their eyes. However, aside from Dyon's constantly roaming hands, there was nothing lewd about their actions. In fact, Clara was trying her best to concentrate on the purple-gold array and flames that were dancing before her even while Dyon gave her pointers.

"I would have succeeded already if you stopped groping me, you know." Clara said in frustration as the array collapsed again.

Dyon smirked, lightly pinching Clara's pink nipples and resting his chin on her shoulder. "If this little bit distracts you, you aren't ready yet young disciple."

Clara bit her lip, choking back her moan before playfully pinching Dyon's thigh.

"Okay, okay. I'll really help you now." A focused expression appeared on Dyon's features. Although he liked to play around with his wives, this pill was about the life and death of a good man. He had left Zabia in that state for too long. Now that Clara had a Lower Essence stage soul, it was enough to form the master level pill they needed, so he wouldn't be asking Amell or Nora for anything.

Also, since his soul was melded with Clara's, and Clara's with Ri and Madeleine's, doing something like guiding in a technique was exceedingly easy.

Dyon leaned back, covering Clara's belly button with his large hand. At first, Clara thought he was taking advantage of her again, but then a wave of calmness overcame her and she suddenly felt like she was standing in Dyon's mind.

Without even thinking about it, she closed her eyes, embracing the feeling. She was immediately overwhelmed by his speed of thought and maybe this was truly the first time she felt inferior to Dyon in terms of intelligence. However, this feeling made her almost inexplicably happy instead of the bitterness she had expected.

Dyon inwardly smiled. 'As your cultivation increases, so will your own speed of thought. You'll catch up in no time. For now, I'll slow it down.'

Clara nodded, resting her back against Dyon's chest.

Previously, Dyon had been worried about communicating secretly with his wives. Because he didn't have access to his wind will or energy cultivation, that would usually be impossible. However, that was when Ri told him about how her parents communicate. It was a simple technique that was seemingly only possible between those with melded souls. Without even knowing it, Dyon remembered that he had done this with Little Black once before.

He was content knowing that he could at the very least speak with Ri, Madeleine and Clara freely if he was within range of their soul strength. Which, at the moment, was about 10km for Clara, and closer to about 100km for Ri and Madeleine considering their souls had already breached the upper levels of the Essence stage.

If the world knew about this, they would be in an uproar. But, it seemed Dyon's effect on the souls of his wives was better than any soul cultivation technique in existence.

'This may be a master level pill, but it requires grafting about 50 common level plants together. The truth is that the theory behind this pill is maybe higher than grandmaster level, its just that the soul strength requirement is low. It seems like the asks for array alchemy experts was much higher in the past.'

'It's not complex if you fuse your understanding of arrays and alchemy. But, when I spoke to Nora about it, she said that was very taboo and that I shouldn't do it.'

Dyon nodded. Clara knew little of the martial world and had just spent her time diligently studying. Considering the materials Dyon gave her didn't separate the two, she understood that they were disciplines that weren't meant to be separated. Unfortunately, the martial world said different.

Chapter 696: Interesting Tidbit

'In the future, if I'm not around, it's best that you pretend you don't understand how the two play off of each other,' Dyon explained the history of the chaos path to Clara and a bit about his speculations for why Guild Headquarters police such a thing.

'Oh.' Clara seemed lost in thought. But, after a few moments, she focused on the task, flowing her progress along with Dyon's thoughts.

Hours passed by before two black pills bathed in white flames appeared. One was for Zabia, and the other, for Dyon.

The truth was that it was unlikely this pill would fix Dyon's problem entirely. The simple fact was that Zabia's soul was far weaker than his, so the requirements for healing it were also much lower. After all,

Dyon's soul was a breath away from breaking into celestial realms. How could a mere lower master level soul birth a pill capable of healing him?

However, this pill would be enough to stave off the effects of his soul eating away his body's energy by a bit.

Dyon realized that at the moment, his stamina was woefully inadequate. After his thrashing of Trot, he felt a wave of fatigue hit him. He was able to push that feeling off by dual cultivating with his wives, but it was obvious that he couldn't eat and have sex 24/7, as much as he'd love to.

So, his solution was to partially heal his soul before also stashing plenty of high energy and easy to eat spiritual fruits in his spatial ring. As for where he'd get those, he'd have to thank his 'father-in-law' for that.

The best spiritual fruits available in this universe, as provided by Heaven's Wine, were celestial fruits. Dyon would have preferred enigmatic fruits, but that was asking for too much given the resources.

Normally such foods would cause Dyon to implode. But, he realized that because of his soul, his body was in a special state of energy consumption wherein it could handle that mass of energy.

It should be noted that celestial fruits and celestial energy were two very different concepts. The reason Dyon couldn't have a celestial digest his food for him is because celestial energy couldn't be processed by his body without causing severe and irreparable damage. But, remember that spiritual fruits are special because they occur in a natural state of already processed and gentle energy.

Couple this with the fact that Dyon's soul was already a mere moment from breaking into the celestial level, and he was already sure that he could handle it.

Of course, the reason he wasn't fed these fruits before was because he was too weak to digest them. So, everything came full circle.

Clara breathed heavily, essentially collapsing in Dyon's arms. She had already been pushed to the brink making a single pill after so many failures, it was a miracle she was able to make a second.

Luckily, although she couldn't siphon energy from Dyon's soul, she could from Ri and Madeleine.

Dyon didn't hesitate to swallow the pill. Under his guidance, there was no need to speak of its purity of 100%. Such a thing was shocking for others who would likely be happy with 30 or 40%, but Dyon felt that array alchemy was like a secondary limb to him... As easy as breathing.

Also, Clara was a perfectionist. Technically, all of her "failures", were just less than 100% pure pills that she didn't bother to take to completion.

An instant later, Dyon felt a warm white flame invading his meridians, teasing apart the seal they formed to lock away his soul and caressing it as gently as Clara had with her aurora flames. The method of communication was different, but the result was the same.

Dyon could feel his soul again for the first time in a long time. Although he couldn't use it because it was sealed, he was happy to be able to sense it.

By now, it was late into the night, and although they didn't necessarily need to sleep to replenish their energy, the four of them decided to anyway, sleeping with smiles on their faces.

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The next morning, large amounts of food greeted Dyon the moment he woke up. It seemed a maid had delivered it under King Belmont's orders. But, when she saw the scene of Dyon sprawled out naked, somehow managing to fondle three pairs of breasts at once, she had run away with tears and a bashful red tint on her delicate features.

Maybe seeing Ri, Clara and Madeleine naked wasn't so bad, but seeing the monstrosity between Dyon's legs was much too much for her innocent soul to handle. Dyon had only just managed to hand her a box sealed with Zabia's pill before she ran off.

Luckily, King Belmont had foreseen something like this and sent a woman, or else Dyon would likely raze the whole palace to the ground.

After a few laughs and a massive meal, Dyon finally decided that he should probably get a better understanding of what happened while he was unconscious.

"The moment you fell asleep, there was a lot of confusion," Madeleine explained. "It took a lot before everyone calmed down enough to listen to our explanations. But, luckily Amell and Nora could attest to the strength of the Daiyu ancestor.

"Some weren't convinced, mostly the citizens the Planet Nix were angry because their queen was forced to kneel, but Ulu was able to quiet that down fairly quickly.

"At the time, we thought you were just tired so we laid you down to rest in the Belmont Palace. King Belmont refused to let us go anywhere else, and considering we didn't really have an official home, we accepted. This was the best place to avoid the annoyance of the Sapientia and my family."

Dyon frowned, "Have they been bothering you?"

Madeleine shook her head. "Not so much recently. But, in the beginning Connery continued to make a huge fuss about the Sapientia name and reputation. Speaking of which, there's actually an interesting bit of information about my former master."

Chapter 697: The question was...

Dyon looked over in interest. Madeleine's master was someone he very much didn't like, for obvious reasons, but for Madeleine to mention her, it must be something important.

Even more surprisingly, it was Ri who continued the story.

"Remember when we realized how fluster Uncle Acacia was?"

Dyon's eyes widened. "No way."

Ri's giggle turned into a fit of laughter that didn't stop for minutes. In the end, she was holding onto her stomach, clearly wheezing.

"You should have seen them.

"Evelyn came here with Connery in hopes that would soften Madeleine's position, but when they saw each other they went beet red.

"Ask Clara or Madeleine if you think I'm lying, but uncle quite literally spit out his wine."

Dyon chuckled. What a twist of fate.

He had wondered why Uncle Acacia hadn't come out to defend Ri when Evelyn attacked her, but now he knew why. He simply didn't have the face to.

Thinking about it, Uncle Acacia probably sighed a huge breath of relief when Dyon appeared. At least then he wouldn't have to do anything.

From the beginning, Dyon had always wondered just why the Elves believed the story of Ri being his daughter so easily. It turned out that Uncle Acacia really had had a human girlfriend in the past.

But, in true Evelyn fashion, she turned down all marriages for the sake of her research. Which was likely why she had been pushing for Madeleine to marry Lionel, to make up for her own mistakes. After all, marrying the Prince of the Elvin Kingdom would be quite a bump up in her current status.

"Then what's going on between them now?" Dyon asked.

"Still nothing. Despite his reaction, Uncle wasn't happy at all that she attacked us. Add that to the fact that Evelyn was a cold and secluded individual to begin with, and I doubt that relationship is going to go anywhere." Ri explained.

"I see. That's a shame. I wanted Uncle Acacia to blow some steam."

"Uncle Acacia is a very nice man, don't try and corrupt him," Clara said, nibbling away at what looking like a croissant. It seemed she had asked the Belmonts to make some human world food.

Dyon laughed, but didn't respond, quietly listening to the rest of the happenings.

"After we got settled into the castle, King Belmont was still very angry. In fact, I don't think he's gotten over it at all.

"He wanted to destroy all of the rebelling sects and even declare war on the other planets, but that was when we told him about the threat of the Uidah. As much as we hate them now, if we can't use their man power to defend, we'd be in trouble.

"So, King Belmont handed over the Niveus God Sect to Little Delia, who's grown up quite a lot from when last you saw her. Her and Eli are also a lot closer and seemingly less shy about their relationship.

"Patia-Neva and his wife have been on an extended vacation, although they do pop in from time to time. So, Delia has been very happy, even though there seems to be something wrong with Eli's cultivation."

Dyon frowned. "There's something wrong?"

Madeleine shook her head. "Maybe wrong is the wrong way to put it. He's just really... slow. It may just be that he doesn't have much talent."

The room went silent. Although no one said it out loud, everyone understood just what this meant.

There was a reason martial artists didn't often marry early despite often being promised and betrothed early. It was because of the drastic differences in age expectancy between different levels of cultivation. Even the difference between a single meridian in the dao formation realm was thousands of years.

However, that didn't meant that there wasn't a problem at the lower levels as well.

Based on Eli's place of birth, it wasn't surprising if a person never reached the meridian formation stage in their entire lives. If Eli was measured up against those people, he was progressing just fine. In fact, if people of the martial world could live for 500 years like foundation experts could, they would be delirious with joy.

But... Delia was already in the essence gathering stage. Even if she never again improved, she would have 1 500 years of life without Eli at a minimum. This would only get worse when she became a saint.

Of course, there were medicines capable of lengthening life of mortal and lower martial experts by even thousands of years. And Dyon, seeing Eli as a friend, wouldn't hesitate for a moment to spend whatever amount of transcendent stones was necessary. But... Even those things had a limit.

With Delia's talent, there was no doubt that she'd become a dao formation expert, especially with the resources of the tower. Even with how over confident Dyon was about so many things, could he really find a plant or make a pill capable of extending life by hundreds of thousands of years?...

Some might say that the two could simply dual cultivate. If Delia was powerful, wouldn't she be able to bring Eli along?

The problem with that idea was the very same problem Dyon had before he received a capable Primordial Yang.

If the male was weak, aside from the initial boost received in taking a strong woman's virginity, there would be little other benefits. Their dual cultivating would follow a law of diminishing returns until Eli completely stopped improving. Without a primordial yang capable of properly refining a powerful primordial yin, dual cultivating with a powerful woman was simply a fool's errand.

However, Dyon didn't want to give up on his friend so easily.

Dyon shook his head. "There's something special about Eli. I know it."

At first, the girls thought Dyon was just saying this to remain in denial for a bit longer, but that was when Ri seemed to remember was Dyon did.

"You mean?"

Dyon nodded. "He can't possibly be normal."

Eli had spent years as a pill slave of the Cavositas. And yet, he was booted away because he seemed to never react to the pills given him. He was even immune to poison! How could he be normal?

The question was... Just what was he?

Chapter 698: Ripped

Dyon's wives were intrigued by this new information about Eli enough that they seemed lost in their own thoughts for a moment.

Because of things like 'girl talk', it could be said that they probably knew as much about Eli and Delia's relationship as the two of them, themselves knew. So, they understand that it had already been more than a year since Delia had willingly given herself to Eli. And yet, his cultivation hadn't improved.

For context, even if Eli knew no dual cultivation methods to improve efficiency, the mere fact that Delia had a god level constitution within the top three meant that he should, at a bare minimum, have broken into the meridian formation stage. If not, he should have at the very least become a peak foundation stage expert. And yet, he was still at the 1st foundation stage... It made no sense. This was the very same foundation stage he had been the day met Dyon!

"There's definitely something weird about it. Delia hasn't brought this up to Eli, but it's clear that he's become apprehensive about their... relations. He can't keep up." Ri said solemnly.

A dark expression colored Dyon's features. There was nothing more humiliating for a man than when his woman wanted more, and yet he had the inability to provide. He silently vowed to help his friend with this.

"I'll find a way to help him. I'm sure my grand teacher knows something.

"What else have I missed? What happened to the Ragnors and Cavositas?"

"The Cavositas were shown mercy. Unfortunately, they're a major part of Earth's economy and completely uprooting them when they were clearly nothing but a puppet would be a massive mistake." Madeleine explained.

Dyon nodded. This was true. Arena City, and the Chaos Arenas across the planet were massive sources of income. And, that didn't even mention the fact that in a post-war period, entertainment to calm the population was important. The contentment of the public was highly important to a stable rule.

"The Ragnors, however, were almost all executed. With the exception of children, even the Ipsum and Saeclum clans died. The only remaining members that are of age are Thor and Vidar, but they are heavily guarded in the palace dungeon."

Dyon frowned, "Were the Ipsum and Saeclum clans not victims as well?"

A complex look appeared on Ri's features. The actions of those clans affected her the most, after all. So, she chose to explain.

"No." Ri shook her head. "Those clans are tied by the same karmic strings as the Ragnor adults. In addition, they spread the red crystal will that poisoned you for so long. But, unlike you, those afflicted didn't have access to The Soul Tome, neither did they have your level of purity wills... So they stood no chance..."

"Hundreds of elves died..."

Dyon's expression softened as he lightly grasped Ri's hand. He had spoken too rashly. With how few the elves were in number, and how difficult it was for them to reproduce, losing so many younger generation members was a huge blow.

As their princess, how could Ri not care? Couple this with the emotional turmoil she had to deal with when it came to her mother's seemingly permanent beast form, and Dyon couldn't help but feel a deep seeded guilt for not being present.

"We'll find a solution." Dyon said resolutely.

Ri smiled, understanding what Dyon meant.

"Speaking of, of age Ragnors, I forgot to include Tammy." Madeleine corrected herself. "I'm not entirely sure what she's up to, but from our talks with Ava, it doesn't seem like her relationship with Arios has progressed at all. But, it seems that's more so Arios' choice than hers."

Dyon nodded. He knew that Arios had likely fostered some fondness for Tammy. If he hadn't, why would he allow her to "kill" him?

However, how could an elder brother forgive such a slight against his little sister so easily? Dyon had no idea if their relationship would ever be repaired.

Dyon sighed. "How's Alidor and his little sister?"

Speaking of his 'rival', Dyon inadvertently smiled. Although that man caused him a whole host of trouble with the Uidah by impersonating him, considering Dyon's personality, he would have provoked them one way or another anyway.

Clara couldn't help but pout at this question, "Dealing with Keara, Lyla and Zaire at the same time is too much for any one human being. They're little devils."

Dyon laughed, knowing well that Clara just wasn't good with dealing with children.

"As for Alidor, he's just as arrogant as you, but he traded in his perversion for speaking in half sentences and expecting you to understand. I have to say that it's partially because of him that I figured out how to cure you."

"You should thank him. If it wasn't for the fact I knew he wasn't a pervert, I would have agreed to his line of thinking."

"Hey, hey. Don't make me attack you again."

Clara's legs inadvertently clamped together. But, she immediately regretted it when a familiar soreness flared up again.

Her actions caused a light laughter to fill the room that only increased with her adorably cold glare.

"Wait," Dyon said through short breaths, "You guys said that Delia was given the Niveus God Sect. So, what happened to Evelyn?"

"About that..." Madeleine sighed, "It was odd when we found out as well, but Evelyn followed Lionel, forcefully cutting ties with her little sister."

"Left?" Dyon asked questioningly.

Silence pervaded the room for a bit. It was clear that whatever the truth of this matter was, wasn't something they were willing to speak lightly of.

"King Belmont..."

"After the war, he was furious. He wanted to directly execute Lionel before everyone, to show that no one was above the punishment.

"But, under the pleading of his wife and Elwing, he instead crippled Lionel's meridians, washing his cultivation away." Clara said softly. She didn't have any love lost to Lionel, but the next part was so cruel that she couldn't watch when it happened. If she closed her eyes, she could still hear the screams of agony that continued for what seemed like an endless week.

"Then... King Belmont forcibly ripped the Belmont phoenix bloodline from Lionel and banished him from their holy land."

Chapter 699: Soon

Dyon hardly reacted to the news. His eyes remained cold and indifferent. He had not a shred of sympathy for Lionel, nor could anyone ever make him feel that way. The only part of the story that was odd was Evelyn's choice, they didn't seem like a couple that came together for the sake of love. And even if there was some like between them, it was definitely not to the point where Evelyn would leave behind her sister. Something was definitely odd about that. But, he didn't know enough to make any conjectures.

Deciding not to dwell on it, Dyon changed the topic.

"Have you two explained to Clara the deal behind the Epistemic Tower?"

"Mostly." Ri and Madeleine answered at once.

"Although," Ri continued, "Because we knew you'd be angry about her participating in martial world matters, we held back more than we should."

Dyon blinked away the pain, accepting the flick to his forehead. Judging by the fact he didn't have to fake it this time, it seemed his Ri really had gotten a lot stronger.

Acknowledging his wrongs, Dyon decided to explain most of it right now.

After a few minutes, Clara grasped the key concepts.

"So, how far up the tower can we go without conquering any other universes? It is a domination quest, no?"

Dyon nodded, "Yes. Other quadrants have a leg up because their key wielders are usually already part of Emperor God Clans, which is the minimum requirement for reaching the top floor, but we'll have to work from the bottom up.

"As for how far up we can go, I think we can reach the peak saint level floors without conquering anything.

"To go to peak celestial floors we need to become a King God Clan.

"To go to peak dao formation floors and beyond, we need to become an Emperor God Clan.

"So, in reality, we have some time before we reached locked floors. In the mean time, the most suitable of my grand teacher's powers for you to learn is the Innate Aurora."

Clara looked at Dyon in confusion, "Don't I already have that?"

"Yes, which will make it easier, but, there are a few steps past where you're at now. The perfect innate aurora has an innate soul strength of the peak of the Blossom stage, not the Foundation stage."

Clara pouted, immediately realizing that when she gloated about having a peak Foundation stage innate soul, that Dyon was probably chuckling inside.

Dyon smiled, lovingly hugging Clara who had somehow made it back to his lap. "Usually it would take ten years, at the fastest, to master one of his 5 main powers. But, considering you have such a leg up, it might only take one or two years. And, there's a great reward at the end of it as well. You'll be able to replace your meridians so that you can energy cultivate."

"Oh, so that's how you fixed yours. But, why can we not use the energy kernel instead."

A look of longing mixed with a complex expression surfaced on Dyon's features.

"Probably because of heavenly tribulations." Madeleine guessed.

"Really? What do you mean?" Clara looked eager to fill in her still lacking martial world knowledge.

"After the saint realm, and with each subsequent realm after that, excluding the half step to transcendent realm, there's a tribulation. However, that tribulation is based on your energy cultivation talent. If you took in the talent of billions, you'd be asking to die."

Although Clara understood, she still seemed confused by that answer. "Why isn't there punishment for soul or body cultivation talent?"

"I'm not sure anyone knows the answer to that question." Ri said.

"I might have a guess," Dyon interjected with a pensive expression, "It may be for the very same reason some are gifted with special body constitutions.

"The universe seems to be pushing us toward following all three disciplines with equal balance."

"If it's for equal balance, then why isn't there equal punishment?" Clara asked.

"My best guess is that it's an incentive. Those with overwhelming energy talent would likely die early deaths despite being geniuses. However, if they took their time and slowed their cultivation to appreciate aspects of the martial way that they weren't just as good at, then they'd have a better chance at survival.

"Imagine, for instance, if a person broke into the saint realm, but had a celestial level body. How easy would surviving that tribulation be? That person might not even need to move an inch."

"Then that means body cultivating gives you a huge advantage, no? Considering soul talent is so difficult to translate into real strength? Then why don't more people body cultivate?"

"Although body cultivating is easier than soul cultivating, it's still a very difficult practice and it's very painful as well. Not many are willing to do it.

"Remember, body cultivating is literally altering your own blood line. It feels like drilling millions of holes into your bones and into the depths of your marrow in order to effect change." Dyon explained.

The source of blood cells in the body came from the bones. That meant that if you wanted to change your bloodline permanently, it was about more than just absorbing the blood, you had to fundamentally

change your bone marrow as well, or else that blood you absorbed would eventually be overrun by your regular blood, thereby diluting it.

"Also," Madeleine giggled, "Not everyone is lucky enough to have the whole blood essence of one of the greatest body cultivators to ever live just handed to them."

Dyon smiled at her teasing, but obviously didn't mind it too much.

He spent the rest of the following weeks secluded from everything but his wives and little siblings. He even spent a bunch of time with Eli to appease the nagging Ava, Delia and Elvin girls who felt wronged that he had stolen three of their best friends from them.

Soon, Dyon's reappearance into the world of campaigning was upon them.

Chapter 700: Unable

"Are you sure about this?" A nervous Eli looked out into the Belmont natural moat, unable to remove his eyes from the swirling portal in the distance. As much as he wanted to be by Delia's side when he fought, he knew enough to know that he'd be nothing but a burden. That was why he spent months of his time refining the herbs he grew and concocting pills for her, so that he could support her from afar.

Dyon patted his friend's shoulder. Surprisingly, despite having grown to 6'6, Eli seemed to have followed him in height again. In fact, Eli was three inches taller than him! That said, he was still the same scrawny boy, although his features had matured a bit.

"Of course. You don't even have to step out, just stay in my spatial ring and I'll make sure to protect you."

Eli felt a soft hand slide into his and couldn't help but feel reassured. Despite his nervousness, Dyon knew his friend well. Eli wasn't nervous because he was afraid to die, he just didn't want his death to make Delia sad.

"Regardless of what that useless old man says about you, he'll accept you no matter what. He owes me." Dyon didn't explain his words any further, but anyone around him could feel that he was very much serious. Maybe only Dyon could speak like that about a transcendent being and make it feel natural.

Suddenly, the sound of foot steps caught Dyon's attention. In fact, they made the very boat they were on sway more than the waves should have allowed.

Dyon curiously looked behind him only to find a hulking 3-meter-tall dark-skinned man picking him up in a bear hug to end all bear hugs.

Laughter sounded out all around as the good will spread, but to Dyon, his bones were creaking, and he could hardly breathe. He had a saint body, what the hell?

"Zabia," Dyon groaned, "Let me go."

Zabia's uproarious laughter made the bright morning even brighter as he set Dyon down.

"From today onward, you are my brother." Zabia smiled wildly. It was clear to everyone by this point that he was nothing more than a gentle giant.

Dyon smiled, reaching out his hand to clasp Zabia's. Why would he not want another ally this strong?

While the other quadrants were scrambling and fighting amongst each other for placement in their towers, they would work together toward a single goal. Dyon wasn't so arrogant or naïve as to believe he could do it alone, only with strong allies would they reach the pinnacle of cultivation. And only then could they live in this shit world without worries.

About an hour later, the rumbling of the gate indicated that the next campaign was about to begin in just a few minutes. But, that was when some unexpected guests arrived.

A group of seven, led by Amell and Nora, lightly touched down on the boat to face Dyon and his friends.

There was a complicated look on the couple's features, and they couldn't help but inadvertently glance between Dyon and Madeleine, but in the end, they could only sigh.

When Dyon noticed the bandaged up Iaachus nursing swollen cheeks, he couldn't help but burst into a fit of laughter.

"How are you doing Iaachus? Do you need ointment for that?"

Iaachus glared at Dyon, but when he noticed Amell turn back to him, he immediately pretended as though he had heard nothing.

Amell sighed, "I know we've made mistakes, but I can only promise that if I had another choice, I would have never done what I did.

"I only ask that you don't punish my disciples for my mistakes. Can you take them with you?"

Dyon scanned the sorrowful Amell before looking back toward his five disciples. It seemed like, of them, Iaachus and Trot weren't willing to meet his gaze, but the other three had respect in their eyes.

"The more, the merrier." Dyon said with a smile. Despite his domineering defeat of Trot, they were still talents, how could he pass them up so easily? They at the very least had heaven level bodies like Ava.

Amell and Nora sighed a breath of relief at these words. They were happy that Dyon wasn't a petty person, or else they wouldn't know what to do with their regret.

With that out of the way, Amell and Nora seemed to become concerned about something else.

"Are you sure that you can handle the Uidah King God Clan alone? They're no normal King God Clan. For all intents and purposes, they're practically an Emperor God Clan. If the Pakals and Ragnors weren't suppressing their growth in other directions, they would have already become an Emperor God Clan.

"It's just that each universe acts as a base of power to any clan. So, the Uidah were a bit reluctant to add such a weak universe to its total.

"However, they seem to have thrown away that idea. It's more than likely that they've comprehended the secret, at least in part, of the Epistemic Tower. It's best to be cautious."

Dyon nodded at Nora's words. He could appreciate her concern, but there really would be no issues. In fact, Dyon had never been so sure of a victory in his life.

"There's no need to worry. I can't promise that the Uidah's animosity will disappear after this campaign. In fact, it will increase hundreds of folds, I can guarantee that."

The couple frowned at these words but could only continue to listen as they felt the blood of the youths around them boiling to the words of this young man. They had an unwavering confidence in him... The kind of confidence only borne to an Emperor by his subjects.

"However, all they'll be able to do with that anger is hold it in, unable to vent.

"After today, not only with the Uidah army of Earth Gate be destroyed, they won't dare to attack this universe from any gate so frivolously or arrogantly again!"

The words Dyon spoke during his first campaign, he meant with every fiber of his being. This universe was his home and he wouldn't allow anyone or anything to encroach on it.