

## The Nameless 731

### Chapter 731: Heartbreak

Although Dyon had made himself some more enemies, he had also made some people very happy.

A 12-year-old girl clapped happily, ecstatic when she saw Dyon's name. One might think that this was Dyon's little sister, Lyla. However, the truth of the matter was that this was a former member of the 6 beauties, Saru Shruti!

If Dyon knew how right he was about how young Saru was, he would only be able to laugh bitterly. This time line meant that at the time Dyon fought her, she was just 8 years old!

Now, however, she had no obligation to hide her identity, so, she had reverted back to her true appearance.

Currently, she was an adorable little girl wearing an Indian style dress. Her skin was a delicate and soft brown, but her eyes were a clear blue, giving her an ethereal presence even with her young age. One could tell that in the future, her disguised appearance didn't do her true beauty justice at all. She would definitely be a world toppling woman.

"Daddy! Didn't I tell you about him? I told you, I told you!" Saru had completely lost the air of a princess she held during the World Tournament. Instead, she was a little girl being looked upon by an imposing man who somehow still had a gentle look in his eye.

Currently, they were in a throne room encircled by ministers of the kingdom. They were supposed to be describing battle plans for the skirmishes against the kitsune, but instead, Saru had come sprinting in looking incredibly adorable.

Emperor Shruti didn't have the heart to berate his daughter, so he simply laughed and picked her up to place in his lap. However, his daughter's next words caused lines of black to surface on his forehead.

"Remember? Remember? I told you my future husband was great!"

Empress Shruti giggled, pinching her daughter's cheeks and taking her away from her husband.

"Little Saru, what do you mean future husband? I thought we agreed that there would be no more talks of this?"

The surrounding ministers tried their best to hold their laughter in, but they were failing miserably.

"You said that he was too weak, but look!" Saru said defiantly, pointing to the intricate metal array plate in her hand.

Emperor Shruti was at first uninterested in the new argument his daughter was making, but when his eyes swept over the plate, they couldn't help but sharpen.

"This... You said you know who this boy is?" Emperor Shruti nearly lost control of his voice.

Seeing her husband act in such a way, Empress Shruti couldn't help but look at the plate herself. But, what she saw shocked her just as much as her husband.

"You see? You can't say I'm too young either because by the time he finishes his trials I'll be of age too! I thought he was dead, but my husband is clearly too great to die!" Saru giggled to herself triumphantly.

Saru remembered what happened four years ago when she had made it home. She had begged her father to go and help Dyon. But, how could Emperor Shruti agree to such a thing? In the end, even the lovable Saru didn't speak to her father for months.

Emperor Shruti reigned in his emotions before sighing, "You have to understand that this only means his future will be more dangerous. From what you've told us, he has no backing at all. How is he going to build a faction in the inner world? Do you think the other God key wielders will sit by idly? There's a reason building up your real world presence is a mandatory part of climbing the tower."

Saru pouted, "Don't you understand what it means for him to be alive right now daddy? It means he survived a fight against a celestial!"

Emperor Shruti frowned. "Or, that celestial won easily and is using him now. Remember, a celestial means nothing to the full power of the quadrants."

Unfortunately for Saru, she had no rebuttal to this. She had no way of knowing what happened after she left, for all she knew, her father was right. And, as much as she wanted to go and check, it would soon be her turn to take the trials. Her 13th birthday was coming up soon, so her father would finally let her become the first Shruti to become a God key wielder. If she wanted to be ready for that, she couldn't do any travelling...

In all likelihood, this meant the earliest time she could meet Dyon would be 100 years from now since that was the average amount of time the God trials took.

"Mommy?"

"Yes darling?" Empress Shruti smiled, stroking her daughter's dark cascading hair.

"If he takes first place in all of the rankings, you'll let me marry him, right?"

Empress Shruti giggled, "Only a man so great is good enough for my little girl."

Hearing this Emperor Shruti sighed in relief. There was no way this Dyon Sacharro could do such a thing. This was the equivalent of his daughter silently giving up.

Although Emperor Shruti appreciated Dyon's talent, there was a reason why backing was so important. Dyon marrying Saru, regardless of his talent, would mean the Shruti would be taking on the burden of protecting him. Although they were a top 30 quadrant, that was because of their power coupled with the kitsune's.

Emperor Shruti wasn't scared of anyone in existence when it came to a one on one battle. But, in terms of overall kingdom strength, he knew very well that he was lacking. The constant wars with the Kitsune were largely to blame, but excuses meant nothing to anyone.

Unfortunately for Emperor Shruti, he didn't understand his daughter enough. Saru didn't say this to give up, she had just already built an unshakeable confidence in Dyon.

One could imagine the kind of heartbreak this would cause for others in the future for her suitors.

## Chapter 732: Luckily

If Dyon knew about this, he would only be able to laugh bitterly. When did he agree to marry Saru? However, if he heard Emperor Shruti's sigh of relief, it's suffice to say that his competitive spirit would flair up.

When Ri, Clara and Madeleine finally understood Dyon's lust first hand, they had felt a guilt weigh on their hearts. Dyon hadn't wanted such a thing to happen, but there was nothing he could do about it now.

That said, just because his wives' guilt had catalyzed their acceptance of concubines, that didn't mean Dyon would act on it if he could help it. As of now, his only focus were these trials.

Dyon whizzed by the final barrier, spinning his body to once again narrowly avoid a maze wall that was easily moving at hundreds of kilometers per hour.

A sigh filled Dyon's mind as he stepped into a room filled with pedestals.

'What was the point of asking your friend Zabia if 3000 could survive the top saint floor if you were just going to cause such a storm anyway?' Dyon's grand teacher grumbled.

Truthfully, Dyon had no idea how much he had beaten the record by. In fact, he wasn't aware that he had broken one at all. But, when he heard the words of his grand teacher, he assumed that that must have been what happened.

'As long as they think I'm alone for now, it doesn't matter too much to me.' Dyon responded while scanning the room. It was filled with all sorts of interesting treasures. 'You conned me, didn't you?'

'I have no idea what you mean.' Dyon's grand teacher said innocently.

However, Dyon didn't buy it, because right now, his eyes were trained on a pair of meridian tempered to the celestial level. The bobbing form of light would have escaped his notice if it wasn't for the label on its pedestal.

Of course, it was impossible for just anyone to absorb such a set of meridians. Dyon had almost died absorbing simple meridian formation level meridians.

This reward was for those who had reached the celestial stage, but were worried about not becoming a first grade warrior. After all, it became more and more difficult the higher you climbed in your cultivation. Because the meridians were tempered with celestial level Gama, cultivation was guaranteed to reach 108 filled meridians, something that was only accomplished by a handful of people through all 100 quadrants. So, one can understand just how valuable this reward was. The question was, why did Dyon say he was conned?

'The difficulty of that first trial is definitely easier than perfectly mastering the aurora technique. And yet you only gave me a set of meridian formation meridians as a reward. How is that not conning me?'

Dyon remembered very clearly that his grand teacher had to follow the rules of the tower, he couldn't just arbitrarily hand out rewards. Essentially, he was bound by similar laws to the Dragon King. Both had to follow the laws of the treasure they resided in, which was why the Dragon King couldn't betray Dyon even if it wanted to.

Therefore, when Dyon was given his meridians to circumvent the seal placed on him, his grand teacher had justified it as a reward for completely mastering his aurora. But, that reward fell far short of what Dyon deserved for such a feat!

'Pft, you were born with a perfect aurora, how can that be the same thing?'

'Hmm...'

For the first time, Dyon's response made his grand teacher uncomfortable. It was a weird experience for him, not being able to read the minds of non-transcendents, that is.

'You realize the affinity I have for weapons, right?' Dyon said slyly.

'Yes?..' Dyon's grand teacher knew about Dyon subduing the Dragon King.

'Aren't your precious Epistemic Towers exactly that?' Dyon's gaze pierced through the void as he leisurely walked around the room.

'You wouldn't.'

'I can and I would. Unless I get some proper compensation.' Dyon said slowly.

'This is extortion.'

'That's exactly right.'

'Fine. You can choose two peak level rewards from this room then.'

Dyon smirked, before a serious expression replaced his features. He knew that all he had to do was find the core of the tower in order to claim it as his own. The fact of the matter was that his affinity for weapons was too overwhelming. However, he also knew that the core of such a treasure would be in the hardest place to reach, which was definitely the top floor... A place only accessible to half step transcendents.

'I'll take all of my rewards after I complete all of the trials. If I accumulate merits, will I have access to even better rewards?' Dyon was quite interested in collecting more soul type 33 heaven weapons. He was also interested in seeing the body type ones as well. As for the energy type ones, they were his lowest priority.

'You are thinking of those 33 weapons, aren't you? Even transcendents want those things, yet you have 3. 4 if you include the fact the Dragon King doesn't lose out to them at all, at least on this plane anyway. Aren't you being a little too greedy?'

'Actually, I'm being magnanimous. You and I both know that the soul type 33 heaven weapons want nothing more than to bow to me.' As Dyon spoke, he walked to the exit, arrogance dripping from his voice. What Dyon didn't say was that with his improved body talent, 22 of the 33 weapons would drop everything to be by his side.

Dyon's grand teacher just shook his head and let Dyon go.

What Dyon didn't know was that even if he was the most uninterested in energy type 33 heaven weapons, there was one in particular that he soon be heavily reliant upon.

Luckily for Dyon though, the soul type 33 Heaven weapons were the ones with the highest requirements for usage. As such, they rarely accepted masters and were likely ownerless. As for whether the Epistemic Tower had them, only time would tell.

#### Chapter 733: Second Trial - Start

Dyon's vision blurred, causing him to blink profusely. When he could finally make out his surroundings, he found that the first thing to overwhelm him wasn't the sights, but rather the ridiculous amount of noise.

He sat on a wooden and quite shabby looking throne at the helm of a room filled with bickering middle aged men. It seemed that the air content was almost half filled with disgusting liquids that flew from their mouths, but their discussions were so heated that that they didn't seem to notice. It was likely that the room had increased at least a few degrees simply by virtue of their exaggerated anger.

Looking down at himself, Dyon found himself wearing cheap linen, but it was clear that this was likely the most expensive fabric this place had, judging by what the others wore. He also noticed that the Dragon King was nowhere to be found, nor could he feel his presence. Luckily, Dyon's body cultivation talent had gotten a buff, or this would have been a fatal blow.

Making a decision, Dyon decided to change his focus from observing his surroundings to paying attention to the conversation going on around him.

"We should be running! What could this ancestral land possibly mean to us if we're all dead?!"

"Spineless coward! This land was built up by our forefathers! We have an obligation to protect it to the death! If your grandfather was still in this world, could you look him in the eye and say you were willing to run?!"

"You! How dare you bring up my grandfather?!"

"He only pointed out your shamelessness! If it wasn't for the merits of your father and grandfather, do you think you'd have the right to sit here?! You're hundreds of years old and are still a silkpants, how do you even look your wife in the eye when you come home at all hours of the morning?!"

The man who spoke out face reddened in anger to the point where it seemed steam was coming out of his ears. He and they knew that this was nothing but a ridiculous exaggeration. Every single one of the ministers here had been to the brothels, it was just that he happened to be the only one caught, and now they dared to bring it up as though they were blameless.

"Enough! You're speaking of ridiculous things and character assassinating those of us that are rational to cover up your stupidity!" Another minister jumped in to defend the red-faced man. "You want us to stay here and die? Really? Then what do you think those damned Devils are going to do to our sacred lands after you die here? Won't the desecrate it just the same?! Except this time, there won't be anyone left behind for revenge because you want us all to DIE!"

Although those who wanted to stay and fight were angered by these words, anyone rational could understand that this was a very valid point. In some form or fashion, both decisions resulted in the defilement of their ancestral lands, but only one decision gave them the chance for revenge.

Seeing that his words were effective, the minister pressed forward, applying a bit more pressure.

"They'll be here in a week, we're already running out of time. In order to move the women, children and elderly, we need all of that time, and even then, we'll be cutting it close.

"Brothers. Remember, we're exactly that. Brothers. Think about the life of Minister Brodaya's son. We can't make his sacrifice be meaningless."



Those last words were the straws that broke the camel's back. It was because of Michael that they had the information they did now. If he hadn't infiltrated the enemy as a spy, risking his life and limb, a week from now that Devil army would be here and they would have died in vain. But, now they had a chance to repay that child for his bravery and strength.

Silence reigned the room. The only thing left was for their king to make a decision. As much as they argued, it was their king who would truly be giving up everything. It was he who built this small land to compete with the largest empires on the planet. However, now the situation was different. All three God Clans and their Royal God Clan were rushing here, intent on taking away their holy land.

One might wonder just what such large clans would want with their small humble lands. Well, the explanation was in not only their legacies, but the massive spiritual vein their holy land was situated on.

Everyone in the martial world was aware of the fact that energy stones were the corner stone of cultivation and had to be mined. However, even beyond that, it was much more natural and beneficial for your cultivation to rely on the energy density in the atmosphere. That said, as one might imagine, that density varied drastically depending on the location, to the point where even a few miles or even feet might radically change the amount available to a cultivator.

Knowing this, one could guess just how dense the energy in their village was compared to elsewhere.

When the King's father was still alive, no one dared to attack their home. After all, he had been the foremost expert of not just this planet, but the universe as well. Back then, the God clans didn't know about the spiritual vein, so he was respected and feared without any semblance of greed. However, about ten years ago, after their young King took the throne, the information had somehow leaked, causing the God clans to become ravenous.

Now, without their leading expert, their clan was vulnerable to being attacked. These experts were completely blinded, thinking that somehow the spiritual vein was the only reason their late King was so powerful, when in reality, it was their clan's special bloodline.

Unfortunately, their King was thrust into this limelight much too early, and despite being a talent that surpassed even his father, he had yet to tap into his full potential. Even worse, those greedy clans wouldn't accept any other explanation, and even if they would, the bloodline of their ancient clan was an even greater secret that they would take to their graves.

Now, it seemed that those graves were growing ever closer.

#### Chapter 734: Let the World Tremble

Dyon scanned the room silently, his gaze caused the ministers to feel a level of nervousness they had never felt before. Was this truly their King? When had his presence become so overwhelming?

Whereas some had broken out into a cold sweat, some of the more elderly and quiet ministers who had participated in the debate silently nodded to themselves, happy with the growth of their King. It seemed that every sovereign needed some pressure in order to grow.

Finally, Dyon spoke. "Bring me a collection of every important event that had occurred up to ten years prior to my father's death." Luckily, Dyon's grand teacher wasn't too sadistic and had given him some fragmented memories. But, it was clear that it wasn't nearly enough. "Include detailed information about everyone in our village, and all notable figures within our enemies.

"During this time, prepare logistics," Dyon would never forget something like this. After all, his mother was the head of Logistics&Intelligence, he always understood the importance of detailed intelligence and support. However, since Dyon expected the confusion on the faces of the ministers at this request, he had already prepared to give a detailed explanation. "This will include food rations enough for a year, manufacture tents of furs for weather and easy transport, carriages and beasts for safe travel. Do not forget to ration for the beasts as well, they are our means of swift movement and protection, they cannot be neglected."

A flood of commands sprung from Dyon's mouth. Every word seemed like a stroke of genius and insight that some of the ministers really felt like they were in a dream.

"We won't be working under the same laws as we would in peace time. For the foreseeable future, unless I say otherwise, all decisions will be made through me. As of now, these are the rules.

"No one is allowed to leave the village. You are only allowed to enter.

"Food is not allowed to be hoarded. Have the formation experts do a thorough scan of every inch of this village. The food will be redistributed appropriately by gender, weight and age.

"Everyone is only allowed three sets of clothing. As for other valuables, if they don't have the ability to put it into a spatial ring, leave it. When those unable to fight leave this village, the only things they should be holding is that ring, their clothes, and their tent. Everything else will be handled by others. If you see anyone hoarding and smuggling valuables, 10 lashes is the punishment administered by strength depending on cultivation level.

"As for the spatial ring, it is obvious that not everyone can afford such a luxury. As such, everyone will be given a 9 cubic meters spatial ring, taken from the merchants and paid for with our treasury.

"This move will occur by tomorrow. There will be no exceptions. As for tonight, there will be a curfew of 5pm. All businesses will be shut down."

With a flurry of newly implemented laws, Dyon shut down all avenues for chaos. There would always be those who tried to take advantage of the times, so it was necessary that they controlled such an event.

The land was unaware that their end was weighing down on them, but as soon as such an announcement was given out, one could imagine the fallout.

The only decision that the ministers found odd was the fact that Dyon had said to pay the merchants. Much of these people were from the God clans, after all, how could a small land like this survive without trade? It was very likely that they were spies, wouldn't it be better to kill them?

Dyon shook his head. "I understand what you are thinking, but you are wrong."

Hearing these words, the ministers were shocked again. How had they been seen through so easily?

"Those merchants, it is more than likely that many of them are innocent. They have friends and family. Are we murderers without reason? No.

"However, I am not so magnanimous as to allow our enemies to run free." A baleful aura erupted from Dyon, stifling the atmosphere in the room and heavily weighing down on the ministers. "They can be used.... When they try to escape curfew tonight." Dyon's eyes flashed with something imperceptible. "Let them."

After giving out these orders, Dyon immediately proceeded to separate out the tasks. The good thing about being cultivators was that there was no need to write much of this down, their memories were near perfect. As a result, they could work efficiently.

There was a bit of a headache for Dyon, though. Because this was an ancient martial world society, it was suffice to say that there was little to no military organization. In fact, even advanced martial world societies hardly had such a thing. This made dividing up work much more difficult. As a result, it had to take a backseat to first reorganizing the military.

Luckily, it was very early in the morning, the sun hadn't even peaked over the mountains yet, So Dyon had time before curfew.

Seeing their King's new arrangements, those adept at military matters had their eyes shine. How long had they spent pondering over the art of war? They had thought of some crude tactics to use, but often they were boiled down to simple surprise attacks. At the end of the day, the martial world relied too much on strength to succeed in wars. However, Dyon flipped all of that on its head.

He couldn't make detailed changes to the armies structure until he received the report on everyone that he asked for, but he could make a few structural changes to make the next few days more efficient. By 6am, the meeting was over and the ministers had a new light of hope in their eyes and the look they had for their King had multiplied several fold with overflowing respect.

"Make no mistake." Dyon's words caused the ministers to stop their movements and look toward him. "Not only will we save our future, we will also defend our holy land from defilement. The only mistake my father made in his life was being too magnanimous and conservative. Those days are gone. In memory of my father, we will crush our enemies and let the world tremble under the name of the Angel Clan."

The ministers were stunned by Dyon's words. They had thought that all of these plans were just to make evacuating more efficient, but little did they know that that was only part of their King's plans. The other part was to fight!

Considering the despicable nature of the martial world, Dyon had little faith in his opponents because kind hearted individuals. As such, there was a 0% probability that they wouldn't try and use their family members against them, so, Dyon removed that equation.

There was a second reason Dyon did this as well. He noticed almost immediately how realistically these people in his trial acted. They read and reacted almost the same way he did. And, from what it looked like, they were nothing like a video game with precoded phrases. That only meant one thing: grasping their sentiments was important.

Dyon had to take control of the situation exactly how you would in real life. If he neglected the people, they would react, and in times of chaos, would decide to not follow him. This also meant that while he was manipulating his enemies, he also had to manipulate his allies.

This may seem extreme, but there was one thing that kept nagging at Dyon, and he trusted his instincts. That thing was a single question: How did their enemies find out about a secret they had kept hidden for hundreds of thousands of years?

The answer was simple: There was a traitor.

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Over the course of the next few hours, Dyon took his time in not only combing through the village with a fine tooth comb, but also mapping out the landscape surrounding their land for a few hundred miles. He memorized every street, house, and even the faces of everyone he came across. By the time he finished, the report he asked for was complete.

Censuses were important to a properly functioning society. Unfortunately, this was an ancient one, and such methods were unknown. As a result, when Dyon asked for detailed information on everyone living on their land, his ministers were scrambling until he properly organized them.

Setting aside half of the military to work through these affairs, every house was visited.

Dyon was able to gather information about cultivation, numbers, occupation and possible specialties. He also divided people by age, combat ability as well as whether or not they were born in this land, or were refuted from elsewhere.

From the information, the land Dyon currently ruled housed about two hundred thousand people. This number may seem like a lot, but it was actually a drop in the bucket. An entire planet population would likely be about ten billion, so the number of warriors three God Clans and a Royal God Clan could move would be well into the millions, and that was assuming they didn't use their influence in coercing the smaller miscellaneous clans.

Mind you, that was just warriors. As for the two hundred thousand count for Dyon's lands, much of that number included the elderly and children. Even worse, when Dyon noticed his ministers didn't list a single woman as having 'combat ability', he could only curse his grand teacher. He had gone from an exceedingly simple task, to one that was seemingly impossible.

Because these "NPCs" were so realistic, they had their own emotions and culture. Although there were no rules given to Dyon, with his keen observation skills he had already picked this up. As a result, Dyon had laid quite a few traps in his census questions in order to pick up the nuances of this culture, and it had clearly borne fruit.

The fact that no females were listed for the capability to fight meant that women weren't allowed to fight in this ancient society. This meant that Dyon lost half of his fighting force from the very beginning, how could he not be pissed?

If he tried to drastically swing the culture of this society to his own whims, he would likely face backlash. In the worst case, they would stop listening to him and he would fail this trial. Therefore, Dyon could only work with what he had.

For now, Dyon placed this at the back of his mind. His fighting force would be about 50 000, so he had to accept that and somehow face millions.

Putting that aside, Dyon then focused on his land's power structure. Seeing the information, he felt slightly better, albeit not completely.

It seemed that to some extent, the God Clans were right to think the spiritual veins could boost cultivation. Judging by the quality of their Angel Clan's warriors compared to that of their enemies, they held a slight advantage across the board. However, what caught Dyon's attention was that this advantage wasn't because of energy cultivation, but rather, because of their body grades.

That was when something in the last report Dyon asked for caught his attention. This report was the one that compiled everything important that occurred in their kingdom up to ten years before the death of the previous King. Luckily, this was much easier to compile. Dyon wasn't sure if it was because the memories of martial artists were so good, or because they had these records before hand, but he didn't care as long as he had it.

Within this report, one of the most important things that was detailed a ritual for his coronation as king. This was where Dyon learned another large secret of this clan: Their bloodline. It seemed that the name Angel Clan wasn't randomly chosen.

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A storm was brewing on Planet Haven. Dyon's odd personality change didn't escape the notice of the God clan planted spies. Unfortunately, Dyon's quarantine of the Angel Clan wasn't effective in stopping information from reaching their enemies.

What Dyon didn't know was that this very trial was based on a true historical event, and as such, was built for only a true Angel to succeed. Because of this, Dyon's grand teacher set success in these trials not to victory, but to time spent alive with bonuses for number of enemies killed and spies found.

The smart thing to do in such a case was to run, never to look behind at the approaching Devils. But, Dyon had promised himself a long time ago to only look for routes to victory.

Now, with traitors bearing down on him and an army of millions approaching, he will have to somehow survive an event even the true angels failed to weather.

Dyon continued to spend his time diligently combing through the records. Although he was young in the eyes of his ministers, he had already been in power for a few decades, so asking for a summary of all important events from so far back left him with a lot to read.

He noted a few things.

The first was that he had taken a Princess of the Royal God Clan as his queen. It seemed that he was quite infatuated with her, not taking any other wives. That said, his Imperial Harem was still quite large because he had taken a few dozen concubines.

This told Dyon something else about Angel Clan culture. The concubines that made up his Imperial Harem were actually from major families within the clan. It was clear from this that they married into the King's bloodline in order to solidify ties.

Dyon managed to pin down multiple problems with this. The first was that because he was so infatuated with his queen, he completely neglected his harem, completely defeating the purpose of solidifying ties.

This wasn't explicitly written into the report, but Dyon read into it and made inferences. The major clue that led to this conclusion was that fact in the decades he had been married to them all, he had not birthed a single child. This would only be possible if he had limited interaction with multiple sets of women.

The reasoning was simple. The Queen was a high-grade talent, comparable to even himself. It made perfect sense for the two of them to not birth any children for even centuries, as this was the way of the martial world. However, the concubines, although high-grade in their own right, couldn't hope to match up to the Queen. As such, birthing children with them should be easier. And yet, he had no children.

All of this may seem unimportant, but in reality, it made Dyon's frown deepen. Loving one's wife was a great thing, however, neglecting the culture and traditions of such a long-standing clan was foolish.

If Dyon neglected his concubines, it would breed discontent not only within them, but also their families. No wonder they had such a traitor problem, the families of the Angel Clan had lost faith in their King.



When Dyon thought to this point, his gaze grew cold. Mistakes of his predecessor or not, he would not tolerate traitors. Unfortunately, even if he could access all of the memories of this supposed King, it wouldn't be helpful. After all, if he was ignoring his concubines, how could he tell just who was more likely to have betrayed them?

There was, of course, a passing thought that maybe Dyon could use the Queen as leverage against the attacking Royal God Clan. But, that just wasn't his style. Using a woman who trusted and loved him in such a way was despicable, even if it was a trial.

The more interesting point was that they had decided to attack even knowing who the Queen of these lands were. Were they really okay with making their most cherished Princess a widow?

However, that was when the second tidbit of information was caught by Dyon. It seemed that the King of the Royal God Clan had died as well, and he was replaced not by a brother of his wife, but instead a man that married into their family much like Dyon had.

'This is too... Convenient...' Dyon eyes sharpened when he saw this, because the date of the death of their King was much too close to the death of his father.

At this point, Dyon had already delved further into the game than any participant before him. He had, obviously, not broken any records or made any waves on the rankings just yet, but his grand teacher had quite an interesting gleam in his eye as he watched.

One has to note that even for his grand teacher, the setting of this trial was beyond his time. The only way he could replicate it so accurately was because of a few key pieces of their history that he had accumulated, some of which functioned as rewards, in combination with a unique path of his time will that allowed him to replicate the past.

All Dyon's grand teacher knew was that this was the last Angel Clan that survived the test of time, but something would be coming to wipe them out. He didn't know why, nor did he really understand how, all he knew was that the answer was within this trial. He himself had never found that answer, so maybe Dyon could.

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For the moment, Dyon put aside his reports and decided to do some reporting of his own. His first destination? The Imperial Harem.

Even without his soul, Dyon's eye for detail and ability to read people was something few could match. Couple this with the boost in perception the previous trial gave him, and Dyon felt that if anything was off, he would be the first to know.

As Dyon walked there, weaving through the simple, but well-kept streets, he reflected on his experience in the first trial. There, he had stumbled on something quite interesting. Usually, in the martial world, one would learn a technique, and then said technique would boost some aspect of themselves. However, Dyon had noticed a marked increase in his perception, yet he hadn't learned any techniques at all. It seemed much more reminiscent to learning a skill in the mortal world.

What Dyon didn't know is that he had stumbled into what was called a Martial Art. This school of thought was a branch of the Body Cultivation school of thought. An ability learned by purists who believed that the basis of power should be found within the body and not its exterior.

Before Dyon could ponder on this any more, he realized that he had already made his way through his palace and now stood in front of a gate of pearly whites and yellow golds. It seemed to lead toward an inner garden where he could hear the sound of running, natural water and the delicate voices of the fairer sex.

However, as he reached for the entrance, the gates opened on their own, greeting him with three startled beauties.

#### Chapter 737: Come

At first, the beauties were surprised beyond belief to see who stood before them. In fact, two of them immediately blushed profusely.

Although Dyon was sure that there was some discontent within his harem, the vast majority of his concubines were blindly infatuated with him.

Despite the fact his predecessor had flaws, one could see from the way he treated his wife that he was a kind-hearted man to the core. How could these women not see this? From his youth, he had grown up with these women, and many of them knew from birth that they were destined to be his. This led them to fantasize about him from the very moment they understood relations between a man and a woman.

However, this was a double-edged sword. All of their dreams had come crumbling down when they realized they hardly had the right to see their husband, let alone live out a fairy tale with him.

It could be said, though, that Dyon tried to treat these women as best as he could. He understood tradition, it was just that he loved his wife too much and felt that this tradition betrayed her. This was especially so since his wife wasn't from their clan.

As a result, despite the fact Dyon wore the simplest of linens, the Imperial Harem was built not to their small clan's standards, but to the standards of the largest clans on the planet. They were given the best food, dress and entertainment.

Since they weren't treated poorly aside from the issue of neglect, Dyon would have no sympathy for traitors.

Ironically for them, the first day they could be said to have the attention of their starry King, was a day he was investigating them.

All of this said, Dyon couldn't very well let them sense the hostility behind his visit, so he wore a warm smile. His cover was simple: there were massive waves surging through their lands with the planned evacuation, so how could he not check on them?

The women who greeted him wore pristine silks. The two blushing beauties were simple, yet cute. One had light brown freckles to compliment her bobbing brown hair, while the other had sparkling black eyes to match her cascading dark hair.

However, the woman in the middle was on an entirely different level. Dyon had to admit that she was among the most beautiful women he had ever seen.

Her dress was a fiery red dress glittered like rubies as it clung to her outrageous curves. Her chest seemed to want to escape its tight bindings along with her plump bottom.

Despite such a description, she could be considered to be dressed conservatively. It wasn't her fault that she was born with such rich assets. Judging by the tight bindings, she even tried her best to hide them. In fact, there was no cleavage to be seen. Even her slender arms were covered with a shawl.

This made Dyon inwardly nod. It was clear she took her modesty and position as Imperial concubine seriously. But, the cold flash in her light blue eyes was something Dyon would never miss. Seeing this red headed beauty act so coldly, yet try to cover it up, Dyon simply took a mental note before taking a step forward.

"Amphorae, Destiny, Pearl." Dyon nodded and greeted each and every one of them warmly.

Despite his neglect, they couldn't help but feel a shred of warmth when he called them by their names. At the very least, he hadn't forgotten them enough to not remember that.

Hearing Dyon's voice, the three of them finally snapped out of their own worlds. They so rarely saw their King that they had completely forgotten etiquette, it should have been them who greeted him first.

Understanding this, Amphorae, the fiery red head, was the very first to step out and apologize, "My King, Royal Husband, I apologize for our rudeness."

Seeing Amphorae attempt to bow, Dyon immediately stopped her, taking her soft hand in his, "Don't worry about such formalities. I've neglected you all so long that even I've forgotten the customs, forget it."

Amphorae was stunned by Dyon's words, her cold gaze had completely melted into a profuse blush. One had to say that she, and every other concubine here, was still a virgin. Even their wedding night had been spent without Dyon, which was a large part of the reason many families were angry with him. So, Dyon touching her now was truly a first for her.

Her first reflex was to pull away. After all, she had been avoiding all thought and touch from other men for as long as she could remember. But, when she realized that it was her husband in front of her, she blushed even more profusely.

After helping Amphorae up, Dyon released her hand, leisurely looking at the three of them.

"Where were you all headed?" Dyon finally asked.

Pearl, the freckled beauty was the first to anxiously speak out. She was much less conservative and reserved, so she directly grabbed onto Dyon's arm and looked up at him with a pleading expression. Quite frankly, Dyon found her to be adorable.

"Royal Husband, we heard that we were being attacked and have to run away? Is this true?"

Dyon patted her head, realizing that they were likely leaving in order to gather information. After all, his predecessor gave them freedom to do almost anything they wanted.

"It is only for a little while. In fact, that is the reason for my visit. This matter has put a lot into perspective for me. Now is not the time to be selfish, it's a time for our clan to band together and become stronger than it's ever been before."

A majestic aura weighed down on Dyon's surroundings as he spoke these words. Although Destiny and Pearl were seemingly simple women, they were highly intelligent. After all, they were the best their families had to offer. This was doubly so for Amphorae. As such, all of them understood the deeper meaning behind this. It seemed some heads would roll soon.

"Come. It's time I stopped neglecting you all."

## Chapter 738: Character

Amphorae took the lead, bringing Dyon in and closing the gates. Since this was the Imperial Harem, it was closed off to all men. Since their culture had no eunuchs, the rules were kept like this so as to not tempt anyone to do anything stupid.

The Imperial Concubines were served by female maids, of which, each had two of their own. One could see how well Dyon treated them, especially considering he had no servants of his own.

When the women noticed the entrance of a man, they were startled. However, when they realized who it was, the reactions varied wildly. Needless to say, Dyon took this opportunity to not each and every single one.

Without having to say much, all 36 concubines gathered in the central area of the Imperial Harem.

The room itself was quite elegant. It had massive windows projecting outward and toward the mountain ranged to the back of the castle. The rushing water Dyon had heard was actually a river that was diverted from that space, into the central area – it was a true feat of architecture and engineering.

Seeing this, one of Dyon's vague memories left by his grand teacher surfaced, clearly triggered by his experience here.

It seemed that his predecessor had left all of the design and specifics of this mini-utopia up to his concubines. Clearly, there were quite a few talents here.

Dyon could only sigh when he saw the looks of apprehension on the faces of his concubines. His predecessor really understood nothing about human relationships. Despite his goodwill, it made him a bad king.

Although Dyon wasn't aware, the more he grasped the faults of the previous Angel Clan king, the more his aura changed almost imperceptibly.

Looking around, Dyon decided that the best course of action was to act as leisurely as possible. These women were meant to be his and his alone, it was only that he never treated them as such. Even if he gave them all the material things in the world, there would always be something missing.

So, Dyon directly took his shoes off, rolling up his loose linen pants until they stopped just below his calf. Then, he unbuttoned his shirt, taking it off before rest his feet in the water.

The women were stunned as they watched this scene. It was almost like this was truly a natural event, and much of this inadvertently rubbed off on them. This was only helped by the fact Pearl sat as close as she could to him, nearly climbing on top of his lap.

Others may not understand why Dyon was doing this, but he had a very clear goal at hand. Although he suspected some of the concubines might be traitors, he would never act without 100% certainty. Therefore, there was another reason entirely that he was here.

The first was that he was sure that this trial would take years, he needed to repair the culture and grievances of his Angel Clan to push it in the right direction. The second thing was who would know more tidbits about the internal affairs of the clan than its women? As stereotypical as it might sound, what else did the concubines have to do all day besides share information amongst themselves and their circles?

Each woman here touched a core family of their Clan, and each of them was intelligent enough to understand how to take advantage of this.

However, right now, these women were simply innocent souls, blushing while trying to decide whether they were allowed to look at the lean and toned torso of their husband.

Some of the concubines were more embarrassed than others. They hadn't been prepared for such a visit, so many of them were swimming in the river, wearing fabrics that were already see through. They were completely caught between whether they should cover themselves up or if they would offend their King by doing so.

Dyon took note of everything, understanding that his current silence was placing an invisible pressure onto these women.

While this occurred, Amphorae finally walked back into the room. It seemed she had been sending the maid servants away for the day. However, what she was wearing stunned the beauties around her.

This was Amphorae, their conservative queen. In fact, many of the concubines, although they understood this was wrong, saw Amphorae as more of their true queen than Dyon's true wife.

The story behind this was quite complex, but from a very early age, Amphorae, being the most outstanding female of the Angel Tribe, was universally recognized as next queen. In truth, Dyon had even treated her like this as well. It could be said that the two of them had some love between each other.

However, when their current King, and the then prince, left to enter the world and temper himself, that was when he met a woman that snatched his heart away completely: Queen Luna.

It was suffice to say that Amphorae was heart broken. Even when she compromised, holding off the anger of her father and protecting Dyon, agreeing to be a second wife, Dyon made no such compromise. In the end, the crowned beauty of the Angel Clan had been belittled into the role of a concubine, only to then still be neglected in favor of another woman. It was no wonder why her gaze was cold when she saw Dyon.

And yet... She now walked out in untied silk robes. Her red hair reached the length of her plump bottom, barely hiding its two masses as they bounced with her every step.

She wore no clothes under her robes, allowing the allure of her untouched and unblemished flower to greet her King's eyes. Her ample breasts, finally unbound by her conservative nature, healthily dipped within the confines of her robes, threatening to escape at any moment considering the faint edges of the delicate pink nipples they could all see.

Despite this being the first time she had ever done something like this, and despite Dyon having not said anything about doing this sort of thing, she led by example, holding the bearing of a queen. She was not belittled, nor did she lose any dignity with her actions.

Pearl, who was still clinging to Dyon smiled, slipping off her outer garments and sliding into the water, leaving her spot by their King to the one woman they truly saw as Queen.

The voluptuous beauty seemed to glide through the air, the tips of her toes barely touching the waters as she made her way to her King.



Without a word, she sat beside Dyon, crossing her long and slender legs. Her bearing was extraordinary and untouchable. Even Dyon himself, who was used to having world class beauties by his side, couldn't help but stare a bit longer, his blood slowly heating up.

Although she said nothing, her meaning was clear. If you want the clan to be stronger and work as one, act like it.

Dyon didn't understand it now, but he would soon understand just how perfect this first move of his was. The reason was very simple. When female key wielders took this trial, their role wouldn't be Dyon's. No. Their character would be Amphorae.

#### Chapter 739: No One

Dyon lightly smiled as he looked over Amphorae's delicate figure. The more time he spent with her, the more his curiosity for this Queen Luna grew more fervent. What kind of woman was Queen Luna to make him forget this beauty? Whether it be intelligence, demeanor, or looks, Amphorae could be considered to be perfect. Dyon found it hard to believe that a young man could grow up with her by his side, understanding that she was his alone, and yet fall in love with someone else simply because of one trip.

There was a second problem with all of this as well. This was the Imperial Harem. The person that should be at the helm of it wasn't Amphorae. That person should have been Queen Luna. And yet, she was nowhere to be seen.

This clearly exacerbated the situation. It seemed this Queen Luna was just as bad at public relations as her husband. Maybe they really were a match made in heaven.

However, for now, Dyon put this aside. After all, wouldn't he meet his queen tonight? For now, he had to focus on the task at hand. Because he intended on allowing some traitors to purposely sneak past their vision tonight, there was no way the attacking clans would stick to their one-week time table. In all likelihood, they would move up their attack.

So, Dyon began, accepting Amphorae's placement by his side with nothing but pleasure and comfort on his features. This was the easiest way to convey that he had accepted her. At the same time, he had to be careful. He was well aware that this was the first time his character had seen Amphorae like this, so if

he was too eager, it would seem to make his motives lecherous. Although there would be a time for that, it wasn't now.

Seeing Dyon's demeanor, the women couldn't help but inwardly nod with approval. Their grievances weren't so simple as their being neglected sexually. If their King came here and thought he could just wave around his penis around to pacify them, although they would have no choice but to accept the matter, it would likely only push the majority of them further away.

"I understand that I've made mistakes. But, as a person with a single perspective, it's impossible for me to know every aspect of every situation. So, I want you all to take this opportunity. Everyday moving forward from now, you'll be treated as family should be. However, for today, I want you all to ignore proper customs the same way your terrible King has.

"Forget etiquette. Don't think of punishment. Speak your minds freely."

When they heard Dyon's words, many of the women looked at each other, unsure how to feel about things.

Dyon had, of course, expected this. After all, just because he said that there would be no punishments, humans were subject to being emotional, especially a King who had been pampered with praise all of his life. No one had even dared to berate him for neglecting his harem. To his face, he only heard praises for being such a loyal man.

Knowing all of this, how could these women know how Dyon would react to criticism? What if he got angry and rescinded his promise? Or, what if he didn't rescind his promise, but instead used underhanded means to suppress those that said the most damning things?

These were all things they didn't know and wouldn't claim to know. The atmosphere immediately turned into a game of follow the leader, where everyone looked around to see who would break the ice.

Seeing this, the outgoing Pearl decided to step out on a limb.

"If you learn that Queen Luna is the reason we've been exposed to this attack, what will you do?"

The air seemed to be sucked out of the room, replaced by a cold wind that sent shivers down the spine of all of the women. They didn't dare to look at Dyon to see what his reaction would be.

At first, they had hoped to be able to slide into this topic, maybe starting with lighter matters first. Yet, Pearl had cut right to the source of all of their dissatisfaction.

Anyone with half a brain would suspect Queen Luna for being the true traitor. Because of this, many of the women here, although they didn't show it, were dissatisfied that their King had come here first instead of investigating the more likely perpetrator first. With their intelligence, how could they not understand the underlying meaning of Dyon's visit? He wanted them to "become closer" because he suspected one of them had betrayed him due to their dissatisfaction.

Knowing this, how could irritation not build up in their hearts? Whether their King was aware of it or not, they had silently and respectfully served him for dozens of years. And yet instead of suspecting his oh so beloved wife, he blames them first. How could they not be frustrated?

However, they had deeply buried this dissatisfaction. Even if their courage was hundreds of times larger they would never say a thing about it. But, Pearl had stepped out and spoken first.

Seeing the situation, even Amphorae didn't have the heart to look toward Dyon. She had been planning to be the one to speak on this topic, to take the burden away from her fellow sisters, but Pearl had seen through this and pushed her behind herself for protection. Knowing this, Amphorae couldn't allow someone she saw as her younger sister punished for protecting her.

Amphorae abruptly tried to stand to drop to her knees in apology. "King plea –"

She never got an opportunity to finish. Dyon reacted faster than she did, grabbing onto her waist and keeping her firmly planted to the elegant tiles they sat on by the diverted river.

Dyon released her, delicately using his finger to turn her chin toward him. After almost getting lost in the soft touch of her skin, Dyon refocused himself and looked into her light blue eyes that seemed to be swimming with clouds.

"You are my woman. Do you understand what that means?" Dyon's words caused the hearts of the women around him to tremble inadvertently. Did their King always have such presence? "There is no one in this life you have to kowtow to, even if that person is me."

#### Chapter 740: Safe

Amphorae's eyes glistened, but she blinked whatever she was feeling away. Instead, she nodded and turned away, re-establishing her Queenly aura.

Dyon smiled, before turning his gaze back to Pearl who currently had the most weight on her shoulders. But, she immediately relaxed when she saw her King's reaction.

"If we come to learn that Queen Luna is responsible for these events, she will be treated like any other traitor. There will be no trial. There will be no jail time. There will only be death."

Pearl's eyes widened along with the other concubines. They felt like cleaning their ears out. Some even inwardly made plans to ask their maid servants to handle this tomorrow.

Seeing their reaction, Dyon only remained silent, leaning back and enjoying the scenery as though he was giving them time to digest what he had just said.

He wasn't worried about them thinking that these were just empty words. How did one usually react when their loved ones were accused of a crime? He knew that it definitely wasn't like this.

Mothers would go to the ends of the earth to defend their children from alleged crimes. Fathers would defend the chastity of their daughters to the point of accruing blood on their hands. Wives would fight to protect the honor and dignity of their husbands. And husbands would place their wives on lofty pedestals, wanting the world to admire them as unblemished flowers that could only be enjoyed by them.

This was the way of the world. To so casually speak of killing your loved one, if it wasn't for the fact their King's love of their Queen was so public, they would think he had been faking it this entire time.

As such, these words had the effect that Dyon wanted. They could all see that he had mentally prepared himself for this meeting with them.

In reality, Dyon just didn't have any real feelings for Queen Luna, which made saying these words incredibly easy. He couldn't imagine saying something like this about Ri, Clara or Madeleine. In fact, the ease of this process was another fruit of Dyon's methodical nature.

When he called Amphorae his women, he had felt something heat up inside of him, as though he really meant those words. If he hadn't, how could he trick a woman as perceptive and intelligent as her?

Dyon had noticed this feeling long ago, as soon as he stepped into this trial world. The first moment he grasped this clue was when the Ministers spoke of the boy who sacrificed his life: Michael, Minister Brodaya's son.

Dyon distinctly remembered feeling pain when he heard this information. Yet, he had never met Michael, and he had spent just a few minutes with Amphorae? So, how could he have such deep feelings for them?

The only conclusion was that this was part of the trial. The thoughts and feelings of the body he took over were heavily effecting Dyon.

Understanding this, Dyon decided to investigate his concubines first. After all, their emotional impact on him would be far lesser than that of his wife. Considering this body's infatuation with that woman, Dyon would be in deep waters the moment he met her.

Just like that, Dyon had identified a sub-aspect of this trial. As a ruler, he needed to be able to decide when emotions were important and when they weren't. If this Queen Luna was truly a traitor, it would not only take major foresight to see that she was with his love for her overwhelming him, and even more courage to actually go through with killing her.

If he had to do such a thing... Dyon was absolutely certain that his grand teacher would make this just as difficult as if he had to kill one of his real wives...

All of this said, there was another interesting aspect of all of this. This body, it had true feelings for Amphorae. So, why did he treat her like this? What was the purpose? Dyon couldn't imagine neglecting such a love.

This aside, it was suffice to say that this question truly broke the ice, so to speak. They found Dyon's answer more than satisfactory. Even if they weren't 100% certain that Dyon wouldn't punish them all for this later, they at least decided that if one of them was going down, they might as well all go down.

Their conversation shot through many different things.

The first thing they spoke about were the grievances of the women in the population as a whole. After all, they too had Angel Clan blood. In a lot of instances, they were more powerful than even their male counter parts. Amphorae, for example, was easily the second strongest of their age group within the clan – only behind him as king, of course. And yet, they weren't allowed to fight for their lands even though they cared for it just as much as the men did. They understood that their husbands and brothers and fathers wanted to protect them, but didn't they also want to protect them as well? Love was often a two-way street, especially when it came to family.

This, of course, led to a round of negotiating. After all, 50% of their population were made of males, that meant he had two major halves to appease. Keeping status quo was definitely easier, but he too wanted to move the clan in the right direction. If he couldn't do so, their likelihood of surviving was next to zero.

As a result, Dyon immediately suggested the ideas he had thought of, causing the light in the eyes of his concubines to shine. How could they not see that their King had thought this out well? This meant that he had come to them already prepared to hand them more responsibility. It was impossible for him to have thought of these things on a whim.

There was no doubt that as these talks proceeded, the women grew more and more comfortable around Dyon. Some even found that the flames of love they had for their King, flames they thought had long since been extinguished, were being rekindled. It was safe to say that Dyon had accomplished his first step successfully.