

The Nameless 741

Chapter 741: Years of Frustration

As Dyon spent time in his Imperial Harem, the cogs he had set into motion were firing off as the 5pm curfew approached.

There was no doubt the implanted Spies were getting nervous. For the entire day, the Angel Clan military had been making odd movements, even performing an impromptu census in the early morning. When that had happened, they had immediately wanted to leave, however that was when they found out that there was a lock down on the clan.

Some of these traitors were quite prominent officials, and tried to throw their weight around, but all they found was a staunch opposition. Needless to say, those that insisted were added to a black list to be further monitored.

Luckily, these officials were smart enough to not use violence. If not, considering they were some of the most powerful people in the clan, how could the patrol soldiers stop them?

Dyon's influence on the clan was like a blanket of energy, suffocating the traitors into a corner. However, this was only for those less intelligent. Those who were too clever for their own good simply did nothing. They didn't have to. No matter how talented the clan was, 50 000 could never win against millions.

Back within the Imperial Harem, Dyon pretended to be oblivious to all of these events. But, the truth of the matter was that a communication array was constantly relaying information to him. Their land's formation experts had been astonished to know that their King was such an expert. But, the truth was even Dyon was stunned for a bit.

Because this era was before the time of his grand teacher, there was no such thing as an aurora. As a result, formations were built using a variety of other means. These means included using the nature of the land it was built upon, the materials used to construct it, something they called formation flags, and a special stone capable of etching arrays that Dyon was quite surprised to find matched the very same signature of his sealed aurora flames!

This gave Dyon, quite literally, millions of other variables to consider. That was until he realized something.

What Dyon found out quite quickly was that these formation experts only needed to make use of the help of their surroundings and formation flags because their array drawing was refined enough to work without those things. However, how could Dyon struggle with such a thing?

Using his expertise, Dyon took the formation flags, stripped them, and used their flag body as the base for his array plate. Then, he used the aurora flame stones to draw this era's very first communication devices.

However, Dyon didn't completely ignore the olden ways of these people. In fact, he set aside a few books to study. In the back of his mind, a grand plan was forming... Since the earth and environment could force such crude formations into working, what if Dyon combined perfected formations and the help of the environment? Wouldn't his formation mastery reach an all new level?

"Tell us, Royal Husband, are you well endowed?" The sudden question made even Dyon have a weird look on his face, causing the girls to go into a fit of giggles. It seemed they had truly warmed up to him.

However, Dyon's domineering demeanor came back in an instant, replaced by an evil grin. "Bring me an aurora flame stone."

The girls blinked in confusion, but in the end, brought it to Dyon anyway. After inwardly sighing about the fact these stones were likely extinct, Dyon stretched out his arm to the girl who spoke.

"Come."

The girl blushed profusely, her heart threatening to leap out of her chest as she waded through the water.

She was actually one of the concubines who had been taking a swim when Dyon came, so her drenched see-through attire put her eye-catching curves on full display.

The concubines knew that their King liked long hair, so Pearl was the only rebel among them that cut hers away. As for the woman that approached Dyon now, her beautiful blond hair was so long that it fanned in the clear waters as though it was the tail of a mermaid.

Soon, she reached Dyon. Because her King sat at the edge of the water, she found herself resting her hands on his thighs. She didn't know where she found such boldness, but there was something too alluring about Dyon's eyes.

"Tell me." Dyon twirled the fiery red-gold stone in his hands, speaking to the beauty in front of him. "Why do you ask?"

The girl blushed, "All of the married women seem to joke around about size often. But, even they vary in opinion. Some think larger is better. Some prefer it smaller. While others like a middle ground. I just wanted to know where my Royal Husband fell."

"Oh?" Dyon smiled, "Did you not want to test it out for yourself, Helena?"

Hearing her name called, Helena's delicate skin seemed to catch on fire.

Dyon clutched the aurora flame stone in one hand, channeling the golden flame through his body. Seeing this, even Amphorae couldn't help but look over with keen interest. They had never seen the stone used in such a way, they had always been told that it was dangerous and to never do such a thing. Some wanted to directly stop Dyon, but that was when his free hand moved forward, starting at the tips of Helena's fingers that rested on his lap.

Helena's eyes widened as she felt a heat surge through her. But, this heat wasn't the regular kind... It was the kind that made her loins burn with passion. Without even realizing it, a moan escaped her lips.

Realizing what had happened, Helena tried to back away in embarrassment, but she was caught by Dyon who pulled her onto his lap, caressing her waist.

Then, under the eyes his blushing concubines, all of whom were waiting with baited breath, Dyon planted a kiss on her delicate lips. In the next instant, Helena convulsed with pleasure as years of frustration rushed out of her body.

Chapter 742: The Stronger of You

The women could only watch this scene wide eyed. Did what they think happened really just happen? Even if their King was good with women, he couldn't be this good, right?

However, looking at the Helena that lay limply against Dyon's bare chest, completely unable to move, the evidence was too damning for them to ignore.

Well endowed or not, who cared anymore? They had just found out their King could make a woman climax with a kiss!

"What... What did you just do?" One of the concubines couldn't help but ask.

Dyon smiled, "That's a secret for another day."

Disappointment colored the faces of concubines. From Dyon's words, it seemed that he wouldn't be staying for too much longer. But, they understood. War was on the horizon, now wasn't a time for them to be clingy. Instead, they should be putting into motion the work Dyon had asked of them. It was up to them to mobilize the talented and able women of the clan.

Dyon silently held Helena until she gathered herself. He could tell that she was pretending for the latter half, unwilling to leave his embrace, but he didn't say anything. After all, he had just taken her first kiss, he couldn't very well kick her away.

A few minutes passed as they spoke about unimportant things, eventually Helena dived back into the water, a happy glow coloring her features, inciting the envy of the women around her, but her response was just to stick out her little pink tongue adorably.

Eventually, it was time for Dyon to go, but first, he asked a question.

"Is there anything else any of you would like to ask me?"

The girls looked around. Dyon could immediately tell that they all had one last burning question. However, even compared to everything before, they felt as though this truly crossed a line. Although their relationships were mostly repaired now, it still felt as though the smallest of things could bring all the goodwill they had built today, crashing down. That wasn't something they were willing to see.

That said, there was another reason none of them spoke. There was almost a silent agreement between them that there was only one person who could ask this question. None of them had a right to... The only one who could was the only woman who hadn't spoken... Their most beloved sister: Amphorae.

The women inadvertently turned their gaze toward Amphorae. But, she seemed to have no intention of speaking at all. She continued to sit in her loose silk robes, never moving an inch from Dyon's side. Her legs remained cross. The only hint that she was a living beauty instead of a perfectly sculpted statue was the fact that her toes would dip into the water every so often. Aside from that, she was like an Immortal Goddess, forever frozen in time.

Dyon smiled lightly, leaping upward to stand beside the river. He looked off into the distance, unblinking for a long while.

The Imperial Harem fell into silence. The only sounds were the steady waves of the flowing river and the swaying of the flowers in the wind.

There was a sudden movement by Dyon. When he looked over, he found that Amphorae had stood and was now floating away. He watched her toes gently grace the water as her alluring yet lonely back drifted further away.

"It may take time, but I'll make it up to you."

With those last words, Dyon turned to walk away. But, what he didn't expect were for his words to have stopped Amphorae in her tracks. Before he could leave, the question that everyone had been waiting for was hung in the air, making them all incapable of breathing.

"Why did you choose her..." Amphorae's voice was so soft, but it was strong. She didn't waver. It was as though since she had decided to ask it, she wouldn't show any weakness in her attempt.

However, just how sharp were Dyon's senses? How could he not tell that her sentence had trailed off? He could immediately tell that she wanted to finish it was something else.

"... Instead of me?"

The words rung in Dyon's ears. He immediately felt something in him snap, as though he had unlocked an achievement, or a quest that had been previously been closed to him was now open.

That was how Dyon interpreted it, because he knew he was within a trial. However, if he had to explain it in terms of how his body felt, it was like an anvil just landed on his heart. His muscles tightened and for an instant, he was no longer Dyon and his body was no longer his... Instead, he was the man who broke Amphorae's heart.

A flood of memories entered his mind, and he suddenly knew the answer. He had two paths in front of him. He could either lie, or he could tell the truth.

In the end, Dyon decided not to hesitate, as for whether he told the truth or not, only time would tell.

"I love the both of you." Dyon didn't turn around, but his words sent waves through the harem. "In fact, the both of us are likely the better match, whether it be for the future of our clan, or for just ourselves.

"However, I chose the weaker woman because I knew the stronger of you would stay by my side despite my selfish decision."

Dyon said nothing more. After these words, he directly left.

The moment the gate closed, Amphorae's queenly demeanor crumbled. Her sisters gathered around her, holding her in their embraces as she tears fell from her eyes.

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Although Dyon left the Imperial Harem, he didn't leave the Palace. Instead, he walked toward an area knowing there was one woman waiting for him there.

He had two more things to do this day. The first of them was to find out just what kind of person this Queen Luna was... And why a mere flash memory of her made Dyon's heart tremble in ways he had never felt before.

Chapter 743: Blind Infatuation

Dyon footsteps inadvertently slowed the closer his got to the main palace bedroom. He felt as though something was weighing on him, and that burden was only increasing with his every step.

The Royal bedroom was the only room on the peak floor, and as such, only had two entrances, one for either side of the palace. Somehow, Dyon was fully aware that if he wanted to see his Queen Luna sooner, he would have to use the back entrance.

Memories flooded into his mind, which caused him to understand that Queen Luna loved to look out onto the mountain view toward the back of their room. In fact, of the things she did, there was a 90% chance she was either doing this, reading, or doing a combination of both.

Dyon walked up high and winding steps, eventually reaching the end to find a single door that only two individuals had the right to open.

He steadied his breathing before reaching for the handle, slowly turning it to enter a long and dark corridor.

Bright streams of silver light flooded the hallway from one side, likely meaning that it was toward the mountain. But, Dyon was shocked. That light was definitely the moon, but he was certain he left the Imperial Harem before 5pm. How was the moon out already? Unless...

'This... It seems I've underestimated this trial...'

There was only one explanation. The thought of meeting Queen Luna had somehow caused him to slow his progress toward her to the point where a trip that should have taken a saint minutes, because one that took hours.

Dyon had miscalculated. He thought that if he was aware of the effect this trial had on him, that he would be able to ignore the feelings that came with everything, but he suddenly felt like he couldn't.

The mix of his feelings for Queen Luna, coupled with the fact this was technically his first time meeting her, made him feel like a teenager about to go on his first date with the love of his life. Dyon couldn't understand, so he just stood frozen in the hallway, unable to move forward although he knew the woman who had grabbed a hold of his heart was just around the corner.

This definitely wasn't Dyon's personality. Since when had he been nervous to meet a woman? Since when had a woman forced him to be at a loss for words?

But this... It was different. When he fell for Madeleine, Clara and Ri, it had all been gradual. He had had them by his side for the most part, so by the time he decided that he truly loved them, they had already truly felt like his family.

However... This Queen Luna was like a woman he fell in love with from afar, one he had never interacted with before... His heart wouldn't stop pounding.

The worst part about all of this was that he had triggered his feelings for Queen Luna and Amphorae at the same time. All of the guilt and remorse his character had had years to temper and get over, attacked Dyon's psyche like a flood, relentlessly assaulting his conscience.

'This is too real...' Dyon grit his teeth. Who knew that this trial would be difficult not only because of the looming threat of death, but also the emotional trauma his predecessor had left behind for him.

"Husband?" Suddenly, a voice as sweet as fairy dew flowed into Dyon's ears. It held such an air of innocence and purity that Dyon's heart lodged directly into his throat.

The tinge of worry in the sound made Dyon inadvertently feel a warmth spread across his chest, as though her concern was worth the weight of nations to him.

All of a sudden, Dyon questioned if he had ever felt true love before. Didn't he love his wives? He was sure he did. He would rather die than see them hurt. But this feeling was on an entirely different level. What the hell was going on?

It was infatuation. Blind infatuation. Unconditional and unrestrained.

Suddenly, Dyon thanked himself for having the foresight to go to the Imperial Harem first, or else it would have been nearly impossible for him in a short time. He felt like if Queen Luna asked him to kill them all, he'd do so without hesitation, save for Amphorae.

'If I don't face her, I won't be able to temper this. Since you want to test my mental fortitude, test it then!'

Although Dyon didn't want to admit it, this test attacked his one mental weakness. He had always had a soft spot for women. Whether that be because of his mother and how close he was to her, or because he was just the pervert Clara and Ri called him, he didn't know. But at the moment, he would rather face the worst kind of torture for centuries than deal with these emotions. He couldn't stand the thought of letting his women down, yet those very thoughts were weighing down on him now. It felt no different then if he had truly done it himself!

"You don't have to be so hesitant. I know you went to the Imperial Harem.

"You're so stubborn. I've been telling you for decades to treat those women better. I'm happy that you finally decided to listen to me. They would never listen to me, it had to be you."

These words made Dyon's heart freeze. Was that why he was so nervous? Was it because he hadn't known how to tell her? Is this how the previous King felt every time he thought of going to the Imperial Harem? Such a weight...

Dyon stopped hesitating, finally taking a step forward toward the silver light. The sight that greeted him when he finally turned the corner, was one that took his breath away completely.

Dyon could only see her back, but butterflies fluttered in his stomach, churning through his insides and forcing the shortness of his breath.

He couldn't see her face, but just her back sent waves through Dyon's heart.

Chapter 744: A Wonder...

She stood bare foot, wearing an elegant white gown that likely doubled as her sleepwear. Her hair was so long that Dyon had only just made out the soles of her feet. If he hadn't known that the moon was silver as well, he would have sworn with his life on the line that the radiating silver color was from his wife's hair.

Dyon's brain stuttered. He had inadvertently called her his wife in his mind... Did he really mean it?...

Suddenly sensing Dyon's presence, Luna turned.

The entire moment seemed so slow. It was as though every centimeter her head moved, another minute would go by in the world. Dyon's perception pushed itself to max, wanting nothing more than to catch every frame of this moment so he could revisit it every moment of every day.

However, the reality was that it was only a moment before Luna's perfect countenance graced Dyon's visage.

Cool air charged through the slits of Dyon's teeth, but it did nothing to stop the heating of his limbs.

Luna looked like a perfectly sculpted doll. Dyon couldn't imagine that her height reached past his chest, yet her petite figure seemed so otherworldly that he found it difficult to breathe.

Her eyes were a piercing violet, shining under the night sky even as her silver hair fluttered. And yet, her small smile, caused by the curve of her delicate and soft pink lips, outshone it all as she slowly walked toward Dyon.

Before he even realized, Queen Luna had made it him, standing less than a foot away, her fragrance filled Dyon's senses with such a comfortable feeling that his limbs threatened to collapse under him.

Her face matched her petite body immaculately, graced with a flawless sheen with the slightest rose glow that gave her an adorable appearance.

Luna looked up at her husband, scanning his face with love in her eyes.

She reached up, gently stroking Dyon's cheek. "You seem different today." She paused, but didn't say anything further, as though she was trying to decide if she liked this Dyon more or not. "Will you hold me under the moonlight? With everything that's happening, who knows when we'll see these mountains and skies again."

Dyon grasped her hand, almost melting away when he felt the softness of her skin. Recovering, he left her to a reclined chair covered with soft pillows.

Moments later, Dyon stared at the sky with the petite Luna in his arms. Her ear lay on his chest, listening to the constant pounding of his heart. Feeling her touch, she couldn't seem to calm down.

"Are you doubting me?"

These words came out of nowhere. One had to understand that they had been silently laying together for at least a few hours now. Even with his cultivation Dyon had begun to feel like sleeping. However, this question jolted him awake completely.

That said, this was good for Dyon. In the time that had passed, he had managed to calm his heart. He was finally beginning to feel like himself again. But, this threatened to send him right back into a spiral.

"Yes." Despite his thoughts, Dyon's answer was brutally honest.

The truth of the matter was that there wasn't 100% certainty that Luna was the culprit behind all of this. Dyon had many other factors to consider.

For one, her father had died, and control of their Royal God Clan had essentially passed over to an all new family. This was because Luna's elder sister had married someone not even of this planet, and if his cultivation and talent were any indicators, he was from quite a powerful place.

Secondly, Dyon's perception couldn't see any faults with Luna at all. Yet, he had seen many possible suspects among his concubines.

Considering these two factors, Luna didn't seem to have anything to gain. Since her family had lost control of their clan, what was the point in her telling them about the Angel Clan secrets? After all, it would no longer be her family that benefitted.

"I understand." Luna's voice was as soft as a mosquito. She couldn't hide the pain in her voice, but she did truly understand.

There was a reason Dyon called her the weaker of her and Amphorae. Luna was incredibly shy and reserved. Maybe Dyon was the only person she could speak to so freely. Because of this, Dyon couldn't imagine what would happen to her psyche if he neglected her for Amphorae. He had truly never felt such a strong instinct to protect...

"In the case that you're guilty, I'll have no choice but to cut off all ties with you. Our roles as husband and wife will come to an end."

Dyon didn't explain any further. He didn't have to say how much this pained him because Luna could feel it. Whether she was a traitor or not, anyone could see how much Dyon loved her.

That said, Luna couldn't help but tremble at these words, tears forming in the corner of her eyes. Her fragile figure felt so weak that it was as though the softest breeze could break her.

"However."

Luna froze, looking up at Dyon expectantly.

"If you're innocent, I'll crush our enemies beneath my feet and use their lives to pave the way to your peace. I'll never let you feel this way again, and those responsible for it, will pay."

Luna didn't know what compelled her to do so, but she couldn't help but raise her head and plant her soft lips onto Dyon's.

One had to say that there were too many flaws with the previous King. He loved Luna, yes, but he lacked decisiveness. He treated her like a doll, as though she was truly an object only meant to be placed on a pedestal and ogled. Truthfully, he rarely even touched her. The guilt he felt over Amphorae ended up placing both women in a place where they felt nothing but endless pain.

Many thought that Dyon hadn't birthed a child yet because his and Luna's talent was too high... But the truth was that Luna was still a virgin.

As soon as Luna graced Dyon with her lips, that thought immediately flooded his mind. This was the first time he felt true disdain for this King he had taken the body of.

It wasn't that Dyon was looking down on him for lack of "manliness". It was more so that he hadn't taken responsibility for anything. He hurt so many for the sake of one woman, yet even that one woman wasn't happy.

From Dyon's neck, an aurora flame stone hung. In that moment, the golden flames raged, immediately turning Luna's fair skin a fierce red.

Her breathing became ragged as Dyon hands trailed along her body. It was clear to Luna that something had changed within her husband, she had never felt this way before. Even kissing used to be a rare thing between them.

In the end, Luna could hardly handle the new wave of stimulation. Her frail body collapsed in Dyon's arms.

After a few moments, Dyon silently picked her up, bringing her inside to escape from the cold night and laying her down to rest. Luna had a light smile on her face as though she had just enjoyed her very first true date with the man she loved.

Dyon watched her sleep for a long while before he stood, leaving through the balcony. His wings erupted from his back, sending fierce gales spiraling around him before he left through the air, disappearing over the mountain range.

Moments after Dyon, Luna's long eyelashes fluttered open, revealing her beautiful violet eyes. Her shy and reserved nature seemed to disappear, replaced by an emotionless abyss. Her once sparkling eyes became dark holes wanting to suck anything that made eye contact in.

She slowly stood from the bed, walking to their large bath room before slipping her white gown off.

She silently stared at the steaming water, her petite body reflecting in the shining tiles below her feet. One had to say that it seemed as though she was sculpted of diamonds and perfectly refined to the finest of details. Even her supposed petite figure had hidden her curves well beneath her gown, enough to entice the blood flow of any man.

Luna reached her small hand to the treasure between her legs, her lips slightly trembling when she felt its moist folds. Never had she expected that a man would truly be capable of making her feel such a way... To her... Her feelings and emotions had been dead for a long time now...

A sparkling liquid attached itself to Luna's slender figure, shining even the slowly building fog and humidity.

Even after just one touch, her legs felt weak, but it was clear there was no more denying what had happened.

She couldn't help but think back to the change in her husband's presence. The way he didn't hesitate to say that he'd protect her feelings against the will of the world. The way he finally treated her like a real woman for the first time in their relationship.

Yet... Luna slipped into the water and washed the liquids away as though it would take the feelings it brought with them, her heart finally settled to the same rhythm of the steady lake of her eyes.

It was too late to go back now. What's done was done.

With that final thought, Luna buried whatever feelings were stirred within that night as she cleansed herself.

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Over the mountain, Dyon was oblivious to this change in Luna. Or, more accurately, there was still a barrier in his heart to accepting it. With his perception, was it really true that he hadn't sensed anything amiss? Maybe the only reason why he even noticed Amphorae's cold eyes was because these feelings hadn't been triggered yet.

Dyon didn't truly understand just what kind of treasure the Epistemic Tower was to be able to do such a thing. A treasure capable of altering and building emotions a person had never had before? How could such a dangerous thing exist in this world?

The worst part was that everything was so very real and clear. The people were real. The Angel Clan was real. The enemies they were facing were really real.

All Dyon knew was that his grand teacher had used some sort of odd path of time will to construct this trial with the help of the Epistemic Tower. But, this information wasn't enough. Could a trial really be so realistic? Even when Dyon partially partook in the True Empath trials, in order for his grand teacher to test his mental fortitude, everything there had seemed so fantastical, and the only emotions were ones he felt in his day to day life anyway. It was nothing like this...

Dyon suddenly wondered if he could truly kill Luna... He wondered if he'd be able to handle the trauma of betraying Amphorae again... He wondered... If when he left this trial... If their imprint on his heart would ever disappear...

Chapter 745: Goal

Standing above the mountain ranges with his wings flapping gently in the dead of night, Dyon decided that the only way to move forward was to finish his second task for the night: Completely understanding and planning for the surroundings of the Angel Clan.

The moment Dyon began thinking of battle plans, he immediately realized the greatest flaw of most of his battle formations: Martial Warriors could fly. This fact alone crumbled many of his seemingly ingenious innovations to dust.

There was a simple reason he hadn't bothered to consider this before. The Earth Gate, although it had a cap of essence gatherer cultivation, was a mostly forgotten gate at the time, and as such, was mostly populated by meridian formation experts who couldn't fly. As for the few essence gatherers there were, there weren't enough of them to make a large difference. The variable they provided would be easily handled by Dyon.

However, Dyon was stepping into an all new world now. Many of his coming opponents would be in the saint realm, with quite a few celestial level opponents. Luckily for him, when it came to dao formation enemies, his Angel Clan had enough to offset them even when all four clans were taken into account. Such was the talent of the Angel Clan.

As a result, Dyon understood that those dao formation experts wouldn't attack unless those experts of the Angel Clan came out. The reason for this was simple logic. Why would they place their lives on the line when they could simply use their numbers to overwhelm? Although Dyon thought of using his dao formation experts to force them to act, this would gain him nothing.

So, Dyon decided to build up his new military strategy from scratch. That said, he had two very solid starting points.

The first was a formation he had already implemented with his demon generals. His efficiency formation.

Because of Dyon's foresight, he had long since realized the foremost problem of chaotic martial world wars: the strong killing the weak.

In the long-lost mortal world, there was strategic organization, even in ancient times. The weakest and youngest of warriors would be used as vanguard. This was in order to train them up to become elites in the quickest fashion possible. However, this was also decidedly brutal, yet, effective.

This was not the only reason for such an arrangement. It also allowed those elites to rest for decisive strikes.

One might wonder just how effective such a scheme was. Well, the Roman Empire was quite an overbearing presence for a very long time, no?

As a result of this arrangement, it was very rare for number losses to be sustained because of elites taking out the weak. Unfortunately, the martial world didn't have such a thing. This resulted, of times, in the more powerful and talented warriors weaving their way through the battle field and picking off the weak. It was only after many deaths that an equivalent warrior might realize the mess being stirred up and go to stop this person.

Dyon, however, didn't want this. Whether other overlords viewed their army as cannon fodder or not, Dyon would never do such a thing. His goal was to always enter and leave battle with the fewest amounts of casualties possible. As such, the efficiency formation was born. The solution itself was quite simple.

Squads of 5 would be formed, perfectly balanced with those of various cultivation levels. For example, in this coming war, Dyon's army was only 50, 000, and that was made entirely of saints and celestials. With the talent of the Angel Clan, Dyon deemed essence gatherers much too young to participate in such a battle. They would often times be younger than 10 years old! How could Dyon send them to battle?

Interestingly enough, the ratio was a perfect 1:4, with 10, 000 celestials and 40, 000 saints. As such, the squads would be balanced using the same ratio.

There would be one lower saint. Two middle saints. And one high to peak level saint. They would then be coupled with one celestial. Unfortunately, the only flaw was that these celestials would be wide ranging and could be anywhere from lower levels of the realm, to higher.

That said, Dyon of course saw through this flaw immediately. To combat this, he created something called areas of attack. Squads of 5 wouldn't be allowed to leave a certain radius and cardinal direction from a central hub which would, of course, contain Dyon, or someone he appointed the roll to.

Essentially, the battle field would be viewed as a giant illusory circle. At the very center of this circle, there would be Dyon or whoever was currently in control of the central hub. The squads would be given coordinates within this giant illusory circle, coordinates they would not be allowed to leave.

This sounds overly complicated and unnecessary. However, the truth of the matter was that this was yet another ingenious idea.

What would happen if a peak celestial suddenly attacks a squad led by a lower celestial? Wouldn't death of that squad be near immediate?

However, what if the area of attack of that squad was overlapped by another squad that happened to be led by another peak celestial? With Dyon's communication devices, they would be able to relay this immediately and call for help, thus preventing any losses.

To ensure the smooth nature of this transition, Dyon incorporated two types of communication arrays. One would be connected to him or the central hub. The second would connect each squad to the other four squads surrounding it.

Any squad led by a lower celestial, would always be near another squad with a higher-level celestial. Their areas of attack would overlap just enough to allow aid, thus resulting in smooth transitions.

The second starting point Dyon had were his bread and butter: Formations.

Formations were the reason Dyon was currently zipping through the air. After his few moments with the clan's formation experts, Dyon learned of how "array alchemy" functioned before his grand teacher created the aurora. He immediately noticed the similarity between array plates and formation flags, and he also made, and was currently making, great use the aurora flames stones.

That said, his greatest idea from that interaction was the possible benefits of combination ancient formation technology and modern refinements of it. What would happen if he combined the natural energies of the environment with perfected arrays? Wouldn't the benefits exceed anything ever created before?

Unknowingly, Dyon had stepped onto a path no one had ever stepped on before. Much like his grand teacher's first disciple, he was about to improve of the uses of the Aurora again.

However, Dyon understood how difficult this would be. In fact, he had already understood that he was missing a very large piece of the puzzle. And surprisingly, when he figured out what it was, he couldn't help but shake his head in amusement. It seemed the heavens were really shining down on him.

The concept behind using the energies of the world around you to improve formations had long been lost, but Dyon now had the books on the topic at his finger tips. Unfortunately, he couldn't use his speed-reading technique to go through them because his ability to use wills was locked, but that didn't stop him from reading them normally. With his robust memory, he wouldn't forget a word. Such was the benefit of having such a talented soul alter the abilities of his mind.

After Dyon finished going through the first book, he immediately thought of a mortal world comparison. Wasn't this exactly like feng shui?

From what Dyon understood of the concept, it took decades of learning to comprehend such a thing. Even worse, that was when you were looking at the simplistic nature of the mortal world. After all, Dyon's home world had a severe lack of energy, as such, the patterns were much easier to read. The martial world, however, was a completely different beast entirely.

So, why did Dyon smile? Because of the people he brought into the Epistemic Tower with him, there was one little genius beauty that just so happened to specialize in this rare will: Bai Meiyong!

Dyon still remembered the first time he had seen Meiyong's feng shui compass will at Focus Academy's opening ceremony. Little did he know that it would be the key to building his empire. With Meiyong's help, the formations they'd be able to create would be nearly impenetrable.

Unfortunately, although Dyon had invited Meiyong to the tower, she hadn't come. Meiyong wanted to stay behind to try and repair her familial ties. After being shipped off by her father into a forced marriage, one could understand just how strained such a relationship was. Dyon could only hope that she would eventually come and see the world with them.

As much as Dyon wanted to just learn this feng shui compass will himself, this was a very special kind of will. He still remembered the words of the Elders to this day. They said, very specifically, that Meiyong was "competing" for her space in will mastery of the feng shui compass.

Before, Dyon hadn't fully understood what these words meant, but now he did. Wills could be seen as being finite, however, there were a collection of wills that were so scarce that there was only a limited number of individuals who could comprehend it at a given time. Unless Dyon killed one of them, it would be impossible for him to grab a hold of his place with this particular will.

Dyon didn't know what this meant for Meiyong's past, and maybe that had something to do with why she decided to stay home even in the face of a brighter future. What he did know was that if his theory was correct, her value was immeasurable.

There was one obvious problem with all of this right now, though. Meiyong wasn't here... Knowing this, Dyon had no choice but to push forward and see what results he could gain on his own, that meant he had to simplify things.

For now, Dyon focused on learning to find and sense the simplest of elements. Earth, water, metal, wood, wind, and fire. As expected, lightning wasn't considered by these ancients as a simple element. In fact, there were major warnings to avoid such signs, especially for beginners.

Dyon would obviously not ignore this. He understood how dangerous playing with lightning was... There was a reason it was the weapon of the heavens. He wouldn't allow himself to get in his own way.

Right now, his only goal was victory.

Chapter 746: Feeding

As Dyon continued to diligently study this all new formation theory, the plans he had set in motion were still working in the background.

The women of the Imperial Harem had set off into their missions as soon as they finished comforting Amphora. As expected, it was actually her that kicked them into gear, quickly organizing tasks and sending them off.

Because of the freedom Dyon gave the women of his harem, and since they started moving before the 5pm curfew, no one was suspicious or wary of their movements. They were very much used to the free spirits of these women.

As Dyon expected, the women of the Angel Clan were highly skilled. As a result of their culture, many of them were forced to learn supportive roles, but they were highly skilled within them. Using the pill formulas Dyon provided, the lights in the eyes of these women were rekindled, and they began to feel like they could finally play a role in helping their sons, husbands and fathers. Pride welled up in their chest as not a single one said no to Dyon's demands.

By curfew, all of the tasks had been handed out and the women returned to the Imperial Harem, waiting patiently for the next day.

As for the Angel Clan warriors, they were handed concealment arrays etched personally by Dyon and posted in strategic locations, allowing them to spy on every one of the traitors that tried to escape under the dark of night.

According to Dyon's instructions, 60% of them were captured. After all, it would be far too suspicious if they all survived. Only those with the highest skill and cultivation were allowed to live, although in order to maintain balance a few more powerful ones were captured. This may seem counter intuitive, but it was the ending that made the most sense.

Not only would this allow capturing them to be quick and easy, it also only made sense for the most powerful to succeed.

However, as Dyon expected, the enemy didn't risk mobilizing any of their most important pieces. Many of the traitors were unassuming merchants. Dyon even suspected that many of those who were trying to escape weren't doing so to provide intel to the enemy, but instead to protect their businesses. After all, if they were holed up in a land doomed to be conquered and pillaged, their losses would be immeasurable.

That said, Dyon would find out when he personally interrogated them the next day.

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Thousands of miles away, the Royal God Clan and its subordinate God Clans were moving. They had yet to set out toward their destination, but they believed that they had plenty of time.

Within a room, a man with long dark hair sat naked a table filled with food. Off to his sides, women lay panting in the nude, but judging by the blood seeping from between their legs, it could be said that they had done much more enduring than enjoying. After all, none of these women had been virgins when they walked in... Yet look at their states now.

The man himself was rippling with muscle and vitality. But, most disturbingly, the meat he ate was much too red... It was without a doubt raw.

The only other seat at the table was filled by an elegant and busty lady with long silver hair and sharp green eyes. Although she was the queen of this man, she was fully clothed and seemingly completely untouched.

"My sister hasn't sent her daily message." The woman spoke calmly, slowly dividing the spiritual fruit in front of her to eat in small bites. One had to say that although she was less beautiful than her younger sister Luna, she was definitely a world shaker in her own right.

"Maybe that useless King is smarter than I gave him credit for. No matter. We'll still attack in a week."

If Dyon had heard this, he would have laughed to himself. This supposed clan head was so arrogant that he didn't plan on changing his attack strategy at all. Dyon had accounted for the possibility of them moving the attack date up even as much as four days, but clearly this would give him a few extra days to prepare. It would only be later that this man would understand his mistake.

"You're right, it hardly matters. He is much too in love with my sister to do anything to her. In all likelihood, she will still be of great use."

"Ai, my little Laura. Still so jealous of your little sister? How can my two wives be siblings yet hate each other?"

"How can that be so? She is my little sister, and as such, I love her dearly. We will serve you well."

The man's eyes shone with an unrestrained lust. He couldn't help but reach his large hand over to a still gasping for breath woman.

The woman trembled in fear, but she didn't dare to say anything as she was lowered on an object much too big for her to handle. Her whimpers filled the rooms as tears fell from her eyes. It was as though she was nothing more than a sleeve for his pleasure.

"I look forward to the day."

This man, standing at over seven meters tall, was none other than the very same man who had married into Luna's former Royal God Clan, the Moon Clan.

He, himself, was not from Planet Haven. Instead, he was the first prince of the Ahpuch Emperor God Clan, a family known for their demonic arts and robust body cultivation. His name was Jabari Ahpuch, and he wanted nothing more than to uproot the last of the Angels and press Queen Luna beneath him.

Luckily for him, he saw half this goal as already completed. Queen Luna had already accepted her fate to be his.

As for the second half, in little more than a week, he'd be feeding on Angel flesh.

Chapter 747: Enough

The next morning, Dyon's eyes had lost some of their sharpness. It was one thing for a martial warrior to not sleep, but it was entirely different if they didn't sleep and were constantly grinding away at their mental energy.

Dyon had spent all night sensing patterns and marking them in his mind. The most troublesome part was that he wanted to leave the actual village as a trump card, so he wanted to force the main battle to be a certain distance away. This would allow them to slowly whittle down the army until they unleashed their final struggle.

However, Dyon didn't have the time to rest now. He forcefully circulated the last bits of the aurora flame stone hanging from his neck to replenish him from this fatigue.

Interestingly, aurora flame stones were separated into tiers much like soul strength was. The stone with Dyon now was the equivalent to about a peak Blossom stage soul.

The truth was that using the stones were highly dangerous. If Dyon's capacity wasn't far higher than the stone, he would likely hurt himself. The more Dyon learned about this flame, the more he admired his grand teacher for managing to find a way to subdue it.

That aside, because of the dangers, Dyon decided to start on the weaker end so that he could slowly become accustomed to using the stones. Luckily, since he had a saint body, he should be able to forcefully withstand aurora flame stones comparable to the Saint stage.

Dyon suspected that the origin of these stones had to do with the spiritual vein beneath their Angel Clan lands. It couldn't be a coincidence that an extinct and rare stone appeared in such abundance in this small clan.

Thinking to this point, an errant thought crossed Dyon's mind. Afterward, determination flashed in his eyes. He added yet another necessary treasure to the building of his kingdom. The only question was whether he'd be able to find such a high-level vein in the modern world.

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The sun was still barely peaking over the mountain range as Dyon made his way into the palace, heading toward the Imperial Harem.

One might wonder how a king like him could move so freely. Much of the reason was because cultivation made it easier to avoid guards, and he disguised himself when he went out. As for why he was headed to the Imperial Harem now, it was, unfortunately, not for fun. He needed to continue repairing relationships between his royal family and the nobles of the Angel Clan. So, he thought taking Amphorae around with him would help with this.

Unfortunately for Dyon, the "Royal Family" of his was nearly non-existent. He, of course, had brothers and sisters, since his dad had to follow the very same rules as him and marry multiple concubines. However, Dyon was the only one born to his mother, the Queen.

As tradition dictated, those born to concubines would then become the leaders of those respective families. Because of this, Amphorae's father was technically related to him. That said, Amphorae's father was a dao formation expert, and as such, was birthed hundreds of thousands of years ago. Considering the life span of martial warriors, he was actually the son of Dyon's great grandfather, which made him Dyon's grand uncle.

This was why, technically speaking, the "Royal Family" was currently only Dyon and Luna. The concubines could also be counted as partial family members. However, this also explains why Dyon also felt so alone, his family was gone and dealing with other matters of their own families.

For obvious reason, Dyon didn't have a very great relationship with his grand uncle. But, that was to be expected. Dyon had disrespected Amphorae much too much, effectively ruining her future. What father wouldn't be angry?

Although Dyon found it weird that Amphorae was technically his second cousin, since they shared a great grandparent, he managed to ignore this. After all, this wasn't really his family and this wasn't really his body. That said, he'd be lying to himself if he said it would make a difference. The trial had burned his feelings for Amphorae into his heart.

Soon, Dyon made it to the gates. The eyes of the concubines lit up when they saw Dyon. To many of them, yesterday seemed like a dream and they thought their King might relapse to his old ways at any time. But, seeing him come here today made the warmth in their hearts increase.

Dyon noticed that Amphorae wasn't in the common area, but, he decided to spend some time speaking with the other women. After all Amphorae wasn't the only relationship he needed to repair.

He was actually surprised that so many of them were out and about so early. It seemed they were much too excited and eager in completing their tasks to rest at all. Dyon could see the fatigue in their eyes as they too invested a lot of mental energy. He couldn't help but praise these women from the bottom of his heart.

"Royal Husband, when did you become such a pill expert? Your formulas are so profound! And your instructions are so simple and straight forward, I even managed to create a pill with 80% purity!" A concubine named Jadeer practically bounced up and down in excitement. From the vision amplifying treasure that swung from her neck, she was clearly immersed in her craft.

Dyon wasn't surprised that cultivators needed vision amplifiers. They usually came the form of glasses or monocle form. Dyon didn't need them because he was capable of using his overwhelming soul to monitor the progress of his pills while also creating the pill. But, not everyone had the talent or soul stamina to do such a thing. So, they handed the task to their eyes. Although Martial Artists had impeccable vision, the microscopic level they needed to see in was still too much.

Seeing their excitement, Dyon smiled, happily teaching and giving tips. He, himself, even learned quite a few things.

Honestly speaking, to Dyon, even if he failed this trial, the benefits he accrued by learning such ancient knowledge was enough reward.

Chapter 748: First Gift

A couple hours passed before their session was interrupted by a question.

"Did you just come here to exchange knowledge with us, Royal Husband?" Pearl suddenly appeared by Dyon's side, her short hair bobbing as she smiled mischievously.

Dyon wrapped his arm around Pearl and rested his hand on her thigh, causing her to blush. He had already figured out how to tame this little rebel. She may seem eager, but she was actually quite ignorant in the matters of man and woman.

Grinning, Dyon answered, "I actually came to take Amphorae with me to complete some tasks. But, I wanted to spend some time with you all first."

The eyes of the girls sparkled when they heard these words. Although they could see the politics hidden behind such a move, they could also see the anticipation and love in Dyon's eyes. Something like that couldn't be faked. A woman's intuition was truly something else.

Kissing Pearl on the forehead and bearing the teasing of her pink tongue, Dyon stood and walked toward the cabins of the Imperial Harem.

Since the area was very well connected to the nature outside, the women that helped design it insisted on having elegant and well sculpted cabins instead of rooms. The result was a very woodsy and outdoorsy feeling that filled one's senses with endless calm.

Dyon had long since taken off his shoes, and his steps slowed as he savoured the lush green grass beneath his feet that still held the faint moistness of the morning dew. He paused in front of a cabin he knew housed Amphorae, ignoring the fact the flowing stream and giggling of his nosey concubines drowned out the sound of his deep breath.

The door of the cabin creaked open as Dyon walked in. From his vantage point, he still couldn't see much of the little home, but he immediately heard what sounds like something crashing to the ground before he heard the scurrying of footsteps.

Dyon's brows furrowed, but when he entered and closed the door behind him, he couldn't see what had made the noise.

The room itself seemed like a well-furnished cottage. Blanket and carpets of red bathed the surrounding, comfortable couches were arranged with aesthetic in mind, and there was even a fire place burning away a maple smell into the surroundings.

Dyon caught a glimpse of Amphorae's delicate feet trying to silently but quickly charge up the stairs, but this only made him even more confused. What was going on? What was she doing?

Dirty thoughts surfaced in Dyon's mind, but he immediately shook his head. He knew Amphorae, or rather, he felt like he knew her. After all, the more time he spent in this realm, and the more things he did, the more memories he triggered and consolidated with. It was almost like a reward of the trial, gifting him points for exploring and doing his due diligence.

With this knowledge, Dyon had begun to remember a lot of things. Those experiences told him a lot of things, and one of them was that Amphorae got embarrassed about the silliest of things. It was more likely that Dyon had walked in on her clipping her toe nails than anything else. This childhood lover of his was truly adorable.

Smiling to himself, Dyon walked toward the stairs slowly, giving Amphorae a chance to hide whatever it is she wanted to. By the time he made it to her room, he realized it took up the entire second floor. He

found Amphorae trying to pretend as though she wasn't trying to catch her breath, and sitting on a bed facing a window away from him.

Her long red hair was strewn out behind her, looking very much like the beautiful pedals of a flower.

From his angle, Dyon could see that she was wearing a new silk robe, but what he raised his eyebrow at was the odd-looking object that peaked out from under her bed. He could just make it out from a bulge in the hanging red sheets.

'Is that what she was trying to hide?'

From what Dyon could see, it was a plank of wood, but the moment he saw the crude and transparent strings attached to it, he was taken back by his surprise. Even more interestingly, the strings, although transparent, reflected a faint red light that looked very much like Amphorae's hair.

As his eyes continued along the odd plank of wood, it seemed the strings of hair got thicker and the bundle of hair strings also increased in number. Dyon's perception also caught a faint energy permeating the strings, as though they were purposefully reinforced.

'What a genius...' Dyon couldn't help but breathe out.

Dyon eventually made his way to Amphorae's side, sitting quietly and watching the river outside her window.

"You like music?" Dyon suddenly asked this question. He couldn't tell whether this era had instruments or not, but what he did know was that Amphorae had been trying her best to create what seemed like a simple lyre. To do such a thing with your own perception and without a reference, how could he not think Amphorae was a genius?

Hearing Dyon's words, Amphorae's queenly demeanor shattered as a light blush appeared on her face. But, even in such a state, she still managed to keep a relatively neutral appearance.

Dyon smiled. A crude spatial ring on his ring flashed as a purple-gold aurora flame stone appeared in Dyon's hand.

The flames burst to life under Amphorae's shocked gaze. A brilliant purple-gold formation appeared in the air, whirring slowly to life as Dyon concentrated. He couldn't help but laugh to himself, he didn't think he'd ever struggle with a mere stage 5 array again, but here he was.

Soon, Dyon's creation manifested itself, appearing as a beautiful silver lyre comparable to a lower tier master level treasure.

Wiping the sweat from his brow, Dyon took the small hands of Amphorae and placed the lyre in her hands. "Here's my first gift to you."

Chapter 749: Unwilling

Amphorae was shocked. "This..."

"Go on, pluck a string." Dyon said gently.

Complex feelings whirled within Amphorae's delicate blue eyes. "I ... I don't know how to use it."

Amphorae's adorable side was showing through again. She was always one to get easily embarrassed about such simple stuff, yet she did what was hard without blinking an eye.

She sat in front of Dyon right now with her body only partially covered by an untied silk robe while being a complete and innocent virgin, yet she was embarrassed about plucking a string on an instrument that had just now been invented.

"Come." Dyon took back the lyre and reached out his hand for Amphorae to grab a hold of. After some hesitation, she reached forward, accepting Dyon's hand.

Dyon lightly pulled Amphorae into his lap, wrapping his arms around her waist and setting the lyre on her thighs. He rested his chin on her shoulder, lightly pressing his cheek against hers.

Amphorae's heart beat inadvertently quickened. She was practically naked and sitting in a man's lap, she had never experienced this before. Even when she and Dyon had grown up together, even knowing they were betrothed, they had never had any intimate contact because Dyon wanted to preserve her dignity. Rumors could be the end of a woman's reputation in such an ancient society.

But now, none of those barriers were here.

Suddenly, Amphorae thought back to Dyon's words yesterday. The word love reverberated in her ears, causing them to redden.

"For you to create such a thing..." Dyon whispered, "You are truly amazing."

Amphorae froze, "But... This was you..."

Dyon shook his head, not explaining. It would take too much. So, instead, he took her hand and slid it across the strings.

A mesmerizing sound lit up the room, resonating their hearts as one. In mere moments, Dyon no longer had to guide Amphorae's hand, she seemed to lose herself in the melody, gracefully playing the emotions of her heart.

This was a true genius. Dyon could only be considered good at music will become from a very early age, his mother had wanted him to learn the piano. She had always been so charmed by a man who could take command of those black and white keys, and despite the stoic nature of his father, maybe that was the only time one could see the depths of his emotions.

However, where would Amphorae have learned from? She not only came up with the idea of a stringed instrument on her own, if Dyon's perception had anything to say about it, she had damn near perfected it despite what it looked like.

The heaven's rumbled as the pace of Amphorae's fingers quickened. She poured out her soul, leaning back into the embrace of the man she loved, but also feeling the deep and reverberating pain that his love wasn't all hers.

Tears streaked down her face without her noticing, but the more they flowed, the more the skies seemed to respond, opening up their heavens and raining down upon the world.

The patter of rain drops assaulted the wooden cabin and its windows, making it seem like a symphony accompaniment. The skies themselves felt everything Amphorae felt. Every bit of anger and resentment threatened to tear space apart. And yet, the deep and inerasable love that resided within her held it all together.

Thunder rippled through the accumulating clouds, following closely being the golden streaks of lightning.

Never had Dyon witnessed something like this before, but his main focus wasn't the phenomenon. He had frozen the moment he felt Amphorae's tears moisten his cheeks. He held her with all his might, afraid that she would disappear if he stopped for even a moment. He was completely oblivious to what was happening...

The golden streaks of lightning grew more frequent, condensing, before striking again with more force. It was as though every note that refined the strikes of lightning, morphing it... molding it...

The skies sang with Amphorae's heart, it took only a moment for lightning to learn to strike with only the same intensity and frequency in the heavens as her fingers did on the strings.

In the next instant, the roof of the cabin was torn away by the savage winds, and yet not a single drop of rain fell upon Amphorae or Dyon. Dyon wouldn't be so naïve as to think any of this was because of him... There was no doubt that Amphorae was protecting him!

Dyon's eyes widened as he finally noticed the skies. The golden lightning had become a raging dragon that coiled in the air, and its only goal?... Them!

The heavens trembled as the dragon charged for the two of them. Dyon's eyes lit with defiance. He had promised to protect his women, where did this dragon get off thinking it could do as it pleased?!

Dyon leaped from his position behind Amphorae, his wings spreading out as though he was the true deity of the skies. A roar escaped his lips, tearing through space.

Time seemed to slow.

A man stood in the skies unafraid as a dragon of lightning bore down on him.

A woman sat seemingly unknowing of her surrounding, completely engrossed in the music of her heart.

And then, the dragon tore through Dyon as though he wasn't there, charging directly for Amphorae and piercing into her lyre.

Dyon fell from the skies, landing directly before Amphorae as arcs of golden lightning crawled along his skin, rampaging through his body and meridians.

Amphorae's daze slowly faded. The lyre in her hands had completely transformed, emitting a terrifying golden light. It had grown to double its original size and its strings sparkled with such a refined light that it didn't lose to the blinding golden light even a small bit.

A moment later, the lyre disappeared, turning into a small golden bracelet that looked like a dragon biting its own tail. It seemed attached to Amphorae, unwilling to let go.

Chapter 750: Arc

Finally, Amphorae's enlightenment came to an end and her dim eyes finally returned to their lively but reserved light blue.

The moment her vision cleared, she saw her husband lying on the ground and panic racked through her heart.

"Dyon? Dyon!" Tears fell from Amphorae's eyes as she scrambled to the floor. She ripped Dyon's linen shirt off and even his pants, searching desperately for a wound to treat, but in the end, she found nothing.

Worry colored her features. No external wounds could only mean one thing: the injury was within.

Amphorae tried to calm her breathing. With so much time on her hands, she had studied many things, and as Dyon had said, she was a genius. Although she wasn't perfect at everything, she was quite serviceable in most things. As such, she was aware of how to use her soul to check for wounds within a person.

Normally, doing such a thing was very dangerous, after all, it was similar to attacking with your soul. You would be vulnerable. But, no matter how Amphorae was treated, there would always be one man she trusted more than anyone else.

In truth... Even if Dyon hurt her and she died, she wouldn't regret it for even a moment.

However, when Amphorae searched Dyon, other than a few odd arcs of lightning that seemed happy to sense her presence, she didn't see anything wrong. His heart was beating just fine, his organs were running optimally, it even looked like he was even more healthy than he had been before.

In a situation like this, all Amphorae could do was wait. So, she silently kneeled by Dyon, laying his head on her lap. She didn't seem to notice that fact the roof of her house was completely gone.

Some of the concubines of course came to see just what happened, but Amphorae sent them away, saying that their King needed to rest.

About an hour later, Dyon's eyes finally started to flutter. The moment they opened, an imperceptible arc of lightning flashed within, but disappeared in the next instant.

Dyon blinked, realizing he was looking up at the now clear skies. When he turned his head, he was greeted with not only delicate and soft skin, but Amphorae's toned belly.

Realizing Dyon was now awake, Amphorae sighed in relief, but when she noticed that he was naked, she blushed profusely. She had been so distracted by his health that she completely forgotten that she had stripped him to check him.

However, Dyon would never mind something like that. Instead, he immediately propped himself up, gently caressing Amphorae's cheek in his hand.

His eyes scanned hers, leaning forward slowly.

Amphorae's heart beat quickened, but she didn't resist. In fact, by the end, she found herself leaning forward.

Their lips met for the first time, each enveloping the other in their scent.

Dyon was overwhelmed by Amphorae's delicate fragrance. He couldn't help but wrap his arm around her, lifting her up and placing her on the bed.

Minutes passed before either broke for breath. Amphorae's delicate skin had flushed completely. Her perfectly sculpted breasts heaved, glistening with sweat.

"Will you come out with me today?" Dyon asked, stroking her cheek with his thumb.

Amphorae didn't trust her voice, so she only nodded. But, when she heard the cheering and whistling from the other concubines who had somehow appeared in the air at some point, she couldn't help but trying and pull Dyon close to hide her face in his chest.

Dyon's laughed, waving the girls away until it was just him and Amphorae again. That was when he said something that sent ripples through her heart.

"When this is all done, you'll be my Queen." Dyon said firmly. There was no hesitation in his voice.

Although Amphorae didn't say anything, her grip on Dyon tightened and tears began to drench his chest.

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This entire process was seen by Dyon's grand teacher, but he had completely lost his neutral expression. This only seemed to happen because of Dyon, but at the moment, he truly knew nothing of what was going on!

There was a very simple reason for all of this: He recognized that bracelet! It was none other than a weapon of the 33 Heavens, a member of the energy category, The Golden Dragon Lyre!

Did he just witness the creation of one of the 33 most legendary weapons? Did it always happen like this? That was impossible, in the original history, the King never repaired his relationship with Amphorae. The Angel Clan would have been wiped out, and Amphorae would have been taken in as a sex slave, only for her to kill herself. She would have never had the opportunity to create this weapon. What the hell was going on?!

This was way outside the scope of a trial. There's no way anyone witnessing any of this could still think in such a way.

Dyon's grand teacher understood what had just happened. That phenomenon wasn't caused by Amphorae's power. No, she wasn't strong enough to cause such a thing. What had happened was that a new will was born into the world!

The very first instance of any will being tapped into would always lead to such a phenomenon. Until the person who tapped into the will died, every other user of the will would be suppressed when facing the originator. However, music will was one of the few that was different.

Among the 11 energy weapons of the 33 heavens, there were a few exactly like this. Its dominance transcended the life of the originator because it was also tethered to the weapon! This meant that any wielder of this golden weapon would always dominate music will users, even stretching into sound will variants like Saru's vibrational will!

A sudden realization came over Dyon's grand teacher... There were two possibilities... One much less awe inspiring than the other.

The first, and normal possibility, was that this trial was simply realistic. Dyon had the advantage of knowing music will existed in the future, and therefore pushed the process forward much earlier. This meant that when the trial was over, none of this would matter and nothing that happened was real.

The second possibility was heaven shattering...

This possibility said that Dyon was part of the creation of music will and therefore a partial creator of a weapon of the 33 heavens! This meant that everything that happened here was real and time will was much more complicated that even Dyon's grand teacher knew.

What Dyon grand teacher didn't know was that this trial was already crossing the boundaries of reality...

When Amphorae called out to her husband, she didn't say Royal Husband... She didn't say my King... She didn't use any of the generic phrases the other concubines had been using... She said, very clearly: Dyon.

Even more conspicuously, the golden lightning that struck Dyon had done something even Dyon didn't know about...

With Dyon, his soul remained in a dormant state, nursing a slowly growing world along with its own injuries. Within this world, a domineering black and red tower stood tall, but what really held the main presence was a humanoid manifestation with wings of white and black and 6 flaming circles hovering behind it...

In the top three circles, floating in a triangular fashion, an eye, and a white and black flame filled their spaces...

In the bottom three circles, floating in the reverse fashion, the once empty bottom most flaming circle was flickering with an image that seemed to want to come into existence far ahead of its time...

That image was an arc of lightning..

Maybe... Just maybe... Dyon's overwhelming destiny had nothing to do with luck... Maybe... He forged his heaven's blessings here...