

The Nameless 751

Chapter 751: Opened

Dyon stood in Amphorae's room, now fully clothed and looking out at the sky through the massive gapping hole that now replaced the roof. It was such an odd atmosphere, yet Dyon felt oddly comfortable. Maybe the only thing that was unsettled within him was his blood practically burning his veins up. But, he ignored the feeling, fully suppressing it.

It wasn't that he didn't want to take Amphorae right here and now, but he just didn't feel it was the right time. He was fully aware that Amphorae would never reject, but Dyon also knew that two days wasn't enough to repair a relationship that had been chipped away at for decades.

Turning back, Dyon watched as Amphorae's alluring back wrapped herself in delicate silks. He lamented the fact her long hair covered her plump ass, but he was also glad he didn't have a more stimulating view, or else maybe even his overwhelming will power would lose out.

Dyon walked over when he noticed how tightly Amphorae was binding her chest. His hands wrapped around her, stopping a process he thought had to be very painful. Why should she have to do such a thing?

Amphorae paused, "Why are you stopping me?"

Dyon smiled to himself. He had spent the morning with Amphorae, trying his best to get her to speak less formally with him, it seemed it had worked.

"You're hurting yourself, that's why."

Warmth filled Amphorae's heart, but she still shook her head. "It's proper etiquette. I have no choice."

Dyon thought for a moment before walking around to face her. "Let me."

Although Amphorae didn't know what Dyon meant, he let him try. However, instead of trying to bind her, Dyon directly undid the ties around her chest, causing two boundlessly beautiful mounds of soft flesh to drop into his view.

Dyon shook his head to focus. Seeing his reaction, Amphorae felt gratified in her heart, but she also inwardly giggled before catching herself. Since when did she giggle?

Contrary to Amphorae's expectations, Dyon didn't stop there. He proceeded to also remove the silk wrapping around Amphorae's hips and thighs. He realized that they also tried to hide the plumpness of her ass, Dyon found this more blasphemous than even the chest bindings.

Soon, Amphorae stood naked and confused. She blushed thinking that maybe Dyon had stopped holding back and wanted to take her here. A slight anticipation, but also a blanket of worry colored her heart, leaving her with a slight unsettled yet wanting feeling.

Her heart beat quickened as Dyon cupped her breasts and slightly supported them between his thumb and index finger. But, if Amphorae's mind wasn't wandering, she would have realized the focused expression on Dyon's face.

A slight moan escaped Amphorae's lips when Dyon's thumb accidentally slid by her pink nipples. However, Dyon didn't seem to react. He was so focused on controlling his impulses that he had practically shut down all of his other senses.

A moment later, Dyon nodded to himself, finishing his calculations in his mind. He grasped onto the purple-gold aurora flame stone once again, causing a blinding purple light to fill the room and envelop the room, with Amphorae covered in specific.

Amphorae was snapped out of her fantasizing state to find the feeling of fabrics wrapping around her skin, but somehow, it felt much more comfortable and much less restrictive than usual.

When the light finally faded, Amphorae looked down at herself in amazement. To help her see, Dyon moved away from his position, allowing the mirror behind him to be seen by her.

Stunning red lace lingerie covered her important areas, and although this wasn't conservative in the least, she fell in love with the design and feel. Dyon had even replaced the normal uncomfortable metal whys with a much comfier flexible fabric.

Seeing that Amphorae liked it, Dyon smiled, ignoring his fatigue and using the purple-gold stone again. Soon after, a beautiful red dress covered Amphorae's figure. It was loose and unrestrictive, but still maintained the air of conservatism that he knew she still wanted.

"Is it okay?" Dyon asked.

Not trusting her voice, Amphorae could only nod.

Smiling, Dyon approached her side, giving her his arm. "In the future, I'll show you something even more comfortable." A grin spread within Dyon's heart, thinking about the conservative and elegant Amphorae wearing sweat pants.

Although Dyon was trying to ignore his fatigue, it still caught Amphorae's attention, causing her gratitude to blossom even further. She happily accepted Dyon arm, and for the first time in a long while, she couldn't hide her smile.

When they walked out, it wasn't much of a surprise that the women were immediately caught up in Amphorae's new dress. In the end, Dyon had no choice but to promise to make one for each one of them. Having so many women was truly too tiring.

Despite this thought, Dyon actually felt quite happy having Amphorae cling to his arm. Her queenly aura caused the air around them to tremble in fear. It made those they passed realize that there was truly no man worthy of such a woman that wasn't a King.

For these few moments, Dyon was finally able to set Luna aside in his heart. He didn't forget her, and the love was still raging in his heart. But, what he could do was ignore her possible betrayal for now. All that mattered was Amphorae's happiness right now.

Just like that, the two of them headed toward a secluded part of the Palace. It was time to deal with the traitors.

When Dyon walked in with Amphorae on his arm, the ministers in the throne room were stunned. How long had the seat by Dyon been completely empty? They had lost count of the number of years.

That said, many ministers had unconcealed happiness on their expressions. It seemed their King was finally growing up.

Amphorae didn't seem to notice the gazes on her, but her heart was fluttering the entire time. She felt gratified to finally be able to be by Dyon's side. The fact it was something so important too only made her feel better.

The truth was that a concubine didn't have any right to such an honor, but the fact Dyon ignored such an obvious and clear rule of etiquette made his stance clear. From today forward, Amphorae's status wouldn't be any less than that of Luna.

Dyon sat in the center throne with Amphorae directly to his right. He didn't speak for a long while, instead, he scanned the room silently. Unlike yesterday, he knew everyone in this room now. And it was very clear to him that three families were missing. To arrive after the King was a clear sign of disrespect, but for now, Dyon said not a single word. In fact, because of the atmosphere his aura created, not a single person dared to talk.

The throne room remained completely quiet.

Ten minutes passed. Then thirty. Then an hour. And still, no one said a word.

Amphorae's heart couldn't help but feel a fiery heat spread through her chest. Dyon's presence forced even those of the Dao Formation in this room to not dare to speak, even to ask what was wrong. His demeanor now was completely different than when they were alone, did her King always have such a side to him?

Despite Amphorae's thoughts, how could she not understand what was wrong? There were people missing, and the most embarrassing part for her was that one of them was her very own father.

A slight fury built in Amphorae's heart before she couldn't only helplessly and silently sigh. How could she not understand why her father would treat their King like this? However, this current King of theirs was very different. If her father continued to act like this, there would only be humiliation and death in his future.

There was an indescribable feeling welling up within her... Something that was telling her that there wasn't anything in existence capable of stopping her husband's current momentum.

Finally, after nearly another half an hour, the sound of three laughing men filled the hallways leading to the throne room.

Soon, the doors of the throne room opened. However, contrary to their previous attitudes, the laughter of the men completely stopped, immediately getting caught in their throats. Whereas they had expected the hall to be filled with discussion, and likely heated as it usually was, the reality was that the hall was completely quiet, making them the complete center of attention. Although this was their goal from the beginning, the circumstances in which it happened were vastly different from what they had imagined.

The man in the middle was tall and handsome, sporting long dark red hair. He was without a doubt Amphorae's father. Judging by how he was a dao formation expert, and could still manage to look so young, he had to have either just recently broken through to a new stage or was ridiculously talented.

Judging by Dyon's information on him, it was more likely the former, although any dao formation expert was an overwhelming talent.

He was known as Minister Akhekhu.

The other two men had auras at the peak celestial realm and were very close to their next breakthrough should they decide to forego increasing their cultivation grade. Considering they were only a few thousand years old, they not only had plenty of time, but were also much younger than Minister Akhekhu.

They were known as Minister Baria and Minister Hesus.

One had to say, that although they were all family heads, such an arrangement of friends was truly odd. Whereas Minister Akhekhu was Dyon's grand uncle. Minister Baria and Minister Hesus were both his uncles. The difference of one generation in the martial world was much too wide to ignore.

Dyon noted this oddity but continued to stay silent. In fact, he had long since closed his eyes. He didn't even react to the laughter or the opening of the throne room door. The only clue that he was still very much here and very much aware was the stifling dominance of his aura.

Minister Akhekhu's heart froze over when he saw the situation. But, when he noticed that there was someone seated beside Dyon, and the fact that person was his daughter, he was completely stunned. He suddenly went from a completely embarrassing situation, to another situation he had no idea how to handle.

However, the coldness in his heart immediately returned. Did this King of his think that such empty gestures would change decades of suffering? He had to watch his own daughter brave through complete humiliation while never saying a word of complaint. How could such anger and frustration be washed away so easily?

Yet, despite this, Minister Akhekhu's eyes softened when he looked upon Amphorae. He rarely ever got to see his daughter now, after all, the Imperial Harem forbade men from entering. Unfortunately for him, this included fathers.

Amphorae's heart swam with complex feelings when she saw her father's eyes, but her expression remained unmoved. When a woman married, it was only right that her allegiances shifted. No matter what Dyon had done in the past, she still loved him. And from their talks, she could see the guilt that was wracking his heart all of this time and the heavy stone that weighed on his psyche. All that mattered to her now was that he was trying, yet he was also so patient with her.

There were certain duties she had now, regardless of her thoughts and feelings, that took precedent. And, considering that her heart wasn't entirely on one side or another to begin with, it only made the clear decision all the more obvious.

Right now, Amphorae wasn't a daughter, she was a Queen and the wife of a King. A King who had just been disrespected by his subjects. The side she chose was clear to her.

In the next instant, the wave of pressure doubled... just as Dyon's eyes finally opened.

At the moment, time seemed to completely condense in the air. Everyone present could feel every second that passed, it was as though each one was ten times its normal length.

Dyon wasn't the type of person to lose himself in anger often. And even if he did, he rarely showed it. Even when an entire Universe tried to drown out his name in mud, he laughed before showing them why they weren't even worthy of knowing who he was, let alone attempting to tarnish his reputation. He stood tall over an entire generation of geniuses with barely two years of cultivation.

However, when Dyon did decide to show his anger, those who faced it would pay a grave price. He still hadn't forgotten how he had sworn to destroy Planet Deimos, nor had he not noticed that Tau Aumen had tried to help the Uidah take over their universe. He may have let it go for now, but that didn't mean it had left his heart. He had his own reasons for letting Tau believe that he had hidden himself from him, but one had to say that he had already signed his death contract.

Minister Akhekhu didn't dare to allow the coldness in his heart to spread. He felt that he didn't have the right to have such thoughts, how could he go against this mountain?

There was only one reason Dyon's mere gaze could pressure a Dao Formation expert like this: Heaven's Blessing.

Why was it that experts could have an invisible pressure to them even without releasing their cultivation? Heaven's Blessing.

However, there was something else growing within Dyon. Just like his perception in the last trial, this trial was once again increasing something within him.

One might wonder just why the ranks of the Epistemic Tower were labeled as such. The answer was simple. The presence of a martial warrior was decided within these trials. Whether one became a member of nobility, or transcended it all and became a God, it was all decided here.

In the first trial, Dyon began to cultivate an all-seeing eye, reaching a level of perception that could look down on the world and read it on a whim. This eye was a Martial Art, something that relied solely on one's body. However, such a thing was exceedingly difficult to cultivate, and as such, was separated into seven levels of foundation that decided its future level. A martial warrior who only entered the first

Viscount level would only be able to increase their perception within that range. But, Dyon now had the opportunity to cultivate his perception all the way to the peak of the God level.

Each level was split into four level. Early, Middle, Late and Peak.

The levels themselves were decided by titles of nobility. Viscount, Earl, Marquise, Duke, King, Emperor and God.

In order to pass the first trial of the viscount, one needed to birth the seed of viscount perception. However, in order to pass the first God trial, one needed the seed of God perception!

The seed decides the potential. But the level itself is decided by another ranking system. A seed of viscount perception is the equivalent of a half step to Early Viscount Perception.

But... The seed of a God Perception is the equivalent of a peak Duke Perception!

Even more interestingly, Dyon completely shattered the first trial's record. Knowing this, how could his perception possible be at the minimum requirement? No. Dyon's perception had already crossed over into Kingly levels. Currently, Dyon wielded a Late Stage King Perception.

It was no wonder why his Kingly aura was so overwhelming.

If this was all said, then what Martial Art was Dyon currently fostering within this second trial? It was none other than Presence.

This trial wasn't just about wielding the strongest hammer. It was about understanding the will of your people, maneuvering your kingdom even when it was at a disadvantage, and soothing the raging storms of war and politics. Dyon had already seen through this, likely because of his awakened Perception seed. As such, he treated his every action as important.

There would come a point where those of lower cultivation and Presence would directly kneel before him, not daring to fight. Such was the goal of this trial.

Knowing what was currently growing within Dyon, it was no wonder these family heads felt pressure. There was no doubt that any dao formation expert, or even quite a few celestials would have at least one of the Martial Arts. However, not everyone had the capabilities of fostering or cultivating them, and Presence was particularly difficult to cultivate. Many tried to fake it by using their cultivation, but such a thing would simply be fake bravado. It was the equivalent of a brawny man being willing to fight anyone weaker than him but running as soon as he saw true competition.

Dyon's grand teacher had a solid grasp on the fact that it was often the intangible things that formed what made you up on the inside that not only decided what type of person you were, but also the kind of road you would take on the martial path. As such, although some of the trials consisted of needing martial talent, another large segment required the proper mental make up and fortitude.

As for why he did this... Even Dyon didn't know fully... Only the grand teacher and those with him knew that even while he leisurely chatted with Dyon, he had an eyes on a never ending war in front of him... A war that only those prepared could help in.

He didn't just need powerful allies. He needed unbreakable allies.

Without even understanding why, the three Ministers stepped forward. The peak celestials directly kneeled, trembling and accepting their wrongs. They couldn't describe the feeling very accurately... But it was fear that overwhelmed their hearts, it was reverence and guilt... If one were to say fear was an aspect, they would be partially right, but it would more so be fear in concert with a disbelief that they had been so brazen before their King.

However, Minister Akhekhu did no such thing.

One could say that the combination of the two ministers knowing that Dyon was their rightful king, in combination with their relatively young age and the fact Dyon's Heaven's Blessing was the equivalent of a Dao Formation expert, they hardly stood a chance.

They knew that they were in the wrong from the beginning, and the prestige of the Angel Clan King was etched deeply into their hearts, so they were relatively easy to handle.

The problem was that Minister Akhekhu's Heaven's Blessing was also that of a dao formation expert. In addition, he had true reasons to hate the King, while his two followers were simply doing so for small

benefits. In addition, his cultivation itself could resist Dyon's currently growing Presence. A powerful enough dao formation expert could even resist and Emperor level Presence if forced to do so. However, the benefit was that they would have to divert some of their strength to do so.

That said, Dyon hadn't even earned a King level Presence just yet. Currently, he was still within normal noble ranks, although he was steadily improving. He could currently be considered a Peak Marquis in Presence.

The truth was that Dyon had long since fostered Presence. His very own father had taught him without understanding that it was one of the most difficult things for even talented martial warriors to learn. The reason why people like General Mace could make Madeleine and Ri feel fear was because he had cultivated Presence.

In the mortal realm, in order to become an outstanding official, it was necessary to have a noble level Presence. So, even when Dyon had not a lick of cultivation, he already had a Viscount level Presence. By the world tournament, it had already broken into the Earl level. After he faced life and death, it had broken into the Marquis level. One can see how difficult it was to cultivate Presence. After all, Dyon faced a dao formation expert at the meridian formation level, and only increased by one stage.

"You've changed, my King." Minister Akhekhu bowed slightly, trying to avoid his pull to look at his daughter. He had wanted this for her for so long that he couldn't understand how he should act now.

Although it may seem like it, this slight bow by Akhekhu wasn't actually disrespectful. As a Minister of the highest order, this was just about the amount of respect he was due to show the King. This may seem like small gesture, it was at least something to move them in the right direction. Now, Dyon's reaction was all that remained.

Dyon glanced silently at this minister of his. Interestingly, he was neither cold nor angry. The wave of rage they had felt just earlier seemed to dissipate into smoke.

They were used to their King restraining himself, after all, this wasn't the first time these three were purposely late to a meeting. However, this didn't seem like simply holding back. It seemed more like their King had decided that now wasn't the time. He eyes came off of them, almost as though to say "I'll deal with you later."

"Bring in the traitors."

The eyes of the three ministers widened. Traitors? They thought that this was supposed to be a normal war meeting, they knew nothing of these traitors. How could they, as high class ministers near the peak of this society, know nothing of such a big move by the King?

A cold sweat permeated on the back of not only them, but a few other ministers within the court. The sharp contrast between their attitudes and that of the rest meant only one thing: This was done purposely by their King.

When Dyon asked for a detail report that day and put in place all of those laws, he hadn't said a single word about traitors. What he had said very clearly was: "When they try to escape curfew tonight, let them." It was only afterwards that he gave commands to catch a few of them and only through those that he had judged were trustworthy.

If he had given this task to possible traitors, wouldn't they make sure to catch only those that knew nothing? If that was the case, wouldn't Dyon be in an even deeper well? He would have no cards, little trust of many of his ministers and people, all while facing an army of millions.

This seemingly simple move sense shivers down the backs of his ministers. Even those who knew of the traitors were trembling when they noticed the pale faces of some of those around them. All of this meant one simple thing: Their King had decided to no longer trust them.

The fact that the three before him now had the palest faces of all told everyone all they needed to know. The blood only continued to drain from their faces as 8 criminals in strong reinforced chains were dragged in, in dirty and ragged clothing, completely bloodied and beaten.

The message was clear.

This is your future if you continue to defy me.

Chapter 753: Why?

"Sit."

Dyon's voice filled the hall, obviously referring to the three ministers before him. In one move, Dyon had shattered the spirits of those who wanted to oppose him. If it was just the three ministers who were singled out, it would be one thing. After all, what was impressive about seeing through their actions? They were always late and disrespectful. It was obvious to single them out. However, the fact there were others, and judging by their reaction, it told a completely different story... It meant their King had seen through their subtle movements.

This was their last chance, and they knew it.

The power of a King wasn't limited to himself, but was rather found within the scope of control he wielded. Dyon understood this, therefore he didn't have to suppress these men with his own cultivation. All he had to do was use his authority as a King. And the moment he did, the wave of pressure in the room doubled once again. Dyon's Presence had broken into the Duke levels.

...

Moments later, the eight traitors were laid at feet of the stairs leading to the thrones that held Dyon and Amphorae.

Dyon and the ministers silently scanned the traitors while those who were essentially called out by their king tried their best to regain their composure.

From what they could see, four of the eight were merchants, and judging by their injuries, they were treated much better. This was because Dyon took into consideration the fact that their betrayal may not be so simple. In the mortal realm, companies usually benefitted from war, but that wasn't all companies. In the same vein, war was clearly detrimental to these merchants. They likely sold luxury items that would be completely useless in these times. Who needed furs and jewels when their lives were on the line?

However, there was a fifth merchant that they took much longer to recognize, and that was simply due to the bloodiness of his face. He was almost completely disfigured.

By this point, it was clear that Dyon decided the treatment of these traitors based on a series of rules. What those rules were? The ministers could only make some guesses.

Firstly, they were correct about the first four merchants being luxury peddlers. This made it less likely that their betrayal was a stand against their Clan. That said, this was, of course, not enough for Dyon to trust them. For one, despite his deductions, he treated them as prisoners regardless. Secondly, they had been escaping with their luxury items in tow. This made their motives more acceptable, although still punishable.

Secondly, when the ministers finally recognized the fifth merchant, a coldness swept over their hearts. This merchant was the very first to be allowed into their village and many ministers here thought highly of him. In fact, he was invited to many important functions.

After the death of the former King, the one thing that the ministers managed to appreciate about their King was the fact that he built up the economy of their little clan very well. He took advantage of their spiritual vein's ability to produce rare stones and cornered a market all to their own, but he also facilitated trade between clans as well. Much of this was because he wanted Queen Luna to feel more at home, so he tried his best to reflect her experiences here, however despite the slight bitterness that brought, it still held an overall good within.

This was one of the few bright spots of his rule. Unfortunately, it seemed that the very first merchant they allowed in, one many of them called friend and even spoke secret matters with, was actually a spy implanted from the very beginning. How could their hearts not go cold? Just how deep did the schemes of the Moon Royal God Clan go?

It was very clear to them that a merchant truly had the best disguise. They could freely enter and leave the clan, and only had to undergo minimal inspection at the gates. Considering what they were truly dealing in was hidden in their minds, how could that be checked?

With the knowledge that Merchant Brinsop was a traitor, Dyon immediately knew that the Moon clan had full knowledge of not only their military strength and numbers, but also their equipment. After all, he was responsible for dealing in such things. Although the Moon clan had many capable Weapon-smiths, they had been forbidden by their ancestors to dig out the resources of their land. This was much of the reason why their young King's new innovations were so well received. He allowed precious metals and minerals that the Angel Clan hadn't seen in millions of years to come back into their society.

Unfortunately, with every bulk order of precious metals suitable for weapon making made by the Royal Angel family, the easier it was for their enemies to calculate just what kind of weapons they were working with. This was especially so since Merchant Brinsop had many private dealings with weapon-smiths.

The truth was that the scouts last night had almost let him go. After all, Dyon ordered a mix of escapees to be taken in. The scout assigned to Brinsop's area just happened to be one assigned to watch and not capture. However, because of Dyon's communication devices and the fact he had thoroughly studied everyone in the village through his reports, he was able to organize a proper ambush.

Dyon immediately made a mental note to inspect every weapon before war. Worst case scenario, they would have to start from scratch...

Suddenly, Dyon's Perception caught of something odd.

He abruptly stood, his actions catching the attention of the entire hall.

'Am I really so lucky?... If he had managed to slip through...' A cold sweat permeated Dyon's back. He finally realized a flaw in his plans to allow a few to escape. If he hadn't been lucky enough for this person to be on the docket to be caught, who knows what kind of disaster would have been stirred.

Dyon's figure flashed toward the prisoners. Amphorae's heart was caught in her chest, injured and chained or not, many of these traitors were beyond Dyon's strength. He was being too reckless!

The aurora flame stone on Dyon's neck roared to life as he picked up a traitor they had all seemingly ignored to now by the throat. Panic overwhelmed the eyes of the traitor. He couldn't help but think: How?!

Dyon didn't respond. He didn't have to. His perception had grown to an unprecedented level. This disguise technique was near perfection, and somehow maintained through a beating. The only explanation was that it wasn't a technique at all, but rather, a pill capable of changing one's appearance.

The aurora flames scorched the inside of the traitor, causing him to scream in horror. The cold sweat of the singled out Ministers came back in full force, each one imagining that he was them.

But, the next moment, a resounding shock shook the room. Even Dyon couldn't help but widen his eyes as complete confusion colored his features. When had he ever been so confused? This feeling was nearly foreign to him! He could be in the dark about something. He could not know something. But confusion?!

He couldn't be blamed. As the pills effects were cruelly burned away by Dyon, the appearance of the traitor began to slowly change...

This traitor was none other than the father of the dead Michael... Minister Brodaya...

There was no doubt that this meant that the "Minister Brodaya" currently in the stands beside his fellow ministers... The one completely white as a sheet... Was a false replacement...

But, then... Why was the real Minister Brodaya in on it?... Why would he betray a clan his son gave up his life to protect?!

Chapter 754: Too Young

The throne room was silent. Or, it would have been if it wasn't for the screams of the Minister Brodaya. This only managed to send yet another cold sweat down the backs of those Dyon had singled out. Who had ever heard of a mere saint causing a dao formation expert to scream like this?

The truth was the aurora flames were very volatile and dangerous. It wasn't until Dyon's grand teacher that they were managed to be reigned in. However, that only worked when the power they flames wielded was closely tied to your soul – this was, of course, something that old man learned after hundreds of thousands of years of experimentation.

As you might expect, this was also one of the requirements for creating a technique that fused with the will of the universe and could be passed down. Dyon's grand teacher had taken a natural substance, and tamed it, thus making it docile.

That said, it was no wonder why the old man said his technique was imperfect. His technique was the equivalent of domesticating a wild animal. On the surface, it seems like a great idea, but if you toss that

animal back into the wilds, they'd be at a severe disadvantage. Although you gained something, it was an inferior and much weaker product. This was why Dyon's grand teacher said that, in many ways, the aurora was actually holding back Dyon's soul.

However, Dyon didn't have any thoughts of improving the aurora despite having deduced this. How could he not figure it out after having seen the original form of the flames? The problem was that it was truly much too dangerous and the soul was much too fragile. One couldn't even attack directly with their soul, even when facing a much weaker opponent, without fear of being severely injured. How could you then, in good conscious, place a combustible and violent flame near it? Wouldn't you be asking to die?

Acknowledging this, Dyon placed the idea at the back of his mind. Maybe in the future he'd find a way. But, for now, his grand teacher was right in taming these flames.

"Why is it you..." Dyon's brow furrowed as he held Minister Brodaya's neck.

Suddenly, in the midst of his screams, a dangerous light flashed within Minister Brodaya's eyes. Hate, anger, regret – all of it swirled within.

Amphorae's heart clenched, she knew it was much too dangerous for Dyon to get so close. How could she be fast enough to help him now?

Dyon's Perception immediately caught onto the killing intent. However, he didn't panic. Hadn't he faced odds like this before? Except this time, it was different. This time... He was in control.

His Presence dampened his heart and forced him to remain cool headed. It had only been fractions of a second since he detected this traitorous Minister's intentions, but he had more time to work with than most. As Dyon had decided during the first trial, if his body wasn't fast enough to react, what he needed wasn't just faster reaction, but Prediction!

"Husband!" Amphorae's voice sounded out, but Dyon had already made his move. Minister Brodaya's first mistake was pretending to be weak and allowing the aurora flames into his body. Now that he had, he would bend to Dyon's will now.

In an instant, the aurora flames diverted from the blood in Minister Brodaya's veins and propelled themselves toward his meridians. Minister Brodaya's eyes widened when he realized what was happening, but it was already too late... He had let a tiger into his home.

Raging gold flames stormed through the once enigmatic energy filled meridians, completely disrupting the flow of energy. It stalled Minister Brodaya for half a second, and that was all Dyon needed.

A majestic twin pair of black and white wings erupted from Dyon's back as he shot backwards. Moments later, three ministers sprang forward and restrained the raging Brodaya. From start to finish, he never got the opportunity to attack.

Dyon smirked to himself when he realized all three of the ministers who moved were three he had called out. It seemed they were eager to prove their loyalty.

Although Dyon seemed focused on saving himself, he had actually been inspecting the room. Those who were traitors would likely know that Brodaya was also one, no? In that case, why would they move to help? If the King died, that was even better for them.

After his inspections, Dyon pretended not to notice anything. It seemed this round of noble games was getting interesting.

"You have a lot of nerve attacking the King in our presence!"

Punches and kicks flew toward Minister Brodaya. They were restrained, of course. That said, it wasn't to a great extent. After all, as a dao formation expert, he was quite resilient.

Amphorae placed her small hand on her chest, taking a deep breath to steady her breathing. That was much too dangerous.

However, at this point in time, the hall was eerily quiet. When Amphorae noticed it, she too had her eyes widen in shock. Without exception, every single one in this room couldn't take their eyes off of Dyon.

Inwardly, Dyon raised an eyebrow. 'Is there something on my face? Or is it because they're surprised that I evaded a dao formation expert's attempted attack?'

Just as he thought that, Dyon's Perception picked up something odd. They weren't looking at him... Or, more accurately, they were looking at his wings?...

If Dyon thought about it, this was indeed the first time he had used his wings in public. The last time he did, was in the dead of night in his and Luna's private garden. At the time, even Luna hadn't seen him take off since she was in the room. Her field of vision wouldn't have picked up on it.

Amphorae's heartbeat quickened. The sheen of her husband's wings were so holy, yet somehow also so devilish. She felt her bloodline trembling under his presence. But, the problem was that her senses were sharp. This suppression wasn't coming from Dyon's bloodline, it was coming from something else.

All of the experts were thinking the same thing. If they hadn't been here to witness Dyon grow up themselves, they would almost not believe that he was a member of their clan at all. Somehow, the moment that the golden lightning dragon struck down, the boundaries of reality and fantasy were becoming blurred.

Just yesterday, Dyon was known as a prodigy of the Angel bloodline and one with the purist inheritance of it in hundreds of thousands of years. However, in that moment, the story changed, it was a completely imperceptible change.... To those of this time, things had always been this way. Unfortunately, it caused more trouble for Dyon.

The reason was simple. They hadn't felt bloodline power from Dyon, so how could they accept a King with such a weakness? At that point, it was not only Dyon's leadership that came under question, but also his right to lead at all. It was suffice to say that those two Ministers that bowed to him were doing so in respect to his Presence, but also the legacy of the Angel Clan.

This was something Dyon had not a single clue about. To him, this was just an adaptation of the trial. It made sense that anyone who entered the trial would have troubles, and he just assumed that this was one of them.

But, none of that mattered. Dyon had seemingly grasped yet another advantage.

"King!"

The Ministers stood. Angelic wings burst from their backs, filling the room with a pressure that made traitors tremble.

Minister Brodaya finally saw this and an unwillingness and regret filled his eyes. He felt to the ground, unwilling to support his own self to look up.

The loud thumping of kneeling filled the room. Even Amphorae felt the need to do so, but Dyon's words reverberated in her ears, so she refrained from doing so. She understood that it wasn't proper to do so.

Dyon silently landed on the floor, retracting his wings before looking around.

It was quite the majestic scene. Some elders had white wings. Others had black wings. Some more powerful ministers even had slight mutations. For example, Amphorae's father's black wings faded to red at their tips, giving them a sinister feel.

It was definitely a surprise to see even that man kneeling. Were his wings truly so compelling?

When Dyon thought back, he knew that his soul was responsible for his wings, not his bloodline. However, what he also understood was that the Martial World wasn't so simple. For example, the Ancient Elvin Tomes technically resulted in specific soul manifestations, however, they weren't so simple, right?

The Ancient Elvin Tomes required Dyon to body cultivate in order to manifest a particular Ancient Manifestation. In fact, if it wasn't for the fact Dyon realized that doing this was silly when he had such an overwhelming blood essence within his, he would already have fostered an Elvin body.

Using this line of logic, it was clear that bloodlines could lead to manifestations... So, why wouldn't the opposite also be possible?

The moment Dyon manifested his humanoid manifestation, it caused him endless pain, but it also etched tattoos of white, black and gold into his back. Of those colors, his wings had already very clearly manifested the first two, but there were no signs of any gold currently.

Dyon knew little about Angels. His knowledge was limited to what his master knew, and even she was only aware that they were the limit of evolution for humans. If a created human universe had great potential, then after a few tens of billion years, they would begin to birth Angels. Obviously, not every universe was destined for this, but those that had relatively higher purity in Gama energy would eventually accrue enough Heaven's Blessings for such a thing.

But... The problem was that the universe Dyon was from was much too young to have produced an Angel...

Chapter 755: Changed

Dyon was aware of this as well. He knew that it took much longer to produce a universe than the length of time his universe had lived for.

Furthermore, there were other differences between him and this Angel Clan.

While there were some mutations, none were as drastic as Dyon's. Most mutations were held to slight changes in color using white and black as a base – like Amphorae's father and his red tint. However, Dyon had drastically different colors. He had two white wings, and two black wings. None of those in the hall had such dichotomy.

The other clear difference was that even the most powerful Ministers here only had one set of wings, so why did he have two?

The last difference was just a bit petty on his part, honestly speaking. Whenever he used his wings, his shirt was ripped apart. However, it seemed that these Angel Clan ministers had a way around that.

Dyon placed this to the back of his mind for now. It seemed he needed to do more to understand this Angel Clan. He spent too much time trying to comprehend their people and culture, and not enough understanding what their history was. He couldn't believe he made such a mistake.

Only when you understand yourself could you look down on others.

Dyon sat back onto his throne. Minister Brodaya had his chains replaced by those reserved for powerful prisoners. Before, they had been fooled and used chains for saint experts on him, which gave him the opportunity to attack Dyon. Luckily, their King was a genius. However, that didn't stop those who captured him from feeling guilty. Dyon simply waved them away when they asked for punishment.

"Merchant Brinsop. Are you going to speak of your own accord, or would you like to experience a few more days of torture?" Dyon spoke out, causing the Ministers to stop their acts of worship and go back to their seats. He decided to first focus on the merchant because he could tell that Brodaya's story was complex. Also, for a man to be willing to betray the country his son lost his life to defend, it could be said that his conviction far surpassed the rest.

The "Minister Brodaya" in the stands that had been pretending to be the real man was captured immediately as well. With so many dao formation experts around him, he had no chance. Soon, he was kneeling amongst the prisoners as well, making the total of 8, 9.

"Just kill me." Minister Brinsop spit on the ground to stop the blood from filling up his mouth. He looked weak and defeated, but he also had no intention of betraying whoever it was sent him here.

"Interesting." Dyon smiled.

Seeing this, Amphorae felt a cold sweat permeate her back. Something was telling her this smile wasn't so simple. Maybe one day she'd be able to giggle at it like Madeleine.

The ministers could only sigh. They didn't have much hope for this interrogation. Someone able to infiltrate a clan for so long, with cultivation as weak as him, would obviously be either very good at what he does, or have ample reason to keep doing what he was doing. In the worst case, maybe even both would be true. So, how could it be so simple to get answers?

Even worse, so what if they got answers? For one, how could they be trust worthy? Even if most of what was said had an air of truth, if even the smallest detail was twisted with sinister intentions, their supposed advantage could be wiped. Secondly, would any information they have truly be helpful? After all, no amount of information would change the fact they were facing an army of millions with tens of thousands.

However, there was a new-found respect for their King in their eyes. While Dyon may not understand why, they did. So, when they saw him smiling instead of frowning, they felt an unknown calmness come over them.

Dyon's hand flashed as a formation flag appeared in his hand. Ignoring the odd gazes he got, his hands began to work.

Formation flags in this time were made of the same material as array plates. Interestingly enough, they were of higher quality as well.

Array plates were made of special metals capable of conducting and housing aurora flames and thus had the ability to store arrays and release them at the will of their wielders.

Formation flags used this same principle to store higher cores of aurora energies at key points of large arrays. This helped stabilize them, something that was very necessary for the crude arrays of this time.

The moment Dyon saw the use of formation flags, he immediately realized he could use them to draw arrays to bolster the power of the army. Of course, he handed this task to the women of the clan to do. This was the second task he had for them, the first of which was making pills.

One might wonder why Dyon was using the array plate now. Didn't he freely use the aurora flames in the air already?

The difference here was that the arrays he wanted to use were on a completely other level. Some of them even needed to be used on dao formation traitors. How could he create such a powerful array in this state? So, he handed the job to Amphorae's mother, who was very eager to help. Although she too was dissatisfied with Dyon's treatment of her daughter, when she learned that Dyon wanted to give the women a true place in the clan, her eyes flashed with youthful vigor. With her soul power, creating a comet level array with Dyon's guidance wasn't a problem.

Dyon smiled, leisurely tapping the formation flag, "It seems you want to do this the hard way."

Merchant Brinsop shivered, but could do nothing as Dyon crushed the plate, forcibly flicking the array toward him. In mere moments, Brinsop was restricted by an array similar to the one Dyon used on the Uidah and General Mace, although much stronger.

At this point, the ministers still didn't understand what was going on. They had heard of techniques capable of enslaving people, even things like soul contracts existed in this time, but using an array to do so? It was unheard of!

Seeing Merchant Brinsop struggle so hard, shivers went up the spines of those present for what felt like the millionth time. This King of theirs had barely displayed much effort, and yet had made them all bow down in respect.

"Let's try this again, shall we?" Dyon smile faded, replaced by a cold glint. "Firstly, chop off your own finger if you want the pain to stop."

At first, the minister and Brinsop almost asked what pain? But, as time passed by and the merchant didn't listen to Dyon's words, a burning sensation filled his chest. It was as though molten lava was encasing his veins and meridians, coursing through his organs and searing them black.

Soon, Brinsop's cold sweat became heavy panting, and his heavy panting became the audible sound of his gritting teeth, and then screams filled the hall.

Dyon watched this expressionlessly, as though he was looking down on an idiot. Didn't I already tell you what you had to do? Tsk tsk.

Brinsop's agony raged onward. Eventually, the poor man started slamming his head against the ground, trying to kill himself to escape.

Dyon sighed, shaking his head. The wave of pain doubled and Brinsop's muscles seized. How could an array like this allow the slave to kill himself when he pleased? How ridiculous.

Brinsop pulled his hand up to his mouth, viciously chomping down on two fingers. Blood flew into the air as he collapsed, the pain finally disappearing.

"Well, that's one way to waste 10 minutes of everyone's time." Dyon shook his head. "I hope it's clear to you now that the pain will only increase as time passes and you will never reach a point where it kills you. You either feel more pain, or do you do as you're told. If you try to kill yourself, your energy flow and muscles will seize, and the gradual increase of pain will jump forward drastically. Don't waste my time again."

Dyon's voice was cold and commanding. Even looking down on the Brinsop who had clearly pissed himself, he felt nothing. The only thing he felt bad about was that Amphorae had to see this.

Brinsop grit his teeth, but the moment the pain started to spread again, he gave up. "Yes... King."

The Ministers all looked at each other, not knowing what to think. Such a large problem was solved so easily... But the question was, just how useful would this information be.

"Excellent." Dyon smiled. To him, these ministers were far too short sighted. Presence wasn't just about having a domineering aura, it was also about having leader and foresight. Dyon was well aware that they thought this interrogation might only bear useless fruits. However, he was of a different opinion. Any small bit of information was important.

"First," Dyon's eyes flashed, "who are you?"

Brinsop was stunned by this odd question, but he didn't dare to be slow in his answer. "My name is Brinsop. I am from a small branch family of the Moon clan. I have poor cultivation talent, but my management skills and intelligence managed to gain my family wealth. Unfortunately, without power, wealth means next to nothing. I understood this, so I tried to spread my influence, showing my worth to higher echelons.

"Eventually, I had enough power to be recognized, but that kind of political power means nothing in the martial world. In a manner of a night, everything that I had spent centuries building was claimed by the main Moon clan..."

"Then why aren't you dead?" One of the ministers couldn't help but ask. Dyon didn't mind this, of course. These ministers might also have good ideas for questions, by allowing this question to be asked without reprimand, it would let the Ministers relax and do their jobs better. He had gone through a round of instilling fear in them, but ruling by fear wasn't smart in the long run. He had to use a push and

pull approach. A true King isn't the only talent in his Kingdom... A true King knows how to make the best use of those around him.

Brinsop sighed, "I believe it is because someone in the higher echelons found a use for me. At the price of a large part of my profits, I was allowed to live, but I had to make myself useful by infiltrating clans that were deemed as threats."

Dyon's eyes flashed as he inwardly grinned.

In this seemingly useless information, he had already grasped two things.

The first was that his opponents were clever enough to think of such a plan. Such planning and foresight... It didn't match the description of the current Moon Clan King. That meant Dyon couldn't plan based on his rashness. There was someone else in the background pulling strings intelligently.

The second point was even more important. Brinsop didn't say that he infiltrated just their clan. He said clans.

'I can use this...'

**

In the highest palace room, one reserved for only the King and Queen, Luna watched this scene on a reflective mirror silently, her heart shaking.

She didn't understand why, but she was moved by these scenes. For so long, her husband had been the shell of a man, hardly even treating her like a woman. But, recently, maybe because of the danger they were facing, he had become someone that she couldn't push out of her mind.

It was safe to say that the previous King did not understand Luna at all, nor did he ever truly gain her affections. He somehow thought that the way to a woman's heart was to constantly shower her with needlessly empty things, and protect her "oh so fragile feelings". Without a doubt, he was wrong. And the way he changed had even turned the Amphorae who did love him away from him.

But now, Luna felt her heart quicken. For the first time, she felt guilt... Even to the point where she didn't have the heart to report in yesterday...

"You've changed..." She said softly.

Chapter 756: A Chance

Hearing the explanations of Merchant Brinsop, Dyon smiled.

"Take Merchant Brinsop to Lady Penelope, our best, to be healed. Provide him with lodging, food, and also prepare the same evacuation measures for him as one of our citizens." Dyon spoke quickly and didn't explain his words. After finishing, he looked at Merchant Brinsop, "Be ready to leave early tomorrow morning. If you perform well, saving your family will be a part of our plans. Do you understand?"

The change was much too quick. They had gone from torturing Brinsop to making him one of their own? What was going on?

However, those more intelligent had an imperceptible light flash in their eyes. This was especially so for Amphorae. It seemed that from beginning to end, Dyon had all of the happenings well within his control. It was almost as though... He didn't need to ask the questions at all...

As the thoughts spun in Amphorae's mind, her evaluation of her husband seemed to continue sky rocketing.

When you thought about it, what would have made people the most unsatisfied with taking Merchant Brinsop in? Wouldn't it be the lack of punishment? Yet, didn't he lose two fingers after facing unimaginable pain?

'Could it be that Dyon let himself be placed in a dangerous situation in hopes that Brinsop would attack?...' Amphorae shook her head. Such planning and foresight had to be beyond the scope of humans. It was simply inconceivable. It would imply that Dyon knew that Brinsop would be useful

before hand and was prepared to set up a situation where he was punished enough, and yet in good enough shape to be used for the next day.

This was even a two-pronged attack. Dyon purposefully used this opportunity to bring his integration of women into their fold. How could the Angel Clan not have male healers? Yet, he not only crown Lady Penelope as the best, he also thrust her into affairs of war before everyone. Anyone insightful enough could see his motives.

The most stunned individual was, without a doubt, Brinsop. Never did he imagine that he would have another chance at life. He had made many friends here, but in one fell sweep, he had betrayed them all. He wouldn't have been surprised if he received the worst punishment and torture possible even after telling them everything he knew. But, this was well outside of his expectations.

This was, of course, within Dyon's calculations as well. Although he could rule Brinsop's future with his array, it wasn't ideal. He needed Brinsop for diplomatic reasons, and much of that would require Brinsop admitting that he was a spy to those clans. This would automatically shatter much of his prestige in those clans. Because of this, Dyon needed him to be his very best, and him being fearful and restrained wasn't the right way.

Again. A King needed to understand how to best use his subjects.

This was also of benefit for his questioning of the other traitors as well. They saw that there was a way out. But, they also saw that it was the only way out. If Dyon wanted, he didn't have to treat them well at all, because he could force them to answer anyway. This left only one person with the worst of cold sweats: Minister Brodaya.

No matter what, anyone here knew that it was impossible for him to be forgiven. While Merchant Brinsop was coerced, forced and technically not of their people, Minister Brodaya was different. He was of Angel Clan blood. He felt the need to kneel when he saw Dyon's wings. He had grown up with them all. His son had died for them! His only future was to spill his everything, then die.

Before Merchant Brinsop left to be healed and fed, Dyon made sure to ask detailed questions about his network of people in the Angel Clan. His network in those other clans could wait for the trip tomorrow, but Dyon needed this short cut toward uprooting his own clan's issues first.

As much as Dyon wanted to use Brinsop's influence to control them all, he knew that would be naïve. Everyone had their own interests and their own families and futures to worry about. Because of this, there was only one possibility, and that was to force arrays into them all as well. Only then would Dyon be at ease.

After learning of the network, Dyon left this task to his trusted soldiers. They were actually made of his male friends from youth. While everyone else was scheming behind his back, only they had his back because only they truly understood what was going through his mind. Their group of about 20 had become his personal guard, as was tradition. Of course, Dyon was also wary of the feelings of this body of his clouding his Perception of the situation. But, luckily he hadn't triggered any of those between them yet when he investigated them thoroughly. For now, they were clean.

Finally, Dyon sent Brinsop off with his eyes, tasking his protection to a couple guards. Then, ignoring the ministers in the room for a moment, he turned toward Amphorae who sat by his side.

"Amphorae," Dyon smiled, taking her hand.

A faint blush colored her features, but she still managed to keep her composure, nodding faintly. She could tell that Dyon was about to task her with something important.

"Tomorrow, I leave with Queen Luna. Do you understand?"

Amphorae's heart beat quickened, "You mean..."

Dyon nodded. "While I'm gone, the highest authority in our clan is you."

The ministers were stunned by Dyon's words. After all, this wasn't protocol. Amphorae might not even be hundredth in line for such a responsibility. Although that was an exaggeration, it wasn't too far from the truth. Concubines truly weren't given much power, and this was doubly true with Dyon's ignoring them for so many decades.

However, the ministers had no right to protest. Just as a few wanted to, they were reminded of Dyon's words just yesterday, words that had become law as soon as he uttered them. He had said that all

decisions during this time of war would be made through him, and only him. They were in a state of martial law, as such, Dyon could do whatever he wanted.

This was without a doubt yet another power move. It not only gave silent consent to women gaining more power in the clan, it also elevated Amphorae's status to an all new level. Without even the words being uttered, those around already began to think the words: Queen Amphorae, even without noticing it.

There was, of course, another reason for this as well. Many here thought that Dyon bringing Amphorae here was just an empty gesture. Like duct tape to try and cover over a gaping hole. Even Amphorae couldn't help but hide such a feeling deep within her heart. However, Dyon simply shattered all of that in one move. This was the ultimate showing of strength, a move that was nothing less than a master stroke.

Amphorae nodded, "Yes... Royal Husband."

With how intelligent Amphorae was, how could she not see these hidden reasons? Maybe a normal woman would be jealous that her husband was taking her competition out instead of her, but Amphorae saw through all of this. In fact, it could be said that the one who would truly be jealous was Queen Luna.

Not only has Queen Luna never had such a privilege, Dyon taking her with him only proved one thing: He didn't trust her to stay here without his supervision. While it may seem only right for a King and Queen to take diplomatic visits together, this was nothing more than a façade. It also let the other ministers rest their hearts easy... Even the Queen wasn't safe from the label of traitor.

This worked doubly to strike fear into the hearts of those Dyon called out as well. If the Queen wasn't safe when the King loved her so much, how could they be?

Dyon smiled, raising Amphorae's place in his heart once again before turning his attention to the rest of the traitors. By now, there were only three left. The traitorous merchants were obviously a part of Brinsop's network, so they were controlled with Arrays and sent off to be healed.

After doing this, Dyon also sent out half of his personal guard to re-capture those he allowed to escape. He realized and was willing to admit his mistakes. Although the plan seemed perfect, who knows what

would have happened had they let Minister Brodaya escape? They could only be described as lucky for catching him, he could have very well been on the "allow to escape" list.

Eventually, Dyon probably would have realized that the fake Minister Brodaya in their hall had something off with him. After all, it was his high Perception that caught something wrong with the prisoner to begin with. However, that only happened because Dyon was closely inspecting the traitors with such a purpose. He, obviously, wasn't inspecting the ministers so closely. At most, he judged their reactions to certain situations, but didn't delve too deeply. After all, there were more than 50 of them. Even his Perception had limits.

In truth, Dyon thought it was risky to recapture all of those he allowed to escape. But, he had no choice. He would rather the Moon clan catch wind that something was wrong instead of allowing another Minister Brodaya to be under their nose. So, he ordered this recapture secretly.

In reality, though, Dyon was lucky once again. What he hadn't known for sure all of this time was that Queen Luna was more than just suspicious, she was a main culprit, although even Merchant Brinsop was unaware of this – such was the caution of the Queen.

What this meant was that any change of Queen Luna would be even more easily detectable by their enemies. And, even worse, Queen Luna herself could secretly communicate the clan's situation herself.

That said, she did none of those things. But, even then, the fact she didn't check in because of her guilt, was already noticed by the Moon Clan.

The reason none of this mattered at all was that the fool of a King leading the Moon Clan now actually decided to not change his battle plans at all, even knowing the likelihood that the Angel Clan was preparing.

This was why whether Dyon captured them or let a few escape meant nothing. Whether they escaped or not, the Moon clan was already aware of the situation, and were still not doing a thing. So, Dyon's worries were baseless.

Maybe he was too blinded by his love for Luna... Such a mistake wasn't something Dyon would ever make...

Without realizing it, he had left a large blind spot in his preparations. A mistake only a fool would make. However, he seemed to not notice at all. Or, maybe...

He already knew the truth and was just giving his wife a chance to change her mind...

Chapter 757: Complex

Dyon looked down on the three kneeling figures.

There had been eight initially, but then with the appearance of Minister Brodaya, it had climbed to nine.

Five were merchants, one of that number being Merchant Brinsop.

That left four, but one of them was easily dealt with. It turned out that she was a spy from one of the clans Minister Brinsop happened to also have connections in, leaving them with three. Not surprisingly, putting aside the two Minister Brodaya's, the third kneeling figure was yet another spy from a neighboring clan. This made the visits Dyon had to make tomorrow hundreds of times easier, but it also made his disdain of the previous King increase even more.

It was clear from these two spies that other Kings had foresight while he didn't. The only reason that the Angel Clan King even allowed their economy to grow was under the suggestion of Queen Luna, and all that did was allow even more spies to infiltrate them easily. It was pathetic.

Dyon wasn't angry that the neighboring clans sent spies, though. In the human world, before its destruction, such a thing was beyond normal. Countries would always keep an eye on each other. It didn't have to be out of malicious intent, it was just a matter of maintaining personal security. In fact, Dyon treated them even better than Merchant Brinsop, even "shattering" the arrays he put in them.

In truth, Dyon was only putting on a show. He still needed some leverage, so in reality, he only forced the arrays into a dormant state and placed them under heavy observation.

After dealing with everything, there were only two kneeling figures left. Currently, both of them looked the exact same since Dyon hadn't burned away the pill the fake one was using. Although Dyon could

burn it away, he doubted the same plan would work again, so he didn't feel up to the task of toying with a Dao Formation expert. In the end, it hardly mattered anyway since there were arrays placed within them.

"You two have nothing to say for yourselves?" Dyon sat lazily in his throne. The mental fatigue he underwent planning through every minute detail was quite taxing, so he was getting annoyed with this whole process. The fact that these two traitors had the face of someone he had warm memories for didn't nothing to help his mood. It was only when Amphorae's hand found its way to his that he felt himself calm down a bit. Dyon couldn't sense the exact will she used without his soul, but he could tell it was more effective than his own celestial will.

He smiled faintly, thanking her. But in his heart, waves were flying through. He had always known that there was one will that surpassed celestial will in terms of purity, could it be that Amphorae had mastered it?

A holy light coursed through his veins, pumping him with vitality.

Suddenly, Amphorae sensed something. She frowned lightly but immediately went back to a neutral expression.

'Dyon ... He's heavily injured ...' Amphorae's heart ached. This man beside her looked so strong, but she sensed a deep scar in him that surpassed the emotional turmoil he had been going through. His soul was in tattered pieces.

What Amphorae had sensed was none other than the state of Dyon's soul. She was astonished by how strong her husband's soul was, but that was overshadowed by the worry that was building up. She couldn't understand how Dyon could walk around with a soul that was so injured.

Amphorae didn't let go of Dyon's hand. In fact, she held on tighter, pouring her will into him.

There was only a single will in existence that surpassed celestial will in purity, and only a single will that was unparalleled in healing.

Much like celestial will, it was nearly impossible to comprehend this will without the appropriate bloodline or a kernel to study from. However, unlike celestial will, this will's bloodline had disappeared from the world, making it impossible for anyone to use the latter option.

Madeleine learned celestial will from Dyon who was able to give her the kernel to learn from because he received the bloodline from his master. But, there was no one with this bloodline in existence!

Dyon's eyes widened as he felt his soul mending. The process was slow, and would likely take many months, if not years, but it was actually healing!

There was no doubt in Dyon's heart anymore... This will was none other than the peak-most purity will in existence. A will capable of healing even the soul – something even celestial will couldn't do to such a degree.

This was none other than Holy intent.

Simple Holy will wasn't enough to heal a soul as powerful as Dyon's. Not only had Amphorae reached the intent level, she had mastered it to the One With Will level – the fifth level – a step higher than even his demon generals had reached with their wills, and their wills weren't even at the supreme law level like this was!

What Dyon didn't know was that Amphorae was currently holding back. She wanted to help her husband as soon as possible, but she also didn't want these ministers to know he was injured.

The truth was even more shocking... Amphorae, a saint of less than a hundred years old... Was capable of using a supreme law to the One With Law level – the seventh level – as long as she released her wings!

Dyon's prediction was wrong. With Amphorae's help at her greatest potential, his soul would be fully mended in a few weeks.

The only oddity was that maybe Dyon was getting further and further lost in this world. Because if he was of right mind... He would wonder just how a trial that was meant to be an illusion, could possibly heal his true body...

...

Seeing his daughter and his King interact so intimately, complex feelings welled up in Minister Akhekhu's heart. But, he could only bury them for now.

Dyon's expression relaxed and feeling the practical death grip Amphorae had on his hand, he didn't dare to let go. It was as though his wife was reminding him to not do anything reckless again.

Time slowly passed, and by now, it was clear to everyone from the dripping sweat on the two traitors' faces that they were trying to suppress the pain. They likely thought that Dyon exaggerated the effects of his array. After all, Merchant Brinsop was a mere lower saint despite his age, how could he compare to them?

However, they were quickly finding out from their King's leisurely expression that he wasn't bluffing at all.

"Okay! Okay!" Minister Brodaya roared into the skies. "The truth is I hate your guts! You're the worst thing that could have ever happened to this Angel Clan! If it wasn't for you, my son would have never died at all!

"You sit here with your look of surprise, wondering why I would betray a clan my son died for. Well, the reason is you!

"You're selfish, short-sighted, naïve and completely incompetent. Who would want to follow a King like you!

"AAGHHH," Minister Brodaya fell against his chains, the pain searing to an all new level. In his rage, he had tried to circulate his enigmatic energy with ill-intent. One can imagine the result of that. Instead of venting his rage, he only fueled the array that was causing him pain.

Dyon sat on the throne silently, completely unperturbed. As far as he was concerned, Brodaya was perfectly correct. He had said much worse words about this former 'self' of his.

Seeing his reaction, his place in the hearts of his ministers seemed to rise another level. It wasn't easy, especially when you were so young, to stay so calm in the face of someone insulting you, even if that person was currently being tortured. What arrogant young master would accept such a thing? They'd probably want to torture the person who said such words, themselves.

However, Dyon didn't care for the words because they technically weren't about him. Even he hated this supposed King, let alone the people he directly offended. The question was, just what did this King do to this man? Or rather, his son.

"You didn't answer appropriately. You can only blame yourself." Dyon said faintly.

The fake Minister Brodaya was huffing and puffing, but his anger wasn't to the level of the real one. In fact, he seemed to be just about to crack.

In timely fashion, he spoke.

"We were sent here by the Queen of the Moon clan." He said through gritted teeth. A sigh of relief came over him as he felt the pain gradually fade away, he instantly felt better.

"Oh? Not the King?" Dyon caught this small tidbit with ease.

"The King of the Moon Clan isn't from the planet or even this universe. He would know nothing of our society if not for the Queen. I'm not sure what her plan is by bringing such a powerful family here, but I can say that the King is definitely not the one planning things."

Dyon fell into deep thought as Minister Brodaya continued to writhe on the ground. His eyes were becoming bloodshot, and he seemingly continued to try and attack Dyon. However, every time he did so, the pain would immediately double. It was likely that the only thing keeping him going was his deep hatred and humiliation.

As for the words of the fake, Dyon found them interesting. This Queen, from the small bits that Dyon knew, was Luna's elder sister and she was intelligent. She likely wouldn't invite a clan she couldn't control over, but from the words of this fake, that's exactly what she had done...

Even more oddly, the deaths of his father and hers were almost in perfect sync. At first, Dyon had found this odd, in fact, he still did. But, there was something that baffled him more.

By common sense, what was the most logical was for this third-party family to have forced their way. This "powerful family" would have killed his father, as well as Luna's father, before establishing their power here as King of the Moon clan, effectively gaining control.

However, according to this story, they didn't force their way in. Instead, they were invited...

What was going on? Why did Luna's sister do such a thing? How did her father die? And for that matter, how did his father die? Were their deaths related to her? If so, why? And if it was for their clan, why would the death of her father be necessary? And why would they wait decades before attacking?...

It seemed that this trial was only growing more complex...

Chapter 758: How Is It?

"Tell me more." Dyon ignored the screams of Minister Brodaya, focusing his attention, instead, on the fake.

He was quite intrigued by Luna's elder sister, Queen Laura. It seemed that this woman was pulling the strings. Although this may seem like a rushed conclusion, Dyon had multiple reasons to believe this.

The main reason was the characteristics of the current King. According to the detailed reports that Dyon had received, the Angel Clan had had interactions with him before.

As a subordinate clan, they were, of course, obligated to attend the wedding of Queen Laura to her current husband. One had to say that the humiliation that the Angel Clan sustained during those few days was not a small amount. It was even to the point where he blatantly flirted with Queen Luna in the presence of both Dyon's current body and his wife to be, Laura.

The previous owner of Dyon's current body was forced to endure. Firstly, because with his father dead, the Angel Clan had fallen in status. The second reason was actually because of Queen Luna herself.

Coming to this point, flashes of memories entered Dyon's mind as he triggered more of them.

He remembered Queen Luna acting extremely respectful and almost subservient, despite being in the presence of her husband.

Dyon knew that with his personality, he would never allow something like this to happen. Even if it meant offending the Moon clan and warring, he would rather die than allow another man to freely treat his own woman as he pleased.

The truth of the matter was that if Queen Luna hadn't acted as she did, the outcome would have been very different. Despite her previous husband's cowardice, he was head over heels in love. If she showed dissatisfaction, he would act. And yet, she chose not to.

Dyon decided to keep this observation in the back of his mind. But, the more he learned, the colder Luna's place in his heart became. It was likely that if Dyon knew that Luna had promised herself to that King, he would dispel her from his heart completely.

No matter how the trial affected Dyon's feelings, his personality was still his own. With how arrogant and prideful he was, would he accept such a treatment? He had no intentions of being played a fool.

Ironically, this was likely the very change in Dyon that made Luna see him in a completely different light.

That aside, how could a King with such a personality – one with complete lack of regard for proper etiquette and diplomacy have the patience to wait decades before attacking?

Somehow, this greedy King with powerful backing, saw a woman he liked in Luna, and yet waited before taking her?

The cold light that flashed in Dyon's eyes when this memory surfaced in his mind caused the fake to tremble and not dare to be slow in answering his question.

"DON'T TELL THIS MONSTER A DAMN THING!"

Dyon sighed as the fake was interrupted by the still writhing Minister Brodaya.

It wasn't as though Dyon couldn't guess why he was angry. If one thought logically, Minister Brodaya was mad that his son had died and for some reason, blamed him. Clearly, that meant that for some reason or another, he believed it was Dyon's fault that his son was forced into his scouting position and therefore his fault that he died.

Even the world's worst fool would find such reasoning ridiculous. So, Dyon knew that there was likely more to this story. "Dyon" had to have had a stronger role to play in this minister's son's displacement.

Dyon did find it odd that a man from such a prominent family would be a scout, though. Not only was Michael from a major family, he was also, clearly, very loved by his father. To have the dotting of a dao formation expert from birth wasn't something to look down upon. In fact, it was luck beyond belief. By all rights, this young man should have had a much more prominent role.

Minister Brodaya sobbed, seeming like a broken man. His soul was close to giving in, so he just spoke. After all, Dyon's question was very broad, as long as Brodaya felt that he was answering it, the pain would lessen. However, if he tried to attack Dyon again, there would only be more pain.

"My son... My son..." Minister Brodaya's words choked.

Dyon decided to listen silently, signaling for the fake to remain quiet for now.

Even before Brodaya began to speak, another flood of memories was triggered, causing Dyon's anger to raise to another level.

'This bullshit King.' Dyon grit his teeth, reaching a moral dilemma.

Michael used to be a member of Dyon's personal guard, among his most trusted. However, the problem was that he fell in love with Amphorae.

Under normal circumstances, these feelings would be buried, avoiding a Lancelot situation. After all, in reality, Dyon was his King and best friend of decades. In addition, Amphorae had only ever had eyes for one man her entire life.

The problem was that Dyon practically treated Amphorae like dirt. His treatment of her made it impossible for Michael to bury his feelings, even causing them to fester.

In the end, he couldn't take it anymore and tried to break Amphorae out to give her a life she deserved. Unfortunately, Amphorae wasn't swayed and was completely duty bound.

Feeling guilty, Michael confessed his crimes to Dyon, and insisted on being punished. As such, he was banished....

It was no wonder Minister Brodaya hated Dyon. This was all the fault of him.

Dyon didn't, not even for an instant, blame Michael. And, in truth, neither did the previous owner of this body. If it wasn't for Michael's insistence, Dyon would have pretended like it hadn't happened at all. However, this was something that only Dyon and Michael knew... To everyone else, Michael was sent away in a fit of his own anger.

Now that Michael was dead, even if Dyon told this story, it was hard to say how many would believe him. It would only seem like he was trying to cover his own tracks doing such a thing.

From these memories, Dyon realized two things.

For one, Michael was banished. Therefore, Dyon was wrong about him being a scout. He likely just caught wind of something he shouldn't have and ignored his banishment to rush back to the clan to inform them.

Secondly, the reports he asked for weren't perfect. Not a single one had anything about these events within their pages. That meant that, in all likelihood, this was something the previous King had ordered to never be talked about again. Or else the ministers who put together the report would have never missed something so important.

So, the question was whether or not there were any other things of importance that were left off of the reports. It seemed Dyon needed to be wary. He was too naïve in believing he would receive a perfect accounting.

At the moment though, Dyon ignored this. He was facing his first major dilemma as a King. Before, everything had been smooth and logical, one plan just made sense in flowing into the next. However, now, he was dealing with emotions much too complex to make a quick and assertive decision on.

On one hand, Minister Brodaya had to be made an example of. He was a member of the upper echelon of their society. If he could break the rules and get away with it, what kind of precedent would that set?

On the other hand, Brodaya had every right to blame him. This King was much too incompetent. He couldn't even understand the feelings of those closest to him, how could he understand the feelings of the people he ruled then?

Luckily, though, it seemed Amphorae wasn't willing to allow Dyon to carry this burden all on his own. She didn't ask Dyon for permission to speak. Much like a real Queen, she simply stepped in when she deemed it appropriate, causing Dyon to inwardly nod with satisfaction. The Amphorae of a day ago would definitely not have done this. It was clear she wanted to take this opportunity to place a stamp on the hearts of the ministers before Dyon left.

"As a father," she began, "it is important for you to protect your son. As a family head, it is important for you to protect your honor."

Minister Brodaya looked up at Amphorae with complex emotions, it was likely, and maybe irrationally, that the person he hated the third most in this world was Amphorae. The first was Dyon. The second was Luna. And the third was her.

To him, if Amphorae had accepted his son's invitation, how could his son be dead now? Instead, she decided to side with an inferior man. Was his son not good enough?

"However," Amphorae's eyes became sharp, radiating the Presence of a Queen, "You've failed in both aspects."

Minister Brodaya's feature twisted with an ugly expression.

The minsters were shocked by her words. Many of them thought that Amphorae would take a softer approach. After all, many of them had deeply engrained biases against women. They knew that Amphorae had a cold exterior, but did that also come with a strong heart?

Dyon couldn't help but shake his head in disdain for such thoughts. Amphorae weathered through humiliation for decades, all in the name of doing her duty – a duty she was born into and had no choice about. And yet, in the face of temptation, in the face of a better man and a better life, she turned it all down.

With Michael's talent, how could they not flourish elsewhere in the universe? With her talent, how could she not be a pillar to his growth? Together, they could have become something great. Yet, Amphorae turned it all down for the life of a humiliated and neglected concubine.

If anyone had the rights to say the words she was saying, it was her.

"Michael was young and naïve. He was kind hearted, and thought what he was doing was for the best. However, the truth of the matter was that he was blinded by his emotion, something that you, as an elder, should have been able to help him through.

"And yet, not only were you not there for him to avoid this mistake of his, you actually tarnish his memory by betraying the people he so fervently wanted to protect?

"You've failed as a father by not understanding the heart of your son. And you've failed as a clan head by not protecting the honor of your family? Is this what you wanted? For the successor of the Brodaya family to be dead and for its current head to be labeled as a traitor?

"Tell me, how is it that you haven't failed?"

Silence reigned over the throne room...

Chapter 759: Quivering

Amphorae's words were sharp and to the point. Not only did she managed to cherish the memory Michael left behind, she also expertly left leeway for Minister Brodaya to be punished. In this way, the Royal family wouldn't seem ungrateful for the sacrifices of one of their own, but could also hold someone accountable.

There were no lies in her words. As a father, Brodaya should have seen the struggle of his son. While their King should have as well, he had less of a burden to do so because his relationship was, obviously, shallower than a father to son one with Michael.

Minister Brodaya's anger twisted into sadness and despair. Maybe if Dyon had said these words, he wouldn't have taken them to heart and his anger would have just deepened. But, hearing it from the woman that his son loved shook him to the core.

"Former Minister Brodaya," Amphorae's words cut deep once again, immediately stripping him of his title, "You should know that the punishment Michael undertook was chosen by him and him alone.

"My husband would never tell you this. Nor did he tell me this. If it wasn't for the fact Michael told me himself, I would never have known.

"This King that you hate so much was prepared to forgive and forget. He had no intention of removing Michael from his personal guard, nor did he have any thoughts of handing out punishment. It was your son that insisted on banishment.

"Learn from him." Amphorae suddenly said. "Learn to take responsibility for your actions instead of blaming others. These were your mistakes. These were your flaws. You have no right to blame any one else.

"Not only will you be stripped of your title. The Brodaya family with be regulated to a sub family and its power and resources will be limited as such. No ministers will rise from your family for three generations. In addition, you will face forced seclusion for ten thousand years without light or food."

A cold air was sucked out of the room as Minister Brodaya sunk to the ground, completely defeated. He hadn't expected Amphorae's words to place such a dampening on his feelings before hitting him with such a massive shock.

Dyon eyes flashed with something imperceptible as he inwardly smirked.

"As for Michael Brodaya, we have yet to award him for his service.

"Firstly, his status as a banished member of the clan will be revoked. He will be buried along with his ancestors with the highest honors.

"Secondly, the Brodaya family will be promoted to a Major family due to his service. Even in the face of a clan who threw him away, he was willing to remain loyal. Such a man is admirable.

"Thirdly, the penalty of no ministers will be erased. A new minister of the Brodaya family will be chosen to replace you immediately.

"Fourthly, the Brodaya family will receive 10% more resources than a standard major family. All in reward of Michael.

"Take him away." Amphorae waved her hand. Her word was law. Before the guards even noticed, they had followed her words to the letter without even looking to Dyon for approval. When they realized this, a cold sweat spread as they glanced at their King, but all they found was a man smiling warmly.

The following few hours were spent learning all they could from the fake. In the end, Dyon didn't bother with his identity. It seemed he was just a branch member of the Moon clan who was particularly adept at spying due to the techniques he practiced.

Much later, Amphorae walked out of the throne room with Dyon by her side, never losing her queenly aura even as she lovingly clung to his arm.

Soon, they had made it back to the Imperial Harem, but it seemed much more quiet than usual. It was likely because the women were away doing the various tasks Dyon had asked of them. With Amphorae in the lead, they seemed to always have something to do.

By the time they got to Amphorae's cabin that was apparently fixed in the time they had been away, Amphorae was feeling more and more nervous.

Biting her lip, she suddenly paused, "You're not mad... Are you?"

Dyon stopped his steps as well, looking over at this otherworldly beauty with a puzzled expression. "Why would I be mad?"

"I .. I made decisions without asking you."

Dyon suddenly laughed, taking Amphorae's hand and leading her into the cozy cabin. "If you couldn't do at least that, how could I trust you with the clan? You handled the situation perfectly. In fact, you handled it much better than I could have."

Amphorae looked up at Dyon with her sparkling light blue eyes, but her emotions didn't seem settled.

"Are you feeling guilty that you wanted to accept Michael's offer?" Dyon asked knowingly. He could see the guilt in Amphorae's eyes, and it was an emotion he had become all too familiar with in the past two days.

Amphorae trembled at these words, no longer capable of holding Dyon's gaze. However, she suddenly froze when she felt her slim body fall into a warm torso.

"There's nothing you have to feel guilty about. Even if you left, I would never blame you. I've had such a perfect woman by my side all this time, and I've done nothing to earn you.

"I want to be not only the man you love, but also a man you don't have to be ashamed to love... A man you never feel guilty for loving... A man that never causes you pain..."

Dyon felt Amphorae's head move as she tilted it upward, breathing lightly as the knots in her heart fell away, shedding the scars and pumping with a renewed vigor.

Her soft pink lips lightly grazed Dyon's before their kiss deepened.

Amphorae pulled back, out of breath and blushing profusely. "Take me..." She said in a voice so soft that Dyon's heart fluttered.

Dyon carefully lay Amphorae's soft body on the carpet floor. His actions were slow and delicate, as though he was afraid that any rash movement would shatter the red headed beauty below him.

The somber lights and the flickering of the fire place and candles set the mood, even Amphorae couldn't find herself feeling embarrassed, it was as though this was the most right and perfect moment in the world.

Dyon's hands trailed up Amphorae's flawless thighs as they clung to his waist, gliding over the straps of her underwear all while sliding her dress up.

Amphorae's eyes never left Dyon's. Their soft blue light reflected a face he didn't recognize, but the one thing that remained the same were his eyes. The love they held, their sharp and Kingly nature, it was something that Dyon would never lose.

Even Amphorae seemed to notice this even as her perfect skin was exposed more and more with each passing moment. She didn't know when it happened, but she had long since stopped paying attention to what Dyon looked like, it was as though the King she used to know was being erased and replaced with a man she could love without regret.

The more she stared into Dyon's eyes, the ordinary appearance of the past King seemed to fade away, replaced by a young man so handsome that Amphorae's heart beat quickened.

Her hand inadvertently reached upward, gently cupping the side of Dyon's face.

What she saw was so unfamiliar to her, and yet so familiar at the same time. Was this the true visage of her King?... Her husband?... Her love?

Without having yet crossed the line with one another, Amphorae and Dyon's souls began to resonate, causing Dyon's former appearance in Amphorae's mind to shatter, replaced by a young man that she had never seen before, and yet had grown up with all her life.

Memories of their life together began to flood her memories as Dyon trailed gentle kisses down her neck, sliding his hand down her soft back and expertly unclipping her bra strap.

Two beautiful mounds of flesh seemed to fall from the heavens themselves, pressing against Dyon's bare chest. His lips found their way to hers, allowing her small tongue to intertwine with his own.

Amphorae's past seemed to burn away. Images of her childhood friend smile, of his jokes, of his presence... They were all replaced with Dyon.

In that instant, there were no longer any holes in Dyon's memories. Never again would he have to trigger a fragmented piece... A life that he had substituted into had somehow become his own.

Black, white and gold balls of light suddenly lit on Dyon's back.

Although Dyon could use all of the abilities of his real body in this trial world, it wasn't his true body that was here, as such, he could use his wings, but didn't have tattoos on his back. And yet, with his soul resonating with Amphorae more and more, and his wounds slowly healed, his overwhelming soul began to bear down on this world.

Searing pain overwhelmed Dyon's senses, but in the same instant, the delicate juices of Amphorae washed it all away.

Their kiss deepened as she clung to Dyon's neck, wrapping her hands around the back of neck and pressing their bodies closer.

The tattoos on Dyon's back grew more pronounced and complex. Their intricacies deepened, tearing through Dyon's skin without regard.

Amphorae's skin began to glow, a holy light radiating from her inadvertently. Her flaming red hair suddenly locked onto its faint golden hues, making them become more and more prominent.

Suddenly, blazing golden flames erupted from Dyon's neck, coursing through Amphorae's delicate body gently, as though they had already lost all of their edge.

Her heartbeat quickened. Dyon's every touch suddenly felt as though it was hot as coals, and yet so comfortable and alluring at the same time. His hands trailed her thighs and torso, lightly playing with her perfect pink nipples.

Amphorae suddenly felt a hard mass in between her legs when she inadvertently thrust her hips forward. The spike of pleasure was enough to drive her insane, causing her first soft moan to escape her lips.

Dyon's hands ripped Amphorae's panties away, revealing a scene that quickened his breath. His eyes reddened. He was nearly unable to control himself as he watched Amphorae grind into him. Everything from the fragrant smell of her juices, to the way the slight parting of her delicate lips felt on him, to the deep want and impatience in her eyes, was too much for any man to handle.

Dyon ripped off his own pants, kneeling over Amphorae with heavy breath, trying to steady the beating of his heart.

The feelings were so overwhelming that Dyon couldn't sense the changes in his body.

Dyon's soul continued to mend at a ridiculous pace, his tattoos began to etch themselves at a level that surpassed even his true body, and even more damning, he didn't even notice himself losing sight of the fact this was a trial.

Instead, he ignored it all, sliding himself between Amphorae's gently parting lips as he kissed her deeply. Amphorae's hips grinded against his own, beginning for him to stop teasing her entrance and enter.

Even for her, this young man before her who seemingly came from another world was the only man remaining in her heart.

So, when she felt Dyon finally slowly glide into her, piercing her completely as her legs quivered, she didn't feel an ounce of regret.

Chapter 760: Change

The moment Amphorae and Dyon finally connected, blinding lights erupted. Holy intent flooded into Dyon, bearing down on his soul and forcing its tears to heal.

Amphorae's walls convulsed with Dyon's every stroke, causing her to cling to him even tighter, unwilling to let go for even a moment.

Her gentle and soft moans were constantly being interrupted by their deep kisses. Neither of them seemed to notice that the reds in Amphorae's hair were becoming blinding golds, and that those golds, were then becoming blinding whites.

Amphorae's soul intertwined with Dyon's. Within Dyon's slowly building inner world, a goddess descended from the skies with wings of pure white. A halo of gold graced the crown of her head, reflecting off of her snow-white hair and eyes.

She floated downward, smiling with a light that caused grasses of deep green and ancient trees and beautiful spiritual flowers to sprout from the once dead ground.

Soon, she found herself in front of Dyon's Humanoid manifestation. His gentle aura was in complete contrast to his domineering and demonic aura, but the once emotionless king seemed to finally have a gentle expression on his features as he watched this goddess descend.

His face was pale, clearly severely injured, but even then, there was happiness in his heart for what felt like the first time.

The goddess cupped his face lovingly, tilting his head upward and gently planting a kiss on his forehead.

The humanoid manifestation was suddenly overwhelmed by a feeling of comfort. The pain he had endured for nearly four years now was being washed away. His strength slowly returned to him, feeding the weapon's pagoda and causing it to reawaken from its slumbering state.

The inner world suddenly erupted with energy, expanding rapidly. It suddenly went from the size of a small city, directly to the size of a country, skipping over the size of a continent, to the size of an entire planet.

Its foundation became sturdier, solidifying the once quaking world.

In the real world, Amphorae's red hair was replaced by a pristine and unblemished white. Her skin became softer and fairer, her eyes deepened to a profound and royal blue, and the faint signs of a halo trying to force its way into reality hovered above her head.

As for Dyon, it seemed the faster his soul was mended, the faster the tattoos of black, white and gold etched their way into his back, nearing completion with his every stroke.

In the next instant, the tattoos stopped. A violent tremor shook the Angel Clan as an unbreakable aura forced its way through the depths of everyone's soul.

The goddess within Dyon's inner world smiled, hugging the humanoid manifestation and clinging to his back tightly. Love permeated her gentle eyes and happiness flooded her heart.

Dyon's soul erupted, tearing through the barrier of the Middle Saint stage, and storming toward the Peak. After being suppressed for so many years, it roared into the skies, causing tremors and natural disasters to overrun Dyon's inner world.

Cracks raged through the ground and the recently formed grasses and trees crumbled, unable to withstand the aura.

Celestial energy spiraled out of control in the real world, causing massive changes in the skies. The entire planet trembled, bowing down to the birth of a celestial.

Dyon's bones groaned and his muscles tore, but he seemed to not notice, focused entirely on making love to the woman beneath him.

With every bone that cracked, Amphorae's intent would wash over it, healing it instantly. With every muscle that tore, a holy light would mend it, strengthening it to an all new level.

Dyon's blood essence percentage integration began to steadily climb. He had already integrated a whole five percent because of Clara, and now he was being washed over with yet another powerful primordial yin.

Every time a virginity was taken, the universe would display its power, transferring over the primordial yin from the female to the male she loved. Depending on the power of this primordial yin, the energy the universe would provide varied. This was why there was an initial jump in cultivation during the first time a martial couple dual cultivated, but a decline in this jump during later times.

Because of the overwhelming power of Clara's primordial yin, and the fact she was technically rebirthed and lost her virginity twice, the first primordial yin of hers that Dyon took boosted him by several partial percentages – because her soul talent could be considered high. However, since Dyon already had a saint body, there was barely a change at all.

And yet, the second time Dyon took Clara's virginity, and her two primordial yins combined, he jumped up by 5 whole percentages. Storming straight from 15% integration, all the way to 20%!

This was shocking. One may not understand why... But if the world were to know that a woman with no cultivation and a soul of barely the Blossom stage was able to so heavily effect a saint level character, it would implode. This shows just how overwhelming the Origin primordial yin is and how beneficial it will be in the future.

However, this jump to 20% integration still left 10 more percent before Dyon could reach the level of having a celestial level body. If Clara had been a saint, there was no doubt he would have fulfilled this requirement. But... As fate would have it, she wasn't... And Dyon's overbearing soul talent was threatening him once again.

That said. It wouldn't succeed.

Dyon's soul roared, disdaining the technique that would have it sealed like so. It threatened to shatter the world completely, holding his goddess in his arms and making love to her in the air.

Their passionate love making shook Dyon's inner world, tearing down everything that had formed in the past four years.

The goddess' snow-white skin seemed to glow fiercer under the humanoid manifestations ravaging. Her moans caused the world to collapse just as much, as though it didn't have the right to hear her.

The twin wings of the humanoid manifestation trembled, expanding to double their size and arcing through the inner world, sending tremors of sharp winds careening.