

## The Nameless 761

### Chapter 761: Comfortable

In the next instant, a magnificent third set of wings erupted from its back, causing its roars to increase.

The six rings of black gold shook, rearranging themselves. The still flickering arc of lightning shifted up, making way for a ring of blinding lights to replace it.

At the peak-most circle, an overbearing eye was housed. Just on its bottom left, was a blazing black flame. On its bottom right, a flickering flame of pure white was housed. Just below that, the arc of golden lighting fading into and out of existence sat, although the time it spent being corporeal increased dramatically.

However, the most eye-catching flaming circle was now on the foremost bottom. The entire structure of the six rings shook violently, suddenly flipping completely. In that instant, the overbearing eye sat at the bottom, and at the top, a blinding light continued to increase in size.

In the real world, Amphorae breathed heavily. She had lost count of how many times she had reached her climax, her back arced, even as glowing whites etched into her back as well.

Her cultivation level climbed. Dyon's overbearing soul directly injected its energy into her, not minding for one moment that it was currently a funnel for celestial energy.

Planet Haven continued to quake, giving in all of its celestial energy to this one place, and yet the appetite of Dyon's soul wasn't satisfied.

Those in the real world didn't know what was going on. Anyone intelligent could tell that this was the breakthrough of a celestial, but considering there was no tribulation, it was definitely the breakthrough of a soul. Body breakthroughs weren't nearly as dynamic because they relied more on resources than anything else. This was why Dyon never had any peculiar phenomenon when he raised his body cultivation.

But, who had a soul so powerful to overwhelm an entire planet in this way?!

One had to know that the area effected during a breakthrough was directly related to talent of the person, the very same way the difficulty of a tribulation did.

To affect a few tens of miles meant that your talent was mediocre to quite poor. Breaking through the hundred-mile mark was about average, and the five hundred mile mark meant that you were above average. The thousand mile mark gave you the bearings of a genius of about the third grade, while the first grade was represented by the ten thousand mile mark.

All of this was true regardless of what the cultivation break through was. This is because the higher the cultivation break through, the higher the quality of energy, and therefore the higher the requirement for calling upon it. Therefore, as your cultivation scaled upwards, so did the difficulty.

When Dyon's soul broke through to the saint level, he had already been able to affect an entire continent, to the point where the celestials across Earth could sense his breakthrough.

However, what one forgets was that Earth's size was increased to millions of time its original size. So, what kind of concept was it for Dyon to be able to affect an entire continent? It was simply unfathomable!

Now that Dyon broke through on a normal sized planet, one could finally witness his true soul talent. He was capable of causing the complete shift of its energy... On his own!

While a first grade genius was characterized by ten thousand miles... Dyon nearly covered fifty thousand with ease!

This wasn't the scariest part... Dyon's soul wanted more... The problem was that there was no energy floating around in space, and the nearby planets weren't thousands of miles away, but millions to billions and even trillions. No matter how much it wanted to reach, it just couldn't.

Dyon's soul roared with disdain for this planet's lack of energy. If one knew, they would choke on the blood they spewed. This was the Ancient era. The energy density was at least thousands of times better than the times Dyon came from, and yet it was being disdained.

At this moment, the vein beneath the clan seemed to have sensed something. If one were to see the size of this vein, they would tremble.... It reached deep into the earth, wrapping around its core with ease.

It sung happily, releasing energy in droves.

The energy around the Angel Clan multiplied... Ten times... A hundred times.... A thousand times... Ten thousand times....

Dyon's soul greedily accepted, funneling all of into itself.

Suddenly, Dyon's inner world resonated. The inferior earth crumbled away, the weak trees became fertilizer, and the grass was burned away by the energy of the god and goddess making love in the skies.

In the real world, Dyon's back finally erupted. Six majestic wings tore their way into existence, but somehow, they were much different. They were no longer alternating in white and black, instead, they were a blinding gold. Origin flames of black and white danced along them, occasionally flickering with golden arcs of lightning.

In that instant, the Weapon's hall perfectly fused with the humanoid manifestation, taking up the sixth and final slot. To its right was an arc of lightning that was becoming more and more real, yet somehow remained incomplete. However, at the very top the blinding light was starting to fade away...

A blast of energy radiated outward causing rings of gold to erupt in the inner world. Everything it touched was cleansed to an all new level, changing the structure of Dyon's inner world to become a true holy land.

The original [Inner World: Sanctuary] technique was only capable of creating the lowest quality of world's, one comparable to a bottom rung universe with the thinnest of energies. And even then, it wouldn't truly be able to be compared to one. The fact that Dyon's soul was damaged the instant he began the technique made the situation even worse. However, even with those flaws, this technique was without a doubt the greatest energy cultivation technique ever created.

But... Dyon's soul disdained the world it was in. If it had to live such a place, it had to become the best it could be!

A golden crown fitted with blinding crystal jewels finally appeared at the top, radiating out with a sovereign aura and changing the structure of the inner world.

Ancient aura only found in these olden times stormed in, turning the land into one only found in the olden times... The cultivation golden ages!

Dyon's inner world healed itself, suddenly going from a mediocre piece of land, to a pristine one that even the top 3 universes on the Epistemic Tower rankings would drool over.

In the real world, the crown appeared on Dyon's head, hovering like a halo as he held Amphorae in his arms.

Her wings of snow-white bloomed into existence, snuggling into Dyon's golden wings almost in an attempt to get even closer with Dyon than she already was.

In the final instead, the rings of gold-black flames flickered into existence, floating behind Dyon's ten yard wide golden wings as he wrapped them around Amphorae gently.

The flames of white and black, and even the infrequent flickers of lightning didn't harm Amphorae at all, instead, it felt comfortable...

## Chapter 762: Happy

Soon, everything calmed and Planet Haven finally stopped quaking. Dyon sat with his back against the nearby couch with Amphorae two small fist and head gently resting on his chest. Her eyes were closed as she fell into a deep sleep, a small smile playing her delicate lips.

What Dyon didn't know was that there was another surprise waiting for him in his inner world, one he wouldn't know about until it fully awakened a few years from now. However, it was a surprise that

made his soul finally content with its sealed situation, enough for it to calm down and enjoy the beauty in its arms.

The spiritual vein was large. So large, in fact, that it didn't make sense for it to be so. However, at the center of it all was a blinding sphere of light, flickering with all sorts of colors.

This was the true secret of the Angel Clan. The reason for its overpowering spiritual vein wasn't because of luck, it was because of the most sought after Energy treasure of the 33 Heavens... Energy Core.

When this weapon saw the momentum of Dyon's soul breakthrough, it didn't care. In fact, it remained silent. However, what caught its attention wasn't that, but rather Dyon's energy cultivation technique.

All of the weapons of 33 Heavens spent their time looking for the most suitable masters. With Dyon's current energy talent, he would be ignored by all 11 of the energy category, in all likelihood. However, the Energy Core was slightly unique.

Unlike the other ten, like Amphorae's Golden Dragon Lyre, it didn't rely on the cultivation of its owner to be the most effective. In fact, much of what it produced couldn't even be used just because you have great energy cultivation talent.

For example, the aurora flame stones. These were extinct in the modern realm, but would technically still have many uses. Yet, Dyon didn't need energy cultivation to use them at all. In fact, he was the most effective that the Energy Core had ever seen in using that particular stone of its, which made it interested in Dyon. It was just that Dyon's energy talent was still far too low for it.

The energy core had the ability to manifest all sorts of rare crystals. From ones that produced aurora flames, to ones that could store soul power, to even producing abyssal cores. Producing these crystals would be its active ability, meaning it required some sort of input to do these things.

However, its passive ability was even more heaven defying. If stored within the meridians of an expert, it could directly boost the energy available and the replenishing ability of that expert by hundreds to even thousands of times. Quite simply put, if you lost a battle with the Energy Core at your side, it wouldn't be because of energy cultivation stamina. And considering the fact energy cultivation could heal the body and soul, you should lose a battle due to stamina ever!

Not to mention the fact that this would also vastly increase the rate of energy accumulation and absorption, thereby increasing cultivation speed by several fold.

Because of these two abilities, one could see the Energy Core's dilemma. The first ability hardly cared for talent, anyone who had intelligence could make great use of it. However, the second ability was much more demanding. If you didn't have the talent, how could you handle the vast increase in energy accumulation?

The universe didn't slow the cultivation speed of the less talented just to be biased or mean. It did so to save lives. This was the restriction of the Energy Core. No matter how talented a person was, there was a limit to the energy they could wield safely without imploding. This was simply the way of life.

Because of these reasons, the Energy Core decided to not choose Dyon as its owner.... Until it saw the changed Dyon's soul was making to his inner world.

Unlike other energy cultivation techniques, [Inner World: Sanctuary] required the cooperation of the soul. As such, while Dyon's energy talent limited the technique, his soul talent made up for it by leaps and bounds, completely shattering the mold created as soon as it was healed and building up a new world with Amphorae's help.

When the Energy Core sensed this, it realized that even the best of geniuses would pale in comparison to Dyon's ability to accumulate energy. Although Dyon would be limited in the amount he could control, the Energy Core could output as much as it wanted without worry. After all, Dyon's meridians had essentially been replaced by an entire world! And it was still growing!

So, the Energy Core made its decision, rooting itself deeply into Dyon's inner world and beginning its journey toward crafting a new spiritual vein.

However, Dyon was oblivious of this. His Perception was distracted by the beauty that laid on top of him, and his energy talent was too poor to sense such a thing. Even if it wasn't, it was currently sealed, so he wouldn't be able to sense it anyway.

In the end, Dyon's golden wings finally retracted along with Amphorae's dove-like wings. The sun set in the distance, but Dyon had no intention of leaving.

When Amphorae noticed this, her smile widened even more, snuggling into Dyon further, content.

After years of heartache and pain, it didn't take much for Amphorae to be happy. Maybe that was sad, but it was her reality. Just the fact Dyon wanted to stay by her side made her heart flutter. For the first time in a long time, she not only felt content, but truly like a woman, a woman wanted by the man she had loved with all her heart for the whole of her life.

What they didn't notice was that fact that the appearance of their king had completely changed. It could be said that Dyon had regained his true body in this mysterious trial world.

#### Chapter 763: Focus

Dawn was being to assert its dominance over the darkness of night even as a beauty with blazing red and gold hair slept soundly against the chest of the man she loved. They both sat upright, letting the flickering lights of the fire place warm them as they wrapped around each other.

Although Dyon had a relaxed expression on his face, he was actually quite surprised. His body had shot upward in blood essence integration, shattering the 28% barrier and approaching 29%. At this point, Dyon met a strong bottle neck that let him know he was closing in on the level of a celestial body. He had only just recently turned 23, yet he could already boast having a celestial soul and a peak saint body.

This shocked Dyon. But, he dismissed it as a reward for the trial. Maybe his grand teacher had methods he didn't consider before. What he didn't notice was that the primordial yins within him had increased by one, becoming six.

He now had Kukan's, Amethyst's, Madeleine's, Ri's, Clara's and Amphorae's. Clara's two should have technically made it seven, however they had fused due to their overwhelming compatibility. This confirmed the theories that faith seeds should be separate from one's foundation.

Despite Kukan and Ri, and Madeleine and Amethyst, shared a body, their primordial yins didn't fuse, while Clara's did. It was no wonder why those who relied too much on their faith seeds failed to reach the final steps of cultivation. After all, you'd be following a dao that wasn't truly yours.

But, Dyon wasn't worried about Madeleine and Ri. His wives were all highly intelligent and didn't need him looking over their shoulder all the time. This was obvious considering the improvement in their cultivation while he was in a coma.

Although Ri and Madeleine had lost to the Uidah during the first two tries, Dyon had no doubt that had he not awoken, they would have broken through the third time. After all, they were both very young, the progress they made in two years would have blown the Uidah out of the water.

Within his inner world, Dyon's Primordial yang hovered in the center of those six balls of light, each a differing color.

Kukan's was a dense black, wafting a thick fog. Amethyst's was a blazing ball of fire, radiating piercing cold and fiery heat all at once while shining a beautiful violet. Ri's was a bright gold, forcing the world to want to bow in allegiance, perfectly matching her Elvin Queen's Reign constitution. Madeleine's was a gentle white light, almost like a pearl, befitting of her Goddess' Disposition. Clara's was a beautiful opal color, swirling with all sort of purples, reds, blues and even golds, matching Dyon's to perfection while only being a lighter shade.

As for Amphorae's, it radiated an aura almost identical to Ri's, but had less arrogance and innocence, and a more elegant and mature air. Flames of gold, red and white danced around its perfect white center like the wings of a divine bird.

All six rotated in harmony, not showing any signs of dissatisfaction.

One had to know that there was a reason only powerful men had many wives. It was simply impossible for a man with a weak primordial yang to support so many powerful primordial yins. If one were to try, it would only result in disaster.

Should a weak primordial yang take on multiple powerful primordial yins, it would shatter. Although the man would live, he would be forever impotent. In fact, often times, if the primordial yin was strong enough, it wouldn't even allow itself to leave the body of the woman.

Luckily for Dyon, although primordial yins and yangs were technically energy cultivation based, that was only because of where they resided: the meridians or dantian. In reality, they touched on all three paths.



If they didn't, how could taking a virginity of a powerful woman cause a boost in Dyon's body and soul cultivation?

Because of this truth, Dyon's overwhelming soul talent was able to sustain the four primordial yins given to him by Ri and Madeleine. If not, one could only lament Dyon's talent for wooing women, because they would have destroyed him.

'It seems like need some body cultivation materials to break into the celestial tier.' Dyon looked down at himself, inadvertently smiling when he saw Amphorae lightly and adorably snoring.

The truth was that he wouldn't have much of a bottle neck body cultivating at all. Not only did he have his blood essence, his understanding of his body had increased by millions of times because of this increase in his body talent.

Unlike the soul kernel, the effect of the body kernel was much more indirect. It essentially gave Dyon the ability of multiple body constitutions, and their abilities as well. However, there wasn't a powerful enough constitution awakening pill in the entire world that would be enough to awaken them all. Therefore, Dyon had to be exceptionally selective with which abilities he chose to awaken, and which he chose to ignore. It was unfortunate, but such was the way of the martial world.

Because of the complexity of that situation, Dyon didn't choose just yet. In fact, since Clara was in the same situation as him, he told her to be extremely selective as well. Unless Dyon could find the body category weapon of 33 Heavens, Spirit Body, he would be limited in the amount of constitutions he could awaken.

Spirit Body was actually quite a misleading name for the weapon. While it sounded holy and righteous, it was the very opposite.

The passive ability was innocent enough. With as long as the user sensed the constitution within them, it could communicate with the heavens to awaken it. This required little to no effort on the part of its wielder and was the legendary aspect of the weapon.

However, the active ability was truly sinister. If the wielder was more powerful than the victim, they could directly steal the opponent's constitution and take it for their own.

There was no shortage of stories of wielders of this weapon seeking out talented children to steal from...

After having their constitutions stolen, not only would the victim have their cultivation based irreparably harmed, causing a drastic fall in whatever cultivation existed, their talent would be forever stripped from them...

It was not difficult to understand why these people targeted children. No matter how talented a child was, that's all they were: a child. How could they resist an expert capable of subduing a weapon of that caliber?

Much of the taboo around sharing bloodlines stemmed from this exact weapon and the bloody history behind it.

Firstly, one had to understand that there was a difference between bloodlines and constitutions.

A constitution can be born to anyone depending on their Heaven's Blessing. It was a matter of luck, but also had, in part, to do with one's talent. The more talented a person was, the more likely they were to have a constitution.

A faith seed worked the same way, however it was tied to a very specific bloodline. It could be considered to be a bridge between constitutions and bloodlines, sharing characteristics of both.

A bloodline, however, was passed down through a gene pool. Much like constitutions, it could be awakened further and stimulated to higher forms. For example, Little Black was birthed by two parents who were both transcendent beasts. However, both the demon qilin and celestial deer bloodlines had the potential to evolve. This was because the celestial deer was once a race of supreme beasts, while the demon qilin had faint traces of overwhelming dragon blood.

When they came together, they catalyzed Little Black's blood to an all new level, awakening both bloodlines. This, of course, was due to more luck than science. It wasn't a sure thing for such a thing to happen.

While beast bloodlines followed the following rankings system: Common, Earth, Heaven, Transcendent and Supreme, other bloodlines followed the very same ranking system.

As for constitutions, they too followed a similar ranking system: Common, Earth, Heaven, God and True Deity. True Deities were also known as faith seed wielders. However, that is only because of the changes in modern times.

Although it is true that a faith seed is the equivalent of a True Deity constitution, it can only be considered to be a fake approximation.

Faith seeds are about as powerful as weaker True Deity bloodlines and Supreme beast potential. This is because although the affinities given by them are no weaker than even their peak True Deity and Supreme counter parts, unlike the latter two, it is impossible to rely on them to the end.

In truth, both Ri and Madeleine's faith seeds provide support comparable to peak level True Deity and supreme bloodlines. This was especially so for Ri since her faith seed was in resonance with her beast bloodline which was comparable to a lower tier Supreme bloodline due to the branch family of kitsune she originated from.

However, they would both face problems, lowering the value of their seeds.

While Madeleine was highly compatible with the Life portion of Amethyst's faith seed, the reincarnation portion was exceedingly difficult for her. In the same vein, she was highly compatible with the Ice Blue Flame portions, but struggled with the Fire Red Flame portions. Unfortunately, they were inseparable. This meant that while Madeleine could use some portions of Amethyst's legacy, if she used too much, she would join a path that she couldn't complete.

As for Ri, although she was a kitsune, her particular faith seed was highly incompatible with her. Like her mother, Ri came from a snow-white Kitsune branch family known as the Snow family. It was a lowly branch because its bloodline was far weaker than others. However, Ri had somehow awakened a faith seed that originated from a family of black-gold Kitsune, the Void family.

Luckily for Ri, her father's side gave her the compatibility she needed, in part. While Ri wasn't compatible at all with the space portions of Kukan's legacy, she was highly compatible with the darkness and chaos portions. This was, of course, because of the Acacia family's Tree of Life and Death legacy, which contained major legacies that could be considered to follow the wicked path of cultivation. After all, any technique capable of stealing the energy and life force of an opponent could be said to follow a dark path.

Following these lines of logic, one could see the problem with faith seeds. But, Madeleine and Ri were intelligent enough to understand this for themselves. Although this didn't mean they wouldn't use their incompatible side – for example, Madeleine could still use her red flames and Ri would still use her flames – they understood that they couldn't take it too far, or, at the very least, they needed to focus on what they were good at.

#### Chapter 764: Unbeknownst

As anyone could see, the importance of bloodlines were not only great, they were heavily tied to what a family represented.

Dyon could already see that Ri and Madeleine were following the right paths. Ri was especially fond of her dark ice techniques which took advantage of her Snow family bloodline and her Acacia family bloodline. As for Madeleine, she started with her Queen Peacock techniques which were modified from a yang version of the technique. Although this wasn't anywhere near the most powerful technique Amethyst had, it was the one that aligned with her constitution the best.

All of this said, when the Spirit Body was thrown into the mix, all of this was interrupted. The weapon itself could be considered to be banned and wouldn't be a surprise if anyone wielding was immediately wanted dead.

The real problem was that this wasn't even the limit of the Spirit Body. Not only could it gift bloodlines and constitutions, after stealing them, to its owner, it could even store them to give to subordinates! It was truly a demonic weapon...

Unfortunately for Dyon, he needed that weapon to make full use of his Origin constitution. He didn't plan on awakening all of the constitutions within him, because that would be a waste of time, but awakening a few of the most helpful ones would aid him greatly.

For example, if he had Femi's God level body constitution from the World Tournament, Tyranny's Rage, his battle power would increase as he fought, tapping into his potential with each punch. With the body kernel within him, the potential of his Tyranny's Rage would far surpass the norm, likely being the equivalent of a lower tier True Deity bloodline.

Even more shockingly, Tyranny's Rage wasn't even ranked that highly among male God constitutions. The fact the body kernel could boost it in such a way was already shocking, just what kind of effect would it have on the top ten? There were even constitutions a step above Tyranny's Rage that could not only increase battle power, but also steal battle power from opponents on contact, thus lowering the strain of the constitution.

The possibilities were too many. What about constitutions that specialized in the rare magic that Loki practiced? Or ones related to the eyes? What about constitutions that guaranteed great talent among your children? All of these were thoughts swimming in Dyon's head.

The only problem was quite a glaring one... Without the Spirit Body, all of this was impossible.

Just like other pills, Constitution Awakening pills lowered in effectiveness with every dose taken. Normally, this wasn't a problem. After all, usually, martial warriors were born with only a single constitution to worry about.

Even those who were lucky enough to be born with two, or three – those absolute geniuses from old and ancient universes – usually had only a single one that was worth awakening. For example, they might have only a single God constitution, while the other might pale in comparison – being a Heaven or even Earth constitution not worth awakening.

In the extremely rare cases where a true genius was born with multiple high tier constitutions, usually they could awaken at most two of them. After the second time, the pills would lose effectiveness, only being capable of awakening less than 50% of the third. And for the fourth, less than 20%.

Even then, it was rare to be able to awaken two fully. It would require a moon level constitution awakening pill.

These were the pills that the Celestial Deer Sect had. Unfortunately, Dyon had already used them all.

This said, there was one other way to awaken a constitution, and that was by using the method Delia used. Unfortunately, this was again, a very rare occurrence and required finding the very essence of the constitution. Such a thing usually required centuries. The only reason Delia succeeded was because her mother's life was on the line, and she spent centuries with her constitution within her mother's womb

with her birth being suppressed. As such, her resonance with her constitution far surpassed those of her age.

Obviously, Dyon didn't have centuries to spend resonating with hundreds to thousands of constitutions.

The only other way Dyon could think of to take advantage of constitutions, although it was the weaker methods, was to dual cultivate. Through dual cultivation, Lionel was able to gain Evelyn's Eternal Balance constitution in order to perfectly fuse his red and blue flames. His version of the constitution was much weaker than Evelyn's, and he had many limitations that would have taken decades if not centuries to surpass, but it was still effective nonetheless.

Using this logic, Dyon could possibly use this method to increase the resonance he had with his constitutions and shorten the time needed to awaken them naturally. After all, he had Clara's Origin primordial yin, he could pick whichever he wanted to use. Unfortunately, they would only be from the female constitutions which was a very different list. And if he didn't want to become too feminine, he'd have to be really selective about which he chose. But, some female versions had male counter parts which could increase his resonance.

Suddenly, Dyon's thoughts were interrupted by Amphorae who had seemingly been awake and staring at him for a while.

"You look... Different." She whispered.

Amphorae no longer felt like her husband was the same man... In fact, he could be said to be someone else entirely.

Dyon smiled. He had realized that his real body had come into this world for some odd reason, but again, he attributed it to rewards from the trial. After all, if his real body wasn't taken in, how could they reward him with a boost in cultivation that would have taken him years to accomplish?

From Dyon's prior knowledge, those taking trials usually spent decades in them, if not longer. Only the best of the best would taken a short time. And even those geniuses would spend a long time within the God level trial. If the trial didn't help cultivation, wouldn't those geniuses stall out for all this time? No one would want to give up so many years of potential.

"Bigger?" Dyon grinned, not taking Amphorae's question too seriously.

Amphorae blushed, remembering how Dyon really had gotten bigger inside of her during the night. She hadn't thought much of it then, mostly because it made her mind go blank, but maybe it was because his body was changing.

"More handsome?" Dyon's grin widened.

This only made Amphorae's blush deepen. Somehow this husband of hers was right again.

The previous king couldn't be said to be an ugly man, in fact, he was above average. However, in terms of martial warriors, his looks were average.

But, this current version of him made it hard for Amphorae to look him in the eye. The combination of his demeanor and his features that seemed to be perfectly sculpted out of the most precious of stones was too much for her handle, even with her queenly aura.

Amphorae hid her face in Dyon's chest, unable to withstand his teasing. It seemed the easily embarrassed Amphorae was back, causing Dyon to smile lovingly.

Dyon absentmindedly stroked her hair, almost falling back into his thoughts.

"I've never seen wings like yours before," She said softly. "I've also never seen a mutation that adds pairs of wings. Your Angel blood is quite overwhelming."

A light breath escaped her delicate lips. She meant every word she said. Even their ancient books didn't speak of such a thing.

One pair of Angel wings was oppressive enough. Not only could they rival the fastest of species, from wind Dragons, to lightning transcendent beasts, to even light elemental bloodlines, Angel wings also had a myriad of other mysterious effects.

For example, an Angel could break Heaven's rules to a limited extent. They had profound spatial abilities which were a huge part of the reason for their oppressive speed. They were constantly bathed with Heaven's Light which boosted healing abilities by hundreds of times. Maybe one of its scariest abilities was known as a soul flame, which allowed its wielder to spark flames using the power of their soul to directly damage the soul of an opponent.

The price was that Angels faced heavy penalties during breakthroughs, making their tribulations many times more powerful than normal.

Considering the fact that these abilities were only the tip of the ice berg, maybe such a penalty was worth it.

"You also seemed to have both Angel and Hell's Angel abilities within you... I've never seen anyone have both..."

That's right. Those abilities listed were merely Angel abilities. Hell's Angel abilities could be considered to be even scarier, although they lacked in healing properties.

They provided a major boost to fire based attacks. They had the ability to call down Heaven's Judgement, smiting opponents. They also had profound abilities directly opposing to the will of highest purity: Holy Light. Hell's Angels had access to the will of highest darkness: Chaos, which was many steps above destruction will. Even Void will only had faint traces of chaos within it.

None of this even touched the most heaven defying ability of Angels and Hell's Angels alike. Innately born with powerful souls, they could split their souls at no cost to themselves, breaking Heaven's laws, and focus on multiple things at once. Imagine training in multiple techniques at once without losing efficiency or talent! The Florence family technique tried to replicate this, but it resulted in a vastly inferior version.

Unfortunately, Dyon knew none of this. Or, more accurately, he had never tried because he didn't know there was any connection between him and Angels at all. He couldn't be blamed. After all, he was born a mortal. Not only was his knowledge of the martial world still limited compared to others, how could he think he was born with something so amazing?



Listening to Amphorae, Dyon decided to do his best to learn as much about Angels as he could while he was here. Although he had never sensed these abilities before, maybe that was because his talent was too low before. Maybe he'd have a chance if he focused. If he failed, that only meant his soul had mimicked something it had no right to be.

Dyon gently picked up Amphorae, holding her tightly as he climbed the steps to her bed. It was almost dawn and the skies were starting to hold a faint dark blue, it was time he went to Queen Luna.

Laying Amphorae down, he kissed her forehead. "I believe in you. Let me know if anyone bullies you today, I'll teach them a good lesson."

Amphorae smiled, kissing Dyon before letting him go. They both had very important things to do today, so now wasn't the time to cling to him.

\*\*

"Of course I'll go with you." Queen Luna's smile made Dyon heart quake as she stepped closer, tracing her small hand against his strong chin as her long silver hair and violet eyes sparkled.

Although Luna didn't show it, her own heart was trembling as well. The pressure and Presence of this husband of hers far exceeded something she could be nonchalant about. When did he get so handsome? She couldn't help but think to herself.

If Queen Luna was bothered by Dyon being away all night, she didn't show it. Instead, she left the room to dress and prepare, leaving Dyon behind to do the same.

Dyon glanced at a mirror Luna left by the bed stand. His brow furrowed, he had never seen this mirror before, but even without his soul, he could see that this was at the very least a Spiritual level treasure. How could she possibly get her hands on such a thing?

He looked away, pretending he hadn't seen anything.

But, unbeknownst to her for now, Luna's shell had finally shown a crack, albeit a small one. The result was her making an unexpected mistake she had never made before.

#### Chapter 765: Any Reasons...?

Dyon looked down the cobbled road with Queen Luna sitting by his side. The ride was eerily quiet a faint tension hanging in the air.

Both sat in a carriage fit for royalty, pulled by what Dyon saw as mutated horses. Their speed was easily comparable to celestials, but such a thing wasn't as surprising as their aura and size. The horses themselves were easily ten meters tall. Their skin was a dark red that flashed with the occasional gold from the blood pumping through their veins.

Dyon knew that if he pushed the speed of these Heaven tier beasts to the limit, they could reach their destination in just a few minutes. However, he purposefully asked their trainer to slow their speed to peak essence gatherer levels, making the quick trip stretch to a few hours.

The carriage itself was the size of an entire home and floated above the air, currently holding Dyon and Queen Luna in a lounging area.

Despite the tension, Luna's head rested on Dyon's shoulder and her arms wrapped about his, sliding her small hands in his.

Queen Luna felt an overwhelming peace come over her. But, it was followed by bitterness and dread. She felt a mixture of anger, anticipation and helplessness, yet, she wasn't willing to let go of Dyon's arm.

She too realized that she made a mistake this morning. Flustered by her emotions, she had left out her treasured mirror. With the newfound sharpness of her husband, how could he not realize this was something he had never seen before?

This may seem odd, but it threw a fold in their relationship. If you spent decades with someone as your husband or wife, would you not know all of their belongings? Would you not be familiar with all of their most treasured possessions? Of course you would.

If a husband came to find that his wife had a necklace he had never seen before – an expensive necklace at that – what would he think?

Even worse, Dyon had spent the past two days studying the ins and outs of the Angel Clan. He knew what their craftsmanship looked like. So, how did a Queen Luna, who never went out and didn't have any servants, manage to get such a treasured mirror without Dyon ever noticing it?

One had to realize that after his intimate actions with Amphorae, all of Dyon's memories were unlocked. Therefore, there was no longer the excuse of him simply not having that particular fragment. And, even if such an unlocking hadn't happened, seeing the mirror itself should have triggered a memory.

There was only one explanation: Dyon had never seen the mirror before.

This explanation left two possibilities. Either Luna had always had this mirror, or she somehow had the ability to take things in and out of the Angel Clan without moving a finger. Maybe the scariest part was that if Dyon was his usual cautious and thoughtful self, he wouldn't hesitate to believe that both were true. Unfortunately, the gentle fragrance of the petite woman by his side seemed to be all he could focus on. He had all but forgotten what he had seen this morning.

"Do you remember the first day we met?" Luna said softly.

Dyon's eyes blinked in surprise, snapping him out of his daze, but he still nodded. "Of course. How could I forget?"

Luna's delicate features blushed. "You were so forceful."

Dyon scratched the back of his head, laughing awkwardly. He had really turned into a man who knew nothing of how to deal with women. He thought that maybe since his real body came here, he'd have more control. But, clearly, that wasn't the case. In fact, his feelings for Luna became more magnified. Even this morning, when he noticed the mirror on the bed side table, his brows only furrowed before he didn't think of it anymore.

How pathetic.

There was something faint in the back of Dyon's mind, telling him that something was wrong. With his new memories, he now knew, first hand, that the King didn't use to act like this. In fact, the previous King could be said to have been very similar to Dyon. He was decisive, talented, and intelligent. He also didn't fear speaking with women. If this wasn't the case, how could a woman as outstanding as Amphorae fall for him?

However, when he left the village to temper himself, that all changed. It was as though he came back a completely different person with a completely different personality.

The only difference between him before he left and after he came back? It was obvious... The only change was Luna.

It was only at that moment that Dyon realized he had no idea what his first wife's cultivation was. He was inwardly stunned. He had been married to this woman for almost three decades, and he knew nothing of her cultivation? How did that make any sense? She had to have cultivation, no? She should be almost 50 years old now, yet she looked just as young as she did all those years ago when he first met her.... Just as delicate... Just as beautiful...

The more Dyon compared memories of the past to his current understanding, the more he realized something was wrong. But, the more he realized something was wrong, the stronger his feelings for Luna seemed to get. She was so fragile... He wanted to protect her... But what did protecting her truly mean?...

Amphorae was a genius, and was also less than 50 years old and already approaching the peak stages of sainthood. In fact, if it wasn't for the fact she wanted to break through from the second grade toward the peak of the first, she would have long since broken through.

On top of that, losing her virginity to Dyon had brought her untold benefits. Her soul broke through continuously, shaking off the shackles of its essence gatherer level and breaking into lower saint levels, and her body seemed to have also gotten a boost in talent along with her Angel bloodline.

Dyon had witnessed the latter for himself. Before, Amphorae had white wings with red tips, similar to her father's black wings with red tips. However, after dual cultivating with Dyon, she gained a mutation. She now had the purest of white wings, a halo, and even the ability for her hair to shift between red, gold and white colors. In fact, her current hair had shifted from a fiery red, to a red with heavy golden accents.

This was all to say that in the Ancient era Dyon was currently in, this is what it took to be known as a genius. And yet, wasn't Luna also labeled a genius? In fact, she was known as the foremost genius of the entire Moon Clan. Having such a feat had to mean there was something special about her, right? So why did Dyon know nothing?...

'Why am I in love with you?' The words spun around in Dyon's mind with no answer.

He knew he loved Madeleine. She was the woman who opened his heart, the one who showed him that there was something else to life than mourning his parents. When Dyon saw the death sentence hanging over Madeleine's head, and how she still managed to keep a beautiful smile, he didn't think he had the right to complain about his life. She deserved his love.

He knew he loved Ri. She was strong and resilient. Her parents left her, without a word, and yet she took the responsibility of saving their kingdom on her own shoulders. She planned, she bided her time, and even if Dyon hadn't shown up, Dyon was certain that she would have taken hold of the Kingdom without him.

He knew he loved Clara. She was his childhood friend... They had shared the losses of their mothers together, they had grown strong together... He owed her so much, but he knew that it was more than just guilt that sat in his heart for Clara, there was something deeper... something purer.

He knew he loved Amphora. Strong didn't seem like a powerful enough word to describe her. She was a woman of duty and loyalty, one he was sure would never leave his side even if it meant ruining her own life...

Each and every one of these women had a reason for their place in Dyon's heart. And each and every one of them deserved it...

Dyon knew that, even if it hurt as much as having his heart ripped from his chest, if it meant their happiness, he would be willing to let any one of his wives go... He didn't want to be the reason for their suffering...

And yet, when he thought of Luna, he hated such an idea. He would rather die than let her leave him.

But... The problem was that he didn't have any reasons for it...

#### Chapter 766: I Wonder

Was it because she was beautiful? Because she was gentle? Caring? All of those sounded like shallow explanations that held no water compared to the other four, and yet his feelings for her were easily 100x what he felt for any of the others.

Dyon thought back to the first time he met Luna. He was on a trip to temper himself, hoping to break through a bottleneck he was having in comprehending intents when he stumbled onto a tournament.

At first, he didn't think much of it. He was only focused on cultivation and already had a woman in his heart. So, he didn't even care for the fact Luna, her elder sister and her father were watching the proceedings.

In the end, it turned out that this was actually what they called a Universe Tournament. It was a step up from World Tournaments. Whereas the latter pit worlds against each other, the former pit entire universes.

Dyon didn't think about why a mere Royal God Clan would have the honor of hosting such an event, because again, he didn't particularly care. He only wanted to fight, and this was the perfect stage for him.

He went all out, and his bloodline ignited along with his intent, helping him soar to all new levels. Since these were ancient times, and the universes were on another level, even celestials were considered to be juniors. However, there was an age restriction of 100 years old, so Dyon's strongest opponent wasn't even the one with the highest cultivation. After all, many geniuses stalled their break throughs to achieve higher grade levels. But, none of that meant anything to Dyon.

He was eventually rewarded for his effort and became among the youngest to ever place first. Taking his position above the rest, Dyon stood proudly as a lower saint capable of defeating even first grade saints. A difference of 12 whole small cultivation levels was decimated by him....

Dyon didn't care about his achievement. To him, it only made sense that he was first place. He was the crown prince of the Angel Clan! Despite their decline in numbers, their True Deity bloodline was unrivaled among humans and even suppressed most beasts. Dyon didn't need a faith seed, all he needed was himself.

However, it was obvious that not everyone was happy about this result. The Angel Clan was relatively unknown, only fit to be a subsidiary clan of a mere Royal God Clan, how could the myriad of King and Emperor God Clans that participated be satisfied?

This was where the previous prince was eerily similar to Dyon. He didn't care about offending those greater powers. In fact, unlike Dyon, he had the backing of a father who could be considered top 1 in experts in the entire quadrant. Offending the son of such a man was tantamount to asking for trouble.

Unfortunately, the clans that found this out only took more offense. They thought that Dyon was only acting arrogant because he wanted to rely on his father, and that would likely cause future problems.

To Dyon, however, he wasn't even aware that his father was so famous, nor did he know that his father was so powerful. He only acted so arrogantly because he wanted to rely on himself. He earned his first place spot, why should he apologize or be ashamed of such a thing?

But... This was when Dyon found out why the Moon clan was hosting such a large event, and also why so many were angry. It turned out that this tournament was actually meant to be a formality. The Ahpuch Emperor God Clan's crown prince was essentially guaranteed to be the victor according to many.

Not only had Jabari Ahpuch filled 101 saint meridians at a mere 87 years old, his body held an overwhelming Devil bloodline within it that could only be compared to a Mid-tier True Deity bloodline. Even in Ancient times, such a thing was rare beyond belief.

When Dyon thought to this point, the Pakal family flashed in his mind. Maybe they had a connection?

When the Ahpuch family stimulated their bloodline and fought, their skin would become red. However, the Pakals had mutated to always have faintly red skin. Maybe this was the reason for the Demon Sage's body cultivation talent?

But, Dyon dismissed this idea for now. There were too many millions to even billions of years between now and the time of the Pakals. He couldn't connect them just because of red skin.

That said, neither the talent of the Pakals, nor the Ahpuchs could be underestimated. And that was especially so for their young crown prince. He was blood thirsty and even Dyon had to admit his battle intent nearly shattered when he stood on the stage for their final fight.

None of that mattered in the end. Dyon battle power soared under the pressure and his Angel bloodline evolved to an all new level, shattering preconceived notions. He became a genius towering over the rest. And that was when the truth was revealed to him...

The Ahpuch had decided that the Moon Clan would host this event in order to propose marriage... But, the façade of the tournament didn't say this. The rule was simple. Whoever placed first would be Luna's husband.

When Dyon learned this he was stunned. Although he didn't care about offending clans, he had always had a soft spot for women, and he wasn't willing to reject Luna in front of so many people. However, in his heart, there was only one woman: Amphorae.

The world didn't know about Amphorae because they didn't even know about the Angel Clan. His father was extremely famous, but he had never made his affiliations clear. In fact, the only reason his father even let himself be known was in rare moments when prime legacies for the older generation opened up, so that he could take resources and treasures for the Angel Clan. He never acted out of selfishness.

However, to Dyon, Amphorae was vastly superior to Luna, whether it be in demeanor or talent, and, he didn't believe that his Amphorae lost out to anyone in talent. Since he had taken first place here while being so young, and since Amphorae was very close in talent to himself, how could this Luna be better than her?

It could be said, the from the bottom of his heart, Dyon was more than satisfied with Amphorae as his primary wife although he knew he would be forced to take concubines.

But, in typical Dyon fashion, he was soft hearted. So, when Luna's father called him son-in-law for the first time in front of trillions of people, he could only smile and pretend to be on board with everything that was going on.



The problem was that not only were the Ahpuch family livid, Luna's elder sister, Laura, seemed to sense that there was something off about Dyon's attitude. In the end, time proved her right.

After the tournament ended, in private, Dyon proclaimed that Luna was his woman now to the Moon family, but he also let them know that he had a wife. This was likely what Luna meant by him being forceful, but it just wasn't in his personality to go back on his word, nor did he have the heart to embarrass Luna by rescinding or disappearing.

And yet... The memories afterward were all a blur for Dyon...

Somehow... That Dyon that hated to hurt women... That Dyon unwilling to pain those close to him... Stabbed dagger after dagger into the heart of the woman he supposedly loved with his everything.

"I liked it though," Luna said, with a rare serious expression, referring to Dyon's forcefulness.

These words snapped Dyon out of his flashback, causing more complex feelings to swirl in his eyes. He thought he had all of his memories back now? What the hell happened after he confronted Luna's father?!

Everything was a blur and his mind was entirely foggy. He couldn't understand any of what was happening and no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't retrace the steps of his memories. It was as though it had all been covered by a thin veil, one sturdier than even an ancient spider's silk.

Luna giggled, "This trip will be interesting though. Our first visit is to the fifth-place finisher of that Universe Tournament you stole me at. I wonder if he still hates you."

#### Chapter 767: Just Wondering

Dyon looked at the silver haired beauty clinging to his arm, not understanding anymore whether that smile of hers that made his heart quake was truly the woman she was... Or if she was something else entirely...

She always seemed so carefree and honest, yet something about her was making Dyon uneasy.

Dyon was a person that had pride etched deeply into his bones. The only people he'd set it aside for without hesitation, were those he loved. And yet, there was a deep competitive fire stirring within him the more time he spent with Luna.

On one hand, the persona he had taken over wanted to love and fawn over this woman. It was to the point where he wanted to keep her on a pedestal and never touch her. The fact that Luna was still a virgin spoke volumes about that truth. How could you be married to such a beautiful woman and yet never touch her? Dyon's demon sage blood was running wild at such a ridiculous notion. That feeling only grew due to the fact he had integrated another 8%.

But, on the other hand, there was Dyon's true personality. When had he ever lost to a woman just because of how they looked?

In truth, Dyon didn't mind losing to his wives. He never felt the need to "one up" them because their victory felt like his. He didn't feel inferior at all even though he knew that both Ri and Madeleine were more powerful than him after he awoke from his coma. He felt nothing but happiness.

However, that was where the oddity for his feelings with Luna shone through. Whereas with Amphorae, the previous persona of this body and his true persona had merged in their love of her, with Luna, they stood diametrically opposed.

The push and pull was eating him alive. But, the more he sifted through his memories of his past persona, the more his competitive nature flamed.

This was simply the way Dyon was. When he met Mithrandir for the first time in the Elvin Kingdom, she had tried to seduce him in order to enslave him. Instead of succeeding, she ended up losing face in front of thousands, even moaning and clinging to him in the end.

When Jade tried to toy with his emotions, he led her on until she was panting on the floor, calling out his name.

In the beginning, both of those women tried to win over his heart with their beauty and charm, and in the end, both had lost their way, falling for him instead.

Mithrandir likely hadn't accepted Zaltarish's advances just yet because he still cast a shadow over her heart. As for Jade, regardless of how sociopathic she was, she had never once tried to kill Dyon. In fact, the reason she set fire to the orphanage and killed Miss Everdeen to begin with was to force Dyon into despair so that he'd come to her and forget about Madeleine. In the end, her actions only brought Dyon closer to Ri and she was likely a large portion of the reason why Dyon opened himself up to a second wife to begin with.

The pattern was clear. Dyon didn't take kindly to anyone toying with his heart. He rarely hit women – although he wouldn't hold back if he had to – but, he would always respond in kind. If Luna wanted to play games, he'd play. If she was going to betray him, she wouldn't be getting out of this unscathed.

Dyon couldn't help but think how embarrassing it would be to be betrayed by a wife you were married to for decades, only for everyone to find out that she had not only led you by her finger, she also managed to keep her virginity this whole time. How ridiculous.

Dyon wasn't a man who was forceful with his women. In every case of virginity he took, every single one of them asked him to do it, often times more than once before he did so. He waited patiently for Madeleine. Ri directly asked him to while he was trying to take it slow. Clara quite literally bound him to a bed and did it herself. As for Amphorae, he was willing to wait even longer for her heart to heal, but she directly asked him as well.

But, right now, Dyon didn't feel like waiting, or being patient. His two personas were clashing with each other, fighting over the right to dominate his thoughts.

"I was worried when you didn't come to me last night, you know." Luna said softly. She didn't admit it, but a large reason for her mistake this morning was because Dyon didn't come. She was flustered and didn't know how to feel. In a complete daze, and her heart being left in a complex place, she made a mistake.

In Luna's mind, she already knew that she had lost Dyon's trust. In fact, she knew that this was the case long before this morning because she had directly asked about it.

Back then, she didn't think it would effect her much. But, slowly watching Dyon's demeanor change... Slowly forming back to the way he once was... The reason he caught her eye to begin with began to resurface, burning away decades of what had become normal for her and becoming something else entirely.

The situation was more complex than Dyon had the heart to accept. And maybe Luna couldn't accept it either. All she knew was what she said that fateful day... What's done is done.

Dyon silently took a glance at Luna. When he heard her say those words, his heart was immediately caught in his throat. All fighting between his personas seemed to calm down, both seemingly wanting to comfort her.

Although something at the back of Dyon's mind was nagging him that this was just another play, another façade she put up.

However, the one thing that wouldn't ever leave Dyon, something etched into his bones, something he built his dao on... Was his arrogance. Even if this Luna had his other persona's love, he'd be the one to choose how he expressed it.

There were two reasons why Dyon took Luna on this trip. The first was that he didn't trust her to be alone in their clan without him. The second was more calculated. This was already his third day here, and with so few days remaining in his five-day deadline, this would be his best opportunity to truly test this wife of his.

It was time he went on the attack.

"You know, there's something I've always wondered." Dyon said playfully. He lightly pulled his arm away from Luna's grasp, instead wrapping it around her small frame.

Luna froze for a moment, her chest heating up under Dyon's overwhelming masculine smell. Although Dyon no longer imperceptibly leaked demonic will, since it was currently sealed, with his growing body cultivation, his existence alone was enough to shake the hearts of women.

With his increased essence integration, and the breakthrough of his soul, all coupled with the fact he was now approaching 20 years old and true adulthood, it could be said that Dyon now had a sophistication and alluring Presence to him that he didn't have before.

"What's that?" Luna managed to speak, but her words were soft. It wasn't only that Dyon was particularly alluring to her right now – after all, she was a married woman who had never been truly touched by her husband, what woman wouldn't be frustrated? – it was also that she was afraid of the question. Was Dyon about to confront her? Now?

"I was just wondering –"

The words seemed to tumble out of Dyon's mouth much too slowly, and Luna's anxiety only made the situation worse. To her, time might as well have been stopped.

" – how special this wife of mine had to be to catch the attention of an Emperor God Clan on this small planet of ours."

Luna froze. Was her husband toying with her? This question was right on the borderline. On one hand, it directly referred to maybe the most key thing leading to this whole situation. But, on another, it could also be completely innocent. After all, wasn't she the one who brought up when they first met? How could she blame him for continuing the conversation she started?

Chapter 768: It Depends

However, Luna regained her composure quickly. It had been a long time since her husband had shown any semblance of a real personality. This was the sort of playfulness their relationship was missing. Whether or not he was only probing her, she'd dive in head first to find out.

If this situation had to be painted out with artistic freedom, one would likely see a Noble Knight facing off against a Silver haired goddess. Both with cunning in their eyes and both with a purpose.

It seemed that this husband/wife pair never truly understood who their partner was as a person at all... And they were now about to use the next few hours to find out...

"Shouldn't you have found the answer for yourself by now?" Luna's small hand rested on Dyon's inner thigh. She pretended to do so innocently. After all, Dyon was the one who took the arm she had wrapped around away, no? "It's your job to know everything about me, isn't it?"

The competitive fire in Dyon's eyes lit with a brighter flame. The fact they were meeting a man who supposedly hated him to essentially ask for an alliance was thrown to the back of his mind. Right now, all he worried about to bending this woman to his will.

"Ai. You must forgive your husband for being blind and stupid. I only just found out that you liked a forceful man. Clearly I'm quite slow."

Luna smiled, snuggling her head on Dyon's shoulder once again. "What are you going to do with that new information?"

"It depends."

"On?"

"I could give you exactly what you want. But, that depends on if you'll give me what I want."

A playful giggle left Luna's lips, seemingly causing the atmosphere to brighten up. "What have you done to deserve such a reward?"

"I may have been a bad husband who didn't know enough about his wife." Dyon said, before suddenly grinning. "But, how much does my wife know about her husband?"

Luna paused. Although she thought the card she played was quite unexpected, this was probably even more so. Dyon was correct, how much did she know about this husband of hers?

They met by accident. His personality suddenly changed drastically from what she thought it was. And then in the blink of an eye, almost 30 years had passed before his personality suddenly changed drastically again... And seemingly changed to the personality she thought he once had.... The personality she thought was perfect for her future husband.

Luna was suddenly stumped. How could she answer this question?

Luna thought for a moment. This wasn't a contest of speed, but she couldn't exactly stay silent for minutes at a time without response when Dyon seemingly responded immediately. What she didn't know was that Dyon's speed of thought far exceeded even normal celestials. His soul was too powerful and had the perfect effect on his mind. In reality, despite the fact he answered immediately, he likely spent more "time" thinking that Luna.

Suddenly, Luna realized her biggest advantage.

Why was it that the Ahpuch family traveled hundreds of millions of light years to come to Planet Haven? Why was it that even her husband didn't dare to touch her? Why was it that she was likely one of the only women clans would fight an entire war for?

Luna stood, startling Dyon for a moment.

Currently, they sat in an elegantly furnished lounging area on comfortable couches. So, when Luna got up and stood before Dyon, he was still seated. Yet, because of Luna's petite frame, her eye level was still a mere inch or two higher than Dyon's even while he sat.

Luna smiled, dazzling Dyon as she slipped the flats on her feet off, not minding the flash of snow-white skin that assaulted Dyon's vision as she lifted her legs. Whether by her design or not, she placed her foot right between Dyon's thighs each time, using the couch as a stabilizer for her feet.

Although waves were rocking Dyon's heart, he reclined leisurely, never changing the expression on his face. In fact, he spread his legs, leaving Luna with enough room for her teasing.

Despite the fact that Luna was still a virgin, that didn't mean that she had experienced nothing in the past almost 30 years. Dyon's last persona wasn't that pathetic, right?

Dyon had frequently held her in his arms, and they frequently kissed, although it was almost always initiated by her. In those years of interactions, she had felt and seen her husbands "excitement" many times, and had also become quite familiar with how to trigger it. This was why although Luna was still a

virgin, she was still quite proud of her ability as a woman. She knew she elicited a reaction in her man, he was just too guilty to take advantage of it.

Knowing all of this, Luna planned to do the same again. Since Dyon wanted to play games, she would play with him. In the end, wouldn't he lose if he once again backed out due to guilt? Then he would stop questioning her again and they could continue to pretend as though nothing was wrong with their relationship.

However, when Luna glanced at Dyon's open legs, she was stunned when she saw no difference. No bulge, no anything. For the first time, she felt doubt.

She had never acted so deliberately before, but in the past, even just the faint outline of her leg would get this husband of hers excited. Now, he had seen nearly the entire way up her dress without reacting at all? How was this possible?

Dyon smiled to himself, still watching Luna's seductive actions. She wore a pure white dress that only lightly clung to her petite curves. Her snow-white shoulders were exposed by its thin straps, giving her an alluring yet still innocent air. However, what Dyon found most attractive right now was the flash of competitiveness in her beautiful and sparkling violet eyes.

Clearly, Luna was unwilling to give up. Unfortunately for her, Dyon's body cultivation talent was so ridiculously high right now that the tempering his body had gone through during the foundation stage was millions of times more effective. Before, he could only faintly understand how to control his body from everything to digestion to the circulation of his blood, but now he felt like he could enter his own mind and turn dials as he pleased.

Simply put, if Dyon didn't want to have an erection, nothing on this planet, barring someone with overwhelming cultivation making him lose control of his body, could make him.

However, considering the flash in her eyes, Luna was still not perturbed by this. If nothing but his own will could allow it to happen, then didn't she just have to make it his will?

The answer to the previous questions was still burning in Luna's mind. It was her beauty. And no one could resist it. Least of all the man she wanted to show it to.



Thinking to this part, Luna's heart suddenly became as still as a lake, the only ripples were no longer caused by anxiety, but rather pure and unbridled attraction to the handsome man sitting across from her. Maybe only he could compliment her beauty perfectly.

This was the first fact Dyon learned about Luna. This couldn't be faked. This wasn't a façade she put up. This was who she truly was. It seemed that other than Clara, he had yet another overly competitive woman for a wife.

"Husband, you said we don't know each other enough, right?" Luna smiled lightly, reaching her small hand toward her back and allowing the sound of a zipper to fill the quiet room and cause Dyon's pupils to shrink to the size of the point of a pin.

On one hand, his overly analytical brain couldn't help but wonder how zippers made it to these ancient times. On the other, his every cell was anticipating what would happen next.

"I think we should get to know each other better than, no?" Luna's dress fell from her shoulders, catching slightly on her chest, before sliding down completely.

Luna's body was perfect. There wasn't a single blemish on her white skin, and not a single impurity in her proportions.

Her chest wasn't large, but Dyon didn't doubt that it could still fill his hand. The fact she wasn't wearing a bra was seared into Dyon's mind, leaving him wondering how he didn't notice such a thing before he got lost in the delicate pinks of her nipples.

#### Chapter 769: Yield

His heart beat quickened as he realized this was the very first time he had ever seen Luna's body. Everything from the flashing silvers of her hair, to the twinkling of her violet eyes, to the way her pure white panties were partially see through made Dyon's blood roar through his veins.

And yet, she wasn't finished, not in the least.

Luna took a step forward, leaning to place her two small hands on Dyon's thighs.

Dyon could hardly look her in the eyes, his vision still trained on her chest and scanning her body up and down without regard.

But, when Luna suddenly kneeling before him, everything seemed to freeze. He lost control of his body. It wasn't that he could regain it if he wanted, but his lower regions were screaming "Don't you dare!"

"I've shown you what it is Jabari wanted." Luna said softly, implying that Dyon could have what he couldn't. "But now I want to find out what you want."

Luna's eyes trained on the still growing bulge in Dyon's pants before reaching forward and gently gliding her hands over it.

"I want to know more about you..." She said softly.

Luna showed no signs of stopping as she undid Dyon's pants. In her mind, she had already won. It would only be a matter of time before Dyon stopped her, too wracked by guilt to continue.

A massive behemoth of seemed to pop out of Dyon's pants, startling Luna only for a moment before she regained her composure.

Her two small hands couldn't even wrap all the way around, as she grasped onto it with both, pulling it closer to her.

An overwhelming masculine scent shook Luna to the core. Her heart beat quickened as her mind went blank. With her petite frame, would this even fit?...

A small tongue dripping faintly with glistening saliva appeared as Luna opened her delicate lips... And in the next instant, she closed in, twirling it around Dyon's tip.

Luna's small mouth struggled to envelop Dyon's tip, but that didn't stop her tongue from swirling with an awkwardness that made his blood boil.

Realizing her inability to fit her mouth over the rod that was throbbing in her hands, Luna changed tactics. Her hands delicately played with Dyon's shaft and balls, stroking them gently as her tongue continued to swirl. She was suddenly engrossed in her actions, completely forgetting that her purpose was only to make Dyon back away. It all of a sudden became less of a competition to her as a faint excitement filled her heart.

She had never done something like this ever before, as was seen by her awkward and often clumsy actions. But, she was always deliberate and gentle with her every action, causing Dyon to quiver and tremble. His muscles clenched, his eyes closing in hopes of limiting the stimuli. If he had to look upon Luna's immaculate figure and adorable features while feeling such sensations, he would have long since lost control.

"Do you like it, husband?" Luna's melodic voice filled the room, unifying with Dyon's heavy breathing. She didn't need to ask to know the answer to the question, but she felt a gratification in her heart seeing Dyon's closed eyes and clenched jaw.

She trailed kisses along it, enjoying the robust throbbing and twitching on her cheek. It felt almost like hot coals in her small palms, but somehow comfortable at the same time. There was no embarrassment or hesitation in her actions, it was almost as though this wasn't the Luna Dyon had thought he knew all this time.

Was this truly the same delicate and fragile beauty he met on his first night? The same one that almost burst into tears and asked him to hold her? The same one that spent her days leisurely looking at the moon? Was that her true self? Or was this it?

Luna's attack was relentless as the minutes passed by. Her teasing became bolder along with her actions more pronounced and shameless.

Her hands played with the hem of Dyon's shirt before she caught hold of his pants, pulling them away completely. Her heart beat quickened as she trailed over the hard and lean muscles of his torso, engraving every peak and valley into her mind.

"You're so big..." She said softly, deliberately trying to get a rise out of Dyon. It seemed to have worked because the throbbing of Dyon's cock intensified with those words, almost escaping her gentle grasp.

"Look, husband, I can't even cover it completely..." Luna giggled, enveloping Dyon with her breasts.

If Dyon's eyes were opened at this point, they'd be entirely bloodshot and without focus. Luna's teasing was making him lose his mind.

"Husband, if you don't look, I'll feel sad. Am I not beautiful?" Luna said softly, a hint of melancholy playing her voice.

'This vixen.' Dyon clenched his jaw tighter as he opened his eyes, finding Luna's glistening violet ones staring up at him submissively. His blood pumped through his veins, somehow inadvertently causing him to jump into Demon Emperor's Will first act.

Luna gasped faintly as Dyon's cock grew to another size between her breasts. Veins of gold throbbed through it, coursing with a new level of vitality that overwhelmed Luna's senses.

It didn't take long for Luna to regain her composure though. Since Dyon had even lost control of his own techniques, it was clear that she was very close to winning. So what if it was a size bigger? It was already too much for her to handle before, but she'd never admit that.

The sight of Luna's small tongue licking his tip as her small breasts barely covered half of him caused steam to escape Dyon's lips. His muscles grew to another size, making him feeling like he could make Luna disappear in his embrace.

"Husband, if you get any bigger, how will you fit?" Luna said playfully. "Don't you know how much I want you inside me?"

She pulled back, using her finger to gently play with Dyon's tip. Her slender hand was so small that it almost slid into Dyon's hole, but it pulled back, taking with it a faint string of liquid that glistened under the large carriage's lights.

Dyon's blood pumped with he saw this. Even Luna's breathing quickened as Dyon's masculine smell raised to a new level, causing her cheeks to flush.

Then, Luna did something that made Dyon snap.

She looked her husband directly in the eyes, never daring to look away as she raised her finger to her mouth before licking the liquid away.

What Luna didn't know was that she had already lost the moment the she took Dyon's shaft into her mouth. Before, Dyon had made even the rowdy Clara bend to his will with just a drop of his blood. What kind of effect do you think his actual reproductive juices would have?

Dyon's body was at the point where it was dealing with unbridled lust constantly. If it wasn't for his will power and morals, he would fuck anything that even remotely caught his attention. This problem only grew to an all new level when his soul was sealed because now he couldn't use celestial will to calm himself.

The conclusion was simple. If Dyon lost his mind to the demonic side while his soul was sealed and without his wives by his side, an all new persona would come out. One that would make that silver haired beauty between his legs yield at all costs.

#### Chapter 770: Any One You Want

Luna's loins imploded with a fiery heat the moment Dyon's liquid touched her tongue. Her snow-white skin flushed completely, blazing with a fiery red. And yet, to Dyon's surprise, her eyes remained clear and unfettered by lust.

At first, Dyon thought that Luna was much better than he thought then. After all, hadn't he just been wondering what her true cultivation was? Without his soul, he had no way of checking. And if she was too high level, even if he had his soul, he wouldn't be able to. The point was that only with overwhelming power could you ignore the effects Dyon had on your body as a woman.

However, the next moment shattered all of those thoughts.

Luna stood, turning her alluring back to Dyon and allowing him to see the plump ass that filled out her petite figure.

She bent down, slowly removing her slightly transparent white panties. Dyon's vision was suddenly assaulted by a delicate pink flower that had a faint moistness to it.

"Husband." Luna didn't look back. "If you reject me today, I'll never speak to you again."

Dyon arms moved swiftly, barely allowing the words to leave her mouth before he pulled her down and into his embrace. Luna seemed so small sitting on his lap, but when she felt the heat of her husband's rod only slightly separating the lips of her pink flower, her mind went blank of any such thoughts.

"You've been teasing me all this time." Dyon voice came out in a low rumble, causing Luna to heat up even further, feeling his every words reverberate in her mind. "And you think you can just get what you want by threatening me? If you want it, I'll make you bend down on all fours and beg for me to pierce you."

Luna's breathing quickened as Dyon's hot breath played on her ears. His lips wrapped around their outer edges, gently sucking.

Luna's moans immediately filled the room as Dyon's hands went to work with a skill far beyond his age. After all, he had fully integrated with his master's memories now.

It turned out that Dyon's master had, in fact, locked away some of her most indecent memories. It was just that there were so many of them she couldn't get to all of them. As such, what Dyon had been seeing before was only a percent of a percent that his master didn't get to seal. But, once Dyon became the owner of the seal, his master no longer had the qualifications to hide anything from him. Now, he suddenly had thousands of times more experience than he had before.

One could say that Dyon now had the qualifications to make a woman who had lived hundreds of thousands of years beg for him. How could he not handle an innocent princess who had only lived a few decades?

The 25th White Mother's memories weren't simply about sex. It was dual cultivation of the highest grade. There was no secret that beasts were top class in this branch of cultivation, so it was no surprise that his master and his martial father had reached such a high class, and it was also no wonder that the Dragon King had insisted on giving Dyon a proper dual cultivation technique when his cultivation was unsealed.

Luna stood no chance.

Dyon's large hands showed a nimbleness that shouldn't have been possible, passing through Luna's slit and gently playing with her inner thighs to a level that made her hips squirm. Her teeth clenched, not saying a word, but inwardly, she was begging him to touch her directly, to play with her delicate button and to delve deep within her. But, Dyon showed a restraint that made her go crazy.

And then, it got worse.

All this time, Dyon hadn't once used his aurora flames. He had only relied on his body to send Luna to the edge, only to pull her back before she got there each and every time. It was to the point where Luna turned her head back toward Dyon, unable to stop from glaring at him before forcing her lips onto his.

The moment their tongues intertwined, the purple-gold aurora flame stone hanging from Dyon's neck began to glow.

The combination of Dyon's saliva dripping down her throat and the sudden surge of gentle flames coursing through her made Luna's mind go blank.

Suddenly, Dyon's fingers made their way to her clit, tapping lightly.

In the next instant, Luna's back arched as her first orgasm exploded out from her. "Oh God!"

Luna's exclamations were so loud that the personal guard following them on this trip could almost hear it clearly, causing them to look at each other and grin before pretending as though they hadn't heard anything. After all, they were all Dyon's best friends, the only thing they liked more than one of their brothers getting women was themselves getting a woman.

However, the two older dao formation experts looked at the young men and just shook their heads, pretending they too hadn't heard anything.

Unfortunately for Luna, Dyon no longer had the ability to put up concealment formations as easily as he once used to. But, in the state she was in now, Dyon think she cared about being heard anyway. She was lost in her own little world because Dyon's hands didn't stop, nor did they show any remorse.

He held Luna's petite body against him tightly, stopping her from escaping the pleasure.

"I need it." Luna gasped, breathing out her words and no longer caring.

Dyon grinned. "What was that?"

He allowed Luna to get up, watching her intently as she crawled along the couch. Her plump ass stuck in the air, waving around seductively as she obediently pressed her face against the couch.

"Please punish me, my King." Luna's eyes were no longer clear. They were completely overwhelmed by unbridled lust.

Dyon was almost at a lost for words. It was only now that he understood just how serious Luna was about liking forcefulness. She didn't just like the fact her senses were being overwhelmed, she liked the fact she was being held down and wasn't allowed to escape it. She was, without a doubt, a full-blown masochist.

At this point, another odd thought flashed by in Dyon's mind. If this was Luna's true face, it was no wonder she'd betray him. How could such a perverted woman survive without being touched by her husband for so long? Dyon could only imagine the things she did to herself while he was gone.

"Please." Luna's voice pleaded, thinking that she hadn't been clear enough with her begging. "You can have any hole you want."