

The Nameless 771

Chapter 771: Massive

Those words made Dyon snap out of his thoughts. A low growl escaped him lips as he leapt up, shifting Luna's ass toward himself. He gripped her hips tightly, lowering his tip to her wet entrance and splitting her lips apart as he thrust forward.

He wasn't gentle, nor was he patient. He didn't even truly treat Luna as a woman anymore, to him, she was just a beast to be tamed.

Luna's voice cried out as the mixture of pain and pleasure made her mind go blank. She could feel Dyon pierce all the way to her womb, toying with the entrance as though he would force his way through before pulling back and slamming forward again.

Moans of pleasure filled the room as Luna shivered again and again, unable to control herself.

Dyon's mind with blank as well, he couldn't understand this feeling. Never in his life had he felt something so good. Luna was so tight, yet so wet... Her walls continuously convulsed around him as though they were purposely massaging his shaft.

"Husband," Luna's cries became more bestial as she grasped the cushions of the couch, almost tearing through them. "Finish inside me, don't you dare pull out."

Dyon reached down, pressing Luna's face in further down with his hand as he slapped her ass with the other. "Was that an order?"

Luna whimpered, "I'm sorry. Please."

Dyon laughed to himself. Taming this vixen was almost too easy.

However, in his glee, he hadn't noticed one thing. There was no boost in cultivation, nor was there a moment of his soul intertwining with Luna like it had for his other wives. It was almost like two mortals

having sex. There were no abnormal signs at all.... It was like the universe turned a blind eye to their union as husband and wife. The problem was that they were both too lost in their world to notice.

What did happen though, although Dyon couldn't sense it, was an odd-looking primordial yin appeared in Dyon's inner world.

It was hard to pinpoint its color as it was shrouded in white fog. Only the faint flickers of silver shone through occasionally. Unlike the other primordial yins that acted as though they were sisters, this one didn't seem to resonate with the group. In fact, whenever Dyon's primordial yang tried to interact with it, an overwhelming power shut it out, causing Dyon's inner world to tremble.

Luckily, Dyon's primordial yang had his own personality and was stubborn. Although the primordial yin wanted to run away, chains of swirling colors erupted from Dyon's, wrapping domineeringly around the white fog.

The primordial yin shrouded in white fog shook in anger, somehow summoning tribulation lightning within Dyon's inner world and sending it down toward his primordial yang, wanting nothing more than to shatter it completely, ruining Dyon's vitality forever.

However, this was when Dyon's manifestation took action. It was seemingly angry that its goddess had transformed into a ball of light instead of a remaining the beauty by his side, so it wanted to vent. When it saw a woman dared to have relations with him, yet leave as though she was not his, his arrogance was ignited to another level.

6 wings of bright gold flashed outward as a roar that shook the inner world sounded out almost as though to say "How dare you!?".

It seemed that although Luna had submitted in the real world, her primordial disdained her activities. Although it wouldn't ever harm her owner, obviously, it would cripple the man who dared to take advantage of her.

Truth be told, it was surprised that it was taken into this odd world so easily. After all, it was unmatched in the world, how could a measly essence gatherer coax her here so easily? Even a half-step transcendent would be too small of a character for her. How could she withstand such humiliation?!

When she peaked out of the world with her senses to see her supposed body writhing with pleasure as it was plowed by an object that should have been much too large for her to handle, she almost felt a faint disgust toward her own self. She was raised as a prim and proper princess, and this was supposedly her virgin bed, so how did she become such a pervert so quickly?

All of those emotions whirled around until she decided to blame the man. It was all his fault. Only he could make her react like this. How often had Jabari made advances on her only to be ignored? And he was the strongest prince of an Empire God Clan of the first ranked quadrant in the cosmos! How had this man forced her into submission like this?!

The tribulation lightning stormed down from the skies, filling Dyon's inner world with raging storms and towering cumulonimbus clouds. However, the next moment shook the arrogant primordial yin to its core.

The moment the manifestation finished its roar and spread out its golden wings, the 6 flaming black-gold circles to its back started to spin viciously, only stopping when one containing a flashing arc of lightning stopped at the very top.

It flew into the skies at blinding speeds before stopping like a God amongst the clouds. Raging lightning swarmed around it as the tribulation lightning fell, holding within it the blinding red of chaos and destruction.

In the next instant, it slammed into the manifestation.

At that very moment, outside in the real world, Dyon was grasping Luna's silver hair and pulling her up and into him, wrapping one arm around her waist firmly as he held her slender neck in the other. He relentlessly slammed into her, causing Luna to drip with a sweet fragrant liquid as her moans grew louder... Only to be stopped by Dyon's rough lips meeting her own.

In the last seconds, Dyon pulled back one more time before slamming forward with a force he held almost nothing back in, releasing a gushing and thick white liquid into Luna without any thought of consequences.

At the same time, in the inner world, the streak of red lightning did nothing to Dyon's manifestation. Instead, it met endless golden arcs of lightning that formed into a dragon and roared at it, causing it to quake in submission.

In the end, the red lightning submitted as the foggy primordial yin watched in shock. The chains sent out by Dyon's primordial yang took hold of the moment to fully control Luna's arrogant primordial yin, thrusting it down and away from the group as punishment, as though it wanted it to think about its actions.

Dyon's manifestation looked down with a blaze of fury in its eyes, causing the primordial yin to tremble. "Never think of betraying me again." were what its eyes said.

Dyon wouldn't find out about having Luna's primordial yin within him for a long time, nor would he know that his primordial yang and chained and sealed it, hiding it from his presence.

No matter how arrogant Dyon's primordial yang and manifestation were, they understood just how powerful Luna's primordial yin had to be to cause such a thing in their presence... So they knew that their true body wasn't ready to handle it...

In the end, their only option was to hide it from him, waiting for the day Dyon unlocked the mystery that was Luna Sacharro.

That said, Dyon did benefit from this. In a moment, he would realize that his Heaven's Blessing, Perception, and Presence all got a massive upgrade...

Chapter 772: Tempered

Luna lay on Dyon's lap, obedient as a little kitten. The cunning and mystery in her eyes had disappeared, filled with nothing but love with flashes and hints of reverence. Her husband's stamina seemed endless, and if it wasn't for the fact he knew that they would be arriving at their destination in little more than a half an hour, who knows when he would have stopped? Luckily for her petite body, Dyon was giving them time to clean themselves in the carriage bathing room.

However, deep within Luna's heart, there was a dark fog spreading. Even if the barrier to accepting Dyon in her heart had disappeared, how could that change what she had done?

There were some things in life that couldn't be easily forgiven. Dyon knew this more than anyone else because he had witnessed it multiple times in his young life already.

Ava's brother and his trusted friend, Arios, was deeply in love with Tammy Ragnor. It was to the point where he couldn't bring himself to hate her even knowing she had every intention of killing him that day during their Elvin Kingdom trials. By all rights, if Arios wasn't hiding his cultivation as a young prince of the Sicarius family, he would have died that day without a doubt.

Arios knew that Tammy wasn't a match for him, and he knew that it would only take a bit of effort on his part to defend himself, yet he was caught in the pain and anxiety in her eyes. Something told him that she was struggling with the decision she was making and that it wasn't her choice to try and kill him. Knowing this, Arios faked his death, allowing Tammy to believe that he was dead so that she could fulfill her wish to protect her elder brother, Thor.

Despite this, Arios never hated her. Even when he practically lost his family, falling into the depths of gate, he didn't hate her. Even millions of years in the past, he couldn't bring himself to hate her. In fact, he even longed to see her.

However.... When he found out what she did to his little sister, Tammy crossed a line that Arios could no longer forgive. And scars or wounds she afflicted upon him, he could shrug off, but Arios loved Ava even more than he loved Tammy. He couldn't find it in himself to forgive that.

The concept here was the same. Although Dyon wasn't aware of the full scope of what Luna had done, how long would he be ignorant for? And although Luna was hiding it now, could she bear to hide it forever? Could she live a lie? Could she continue to betray a man that had won her heart?

Just like Tammy, it wasn't just a matter of Arios or Dyon forgiving these two women... It was also about whether they could forgive themselves...

So, Luna continued to sit in Dyon's lap, letting his soapy hands wash her body without struggling. If she couldn't enjoy this man's embrace forever, she would at least enjoy it for now...

When the time came, she would do everything in her power to help him. And then, she would punish her own self.

By now, she had decided that she had no right to be queen, and even less right to be his wife. In that moment, the flash of a red-headed beauty appeared in her mind. Luna could only sigh in her heart, lamenting the fact she never became friends with such a wonderful woman... Although their personalities were strikingly opposed, hadn't they both fallen for the same man? Couldn't it be said then that there was a threat of fate tying them?

There was another reason for Luna's decision though... She couldn't understand it fully, but ever since her youth, she had been able to see the world in a way completely different than others. Not only was she the most intelligent person she had ever known, as narcissistic as that may sound, she felt a oneness with nature. If her instincts were correct, there was an off current flowing around her husband, as though it was unnatural for him to be here.

This meant only one thing to Luna: he was here for a purpose. If that was the case, shouldn't Luna do everything she could to help him before he disappeared from her life completely... ?

A dull ache stabbed into Luna's chest when she thought these words. Maybe she wouldn't be the one to leave first... What if this husband that she had fallen for left them first?... What if the living hell that she had been suffering through came back?...

Luna, though, underestimated Amphorae. The worst part about all of this was that Luna wasn't the only one who had felt that Dyon's presence in this world was on a timer that was quickly running out...

While Luna had resolved to do everything in her power to rectify her mistakes and repair her husband, Amphorae was speeding through the Angel Clan as fast as her long and slender blemish free legs would allow, determined to bring the clan to a level even higher than where her husband had left it at.

She organized the evacuation, organized the women with determination to help, and even calmed the waters politically, staving off the once unbridled misogyny with her fiery words and decisiveness actions...

All the while knowing that her and Luna may likely never see their husband again.

Just about 40 minutes later, a celestial beauty radiating with satisfaction and endless love stepped out of a large carriage, clinging to the arm of maybe the only man that could complement her looks perfectly.

Just as they did so, the entrance of a grand clan greeted them, only to be interrupted by the whistling of Dyon's personal guards as though they were serenading a newly wed couple that had just consummated their marriage.

Dyon laughed, not minding. But, the dao formation experts gave the young men a side-eye that made them turn their heads and pretend as though they hadn't done anything.

But, maybe the most surprising thing for them was that Luna wasn't embarrassed at all. She happily held onto her husband's arm as though nothing else in the world mattered.

However, their happy moment was interrupted by the loud voices of the guards at the entrance.

"State your names and purpose! The Viserion clan is not a land to tread on lightly!"

Dyon laughed inwardly. He had been here once before and these were the exact words they said them. How full of yourself did you have to be to have your guards rehearse lines to make you sound more mighty than you really were?

At this point, Merchant Brinsop stepped forward, taking his job very seriously. He knew that Dyon had spared his life to be the figure head in their starting an alliance and he knew time was short. It usually took weeks to months of building a trusting relationship in order for such a thing to happen, but, he only had 2 days to convince 5 clans, all of which were larger than the Angel Clan. And, he also had to somehow convince them to allow Dyon to lead their troops.

At first, he thought it was a blessing for his king to allow him to live. After all, traitors were always sentenced to death. However, when he learned more about his task, he almost felt that maybe dying would have been the better option. At least then, he would be free of all of this stress.

What Merchant Brinsop didn't know was that Dyon only needed him to get a foot in the door. He had his own plans after analyzing the landscape of Planet Haven, and was quite confident in succeeding. The

only troublesome clan would be this one, because it was led by a battle crazed idiot. And, unfortunately, that battle crazed idiot was also quite the genius.

He placed 5th in the last Universe Tournament... One might think that that meant that Dyon was leagues above him for finishing first. But, the truth of the matter was that he finished 5th with the cultivation of a peak essence gatherer!

While it was impressive that Dyon was able to place first with a lower saint level cultivation. The chasm between essence gathering and sainthood was as vast as day and night!

Think about it, a saint was someone who was tempered by a heavenly tribulation!

Chapter 773: As of Today

Rumor had it that this Viserion family was actually a branch family of the second Emperor God Clan in this universe. In fact, when they saw King Viserion's talent at the Universe Tournament, they tried to do everything in their power to recruit him. After all, the entire point of branch families was to provide talented youths to their higher branches to bolster the clan's overall power.

However, King Viserion directly refused. Stating that he wanted to cultivation to dao formation first, before raising up his branch clan to overtake the Viserion Emperor God Clan!

He was arrogant beyond belief! He was angered by the fact that those higher branches and main branches had dared to dismiss him simply due to his birth. So, he vowed to eradicate them all.

He completely disdained the idea of supposed elders changing their colors just because he showed a little talent. What if he hadn't been so talented? What if he couldn't overcome the struggles of growing up on such a weak planet?

He hated the martial world's system to its core. It hardly gave those of branch families a chance, and unless you were easily 10 or more times as talented as those of the branch family, you would never rise up.

King Viserion lost count of how many geniuses he had seen that could easily match up to main branch disciples, if only they had the resources. It was like being twice as good, just to achieve half the result.

So, he completely rejected the Emperor God Clan's offer, telling them to wash their necks and wait for him to mature. Who knows what would have happened had the Ahpuch clan not stepped in to suppress them? The Viserion clan might have directly killed the young prince.

Obviously, Dyon knew that the Ahpuch clan didn't do this out of kindness. If the young prince was an Ahpuch instead, it was likely that it would have been the Viserion clan stepping in to be "righteous". In truth, both clans would like nothing more than to see the other obliterated. So what if it was done by a no name genius?

Unfortunately for Dyon, the reason why King Viserion hated him was because he thought he had no backbone. How could a man like him, who faced off against an Emperor God Clan alone, threatening to eradicate them to their faces, be okay with having a friend who was such a coward?

It could be said that the two of them were once close friends, and although the young prince had taken a liking to Luna before the tournament, it wasn't to the point where he hated Dyon for having her. After all, he hardly knew Luna at all until those days.

No. The reason Viserion hated Dyon was because of his change in personality.

Dyon had once been a man who feared nothing of the world right along with him. Their ages were very similar, it was just that Dyon broke through to sainthood a hair earlier than he had.

In their younger days, they had sworn to take the quadrant by storm together and form the first alliance of Emperor God Clans before sweeping through the rest of the cosmos. It wasn't that they were bloodthirsty, it was just that they understood the way of the martial world, and if they weren't strong, it would be their friends and family that suffered to their enemies. Their fathers would die, their mothers and wives raped, and their children murdered. How could they stand for such a thing?

And yet, the moment Dyon became Luna's husband, his perspective on the world seemed to change completely. Instead of using merchants of larger clans like Viserion had, Dyon tried to integrate them into his society, even to the point of trusting them. Instead of storming through his cultivation and reaching for the peak of the martial world, Dyon's cultivation had stalled while Viserion's was ready to

break into the celestial level despite the short time that had passed. How could Viserion not be disgusted?

So, he cut off all ties with the Angel Clan when he took control of the Viserions from his father. To him, an ally like that would only stab him in the back. With such weak character, wouldn't Dyon crack at the first sign of pressure? How could he trust him?

"This lowly one is Merchant Brinsop." Brinsop stepped forward with incredible humility. Since he wasn't a true member of the Angel Clan higher class, it wouldn't belittle Dyon if he acted this. But, if he was a member of the Angel Clan, this would be highly disrespectful to Dyon. "I am here with Angel Clan King to seek an audience with the young Viserion King."

Surprise colored the features of the guards, but disdain overwhelmed them. They, of course, knew about Merchant Brinsop as he had passed by these gates before. The trouble was that him coming here with another King, while he was meant to be neutral... Didn't that mean that the Angel Clan King betrayed the Viserion's just how their young king had predicted? Why would they allow them in knowing this?

"Leave!" The guards boomed with their silver armor shining under the bright sun lights, "We don't accept cowards and traitors here!"

Dyon shook his head. He too didn't expect for Viserion's attitude to seep into the masses of his clan. It seemed he was much better at moving the hearts of his people than his once best friend.

That said, Dyon didn't expect Brinsop to be too useful for this clan. His role would become more important for the others. As for this alliance? It was a matter of the heart. As for his role in this one? It was accomplished. He allowed them to get to the gates without being stopped by the outposts in the further beyond radius.

"LITTLE GARDEN SNAKE!" Suddenly, Dyon's voice boomed with such volume that it covered the entire few ten thousand square mile area of the Viserion clan. "ARE YOU GOING TO KEEP HIDING WITH YOUR HEAD IN THE SOIL? OR ARE YOU GOING TO COME OUT HERE SO I CAN WHOOP YOUR ASS AGAIN?!"

Dyon's voice was powerful, but it was also laced with ridiculous amounts of Presence that made the guards at the gate shudder. Even the protective formations couldn't stop his voice from penetrating through the clan.

This was the ultimate sign of disrespect. Dyon's Presence was causing citizen after citizen of Viserion's clan to bow down to him! How could a King tolerate such a thing! Even the guards at the front who were battle worn veterans felt their knees weaken.

However, what truly shocked Dyon was the power his outputted... Last he checked, his Presence was at the initial to lower Duke levels... So when did it reach the peak of King?!

Dyon didn't have time to mind this as a smirk spread across his features. Taking Luna's hand, he kissed her on the forehead before pushing her between the two dao formation experts and his personal guard. "Don't interfere." He said strictly.

Just as those words left Dyon's mouth, a roar that shook the heavens sounded out as the top of a Palace in the distance burst into dust.

"COWARD! YOU DARE COME HERE AND STRUT AROUND IN MY CLAN?!" Viserion's voice boomed, tearing through Dyon's Presence with sheer oppressive power. Although many experts appeared around him, they did nothing to stop him. This was clearly a direct challenge to their King, so they would only step in during a life or death situation.

Luna's eyes sparkled as she looked at the strong back of her husband. Even while his personal guards quaked, he stood unmoved. This was the man she had always wanted!

It took Viserion a mere instant to appear before the eyes of everyone, staring down at Dyon with unquenched anger. There were no complex feelings in his eyes, nor was there any remorse. Only a thick killing intent permeated. Today would be the day he killed this traitor and put the Angel Clan out of its misery!

With his appearance, it suddenly became clear to every why Dyon called this man in the air "little garden snake", although it also made their lips twitch at the sheer incredulous nature of such a name.

The first reason Dyon wanted to ally with the Viserions was to strengthen himself. However, the second reason was even more selfish.

When his memories awakened after mending his ties with Amphorae, he had learned something outstanding. The Viserions were originally a human clan that managed to integrate perfectly with their God Dragon bloodline to form a new humanoid-drago True Deity bloodline, even forming their own reverse scales at the silver-gold level!

The King Viserion that stood in the skies right now wasn't just a human. His skin was covered in thick bright green scales that gave him a vicious appearance. It was no wonder he tore through Dyon's Presence so easily... His reverse scale was almost at the King level!

The problem was... Despite his green scales... Maybe only Dyon would dare to call him a little garden snake...

"SINCE YOU'VE COME, DON'T THINK OF LEAVING." Viserion boomed. "THE ANGEL CLAN, AS OF TODAY, WILL BECOME A PART OF THE VISERIONS."

Chapter 774: Once

Dyon stood at the ground, looking up at the man he once called friend.

In martial world terms, the two of them, despite their talent, were nothing but children. And yet, the two of them had already been through so much. While this was good for their experience going into the future, it was apparently quite terrible for their relationship.

Both the Angel and Viserion clans of this universe were two oddities. Both were small, not even worthy of being a God Clans in the past, let alone a Royal God Clan, and yet so powerful that even the Moon Clan was wary of them. And, even more ironically, said Moon Clan wouldn't even know of their existences if it wasn't for their two princes, now Kings. It could be said that they were tied by a string of fate that was inescapable.

Now, however, King Viserion had grown, leaving Dyon behind. A clan once not even worthy of being recognized by the moon clan had expanded to the size capable of rivalling any God Clan, and a strength that even Dyon couldn't see the true depth of.

Yet, despite King Viserion's conquests and thirst for war and bloodshed, he had never once turned his eye to the Angel Clan. This was why Dyon knew he could trust this man. He completely disregarded the flames of anger in King Viserion's eyes, knowing that behind that façade of unbridled furore, there was a man of compassion... A man who took his relationships of the past seriously.

Considering the relationship between this Viserion branch family and the Angel Clan, Dyon knew well that his friend's father likely knew as much about their clan as he did. Therefore, how could a clan with aspirations of conquering the quadrant give up such a valuable resource as the Angel Clan spiritual vein?

Although Dyon's soul was still sealed, during his break through to the celestial realm, it was necessary for his soul to accept within it, celestial energy. This was obvious, of course. As a result, during that moment, Dyon was able to use his soul to sense the world around him since a small leak in the seal was needed to accept such energy. Despite the fact he had now lost that ability, with Dyon's memory, did he really need a second attempt?

As a result, maybe only Dyon truly understood the sheer vastness of the Angel Clan spiritual vein. It was so large that it wrapped around the core of Planet Haven!

To put this into perspective, one must first understand the rarity of spiritual veins. In Dyon's time, only a King God Clan close to becoming an Emperor God Clan would have one at the very center of its empire! And even then, that spiritual vein would only span a few dozen miles, barely cracking through the crust of its planet. In fact, even an Emperor God Clan that had been established for millions of years might only have a handful of spiritual veins of that size, and only one that might span a few hundred miles.

However, a spiritual vein capable of spanning thousands of miles was nothing more than legend in Dyon's time. Such a spiritual vein wouldn't only affect the area of the clan, but rather the planet as a whole!

Understanding this, how could the Angel Clan not understand how coveted such a spiritual vein would be? Even though they were more common in these ancient times, a spiritual vein capable of spanning thousands of miles was still unseen!

There was actually a reason for this. Spiritual veins had to follow the laws of the universe it resided in. If one were to grow too large, it would begin to rival the universe's energy balance, and throw things into chaos. If there was more than one main flow of energy, it would no longer be a benefit, but rather, a detriment.

As a result, only the best and most robust universes could afford to grow larger spiritual veins. And even then, it required a stringent set of circumstances to occur. A spiritual vein was akin to a wonder of the martial world!

This said, there was one item capable of growing the large spiritual veins without effecting the universe's flow of energy at all! In fact, it could help and nurture a universe, making its life line extend and thus increase its life span. This item was without a doubt the treasure of the 33 Heavens that was currently residing within Dyon's inner world!

The problem was that any competent clan knew this. This was why, although those 33 treasures and weapons didn't yet have the cumulative name in these ancient times – mostly because there had yet to be 33 of them, which is obvious considering Amphorae created one just days earlier – they were coveted by all. Each of them were capable of breaking a law of universe, reaching legendary status, and being capable of changing the fate of an entire clan.

So, if a clan detected the overwhelming spiritual vein of the Angel Clan, yet also noticed that their universe was also unusually stable, there was only one conclusion to make!

Dyon saw through this immediately, the moment he read through the reports of the Angel Clan. He also realized that there was no way the Viserion branch clan didn't know about this. And yet, this friend of his never attacked out of greed despite his ambition!

This was a man Dyon could go to battle with. He had no doubt.

One might find this analysis odd, but Dyon was sure in his ways.

A skeptic might say that since the Angel Clan was powerful, maybe King Viserion was only biding his time, accumulating and annexing smaller clans to bolster his power before making an actual move. After all, it had only been slightly less than 30 years since they had their falling out. Such a short time was a mere blink to a talented martial warrior.

However, how could Dyon not have considered something like this already? Although he was a person who truly valued relationships, he was also an intelligent and cautious person who was well aware that this was still very much a trial – and a trial that heavily placed importance on understanding the feelings of those around you.

Of those who took this trial, maybe only a handful truly grasped the essence of this. To reach the top of the martial world, becoming a conqueror was inevitable. Raising a clan from a common one, to an Emperor God Clan that could lord over an entire quadrant wasn't just for sating simple ambition, and this true reason wasn't just about being allowed into the top level of the Epistemic Tower.

Dyon's grand teacher had two reasons for restricting tower level access by clan prowess. The most obvious was one Dyon had already taken advantage of, and that was to ensure that no one could monopolize the towers for themselves.

Protecting the universe that housed the Epistemic Tower was too easy given the powers of the key. Because of this, why would a clan ever expand out of that universe? They could keep a small group of elites, groom their young, and eventually grow an unparalleled foundation.

By restricting access, anyone who tried to monopolize the tower would only be able to do so for the lower saint floors. As they expanded, the harder it would be to defend their territory, and thus they would accrue the anger of those clans surrounding them, thus resulting in a compromise having to be made among those of the same quadrant.

Dyon used this to his advantage before, pinning down the Uidah for 20 years because he knew they had to defend against both the Pakals and Ragnor.

The second reason was one that Dyon had already touched on as well. Or, more accurately, it was the reason his [Inner World: Sanctuary] existed for.

Long ago, when Dyon first asked about the reason people campaign, Ri had given him this reason as well.

In the martial world, the Emperor of an Emperor God Clan is far more powerful than the King of a King God Clan, even if they have the same talent, cultivation, and techniques. This is because an Emperor God Clan has more accumulated will or faith.

This will is what permeates the martial world and is also the reason why the human world Dyon was born in was so easily influenced by things that exist in the martial world despite having little to no contact with it....

Chapter 775: The Usual

This was also why faith seeds were called as such. They represented the god-like figures who had reached the pinnacle of this concept, allowing their names to easily influence weaker societies. Which was why so many religions and myths in Dyon's human world were carried by their names.

This faith is even more tangible than Heaven's Blessing. While Heaven's Blessings deal with the intangible, reminiscent of a human world game's "luck stat", while also helping with cultivation and Presence, faith directly affects battle power, allowing stronger clans to lord over weaker ones.

Having this knowledge was exactly why Dyon didn't underestimate the geniuses of the Epistemic Tower. Almost without fail, they would all be the legacy holders of these powerful clans. This meant that their battle prowess wouldn't be limited to just their own merit, leaving Dyon at a terrible disadvantage.

For context, if Dyon's grand teacher hadn't taken measures to prevent faith from influencing the Epistemic Tower trials, Dyon wouldn't hold a record so easily. In fact, it wouldn't be surprising if his record was shattered.

This, was of course, not a for sure thing. Even with faith, it would be ridiculously difficult for them to do so. This was why Dyon still had a fighting chance. It was just important to note and understand why walking all over the geniuses of Dyon's universe meant nothing in the grand scheme. Because they couldn't compare to the geniuses of King and Emperor God Clans at all!

A genius that earned the legacy of their Emperor God clan could completely annihilate even a peak saint at the lower essence gathering level, as long as that peak saint wasn't also a legatee!

Not only was the strength of this legacy reliant on the power of the clan, but it was also reliant on the strength of the universe. An Emperor God Clan of a top ten quadrant was worlds apart of an Emperor God Clan of a bottom ten quadrant.

The martial world was, without a doubt, a land of survival of the fittest. Even if the fittest were your powerful ancestors.

There was no doubt that this was unfair. But, such was the way of the martial world. There was no such thing as perfect fairness, and Dyon didn't expect it.

This was why, when a friend of King Viserion's caliber stood before Dyon, even if he floated loftily in the air, Dyon wouldn't feel even small bit of disdain or dissatisfaction.

With how weak the Angel Clan had been under his rule, and how much internal conflict there was, anyone would have attacked long ago, let alone waiting 30 years!

There was only one reason King Viserion didn't attack. And that was because he still hoped for the day Dyon would become his friend of old!

So, Dyon looked up at him, rolling his wrists and neck before shedding his robes and rolling up his pants.

His caramel skin bronzed under the high sun, vibrating with vitality and reflecting veins that pumped with a faint gold liquid King Viserion couldn't help but narrow his slit eyes at.

Luna's violet eyes sparkled with desire as she looked at Dyon's tattooed back with an unconcealed longing. It was as though she didn't feel the aching between her legs at all. If anything, the pain made the wetness far more pronounced before she blinked her eyes to fight back the desire.

The moment King Viserion noticed Dyon's knew bearing, he couldn't help but immediately touch down to the ground. Could it be his friend had finally come back to him?

He was far too used to battle, and his instincts weren't any less than that of a true dragon. Everything from the determination in Dyon's eyes, to the robustness of his body, not even a tiny detail escaped his eyes.

Not only was this an added ability of fusing with a transcendent level dragon bloodline – that being overwhelming eyesight – it was also an ability that came with his Perception. Unlike humans, beasts were born with a much higher baseline of this martial art.

This said, although King Viserion could see the changes in Dyon, he couldn't just erase 30 years of pain so easily. Unlike the fool that was Dyon's past persona, King Viserion was highly intelligent despite what his bestial appearance might denote. He had long since placed spies within the Moon Clan. After all, they were his strongest, most immediate, opponent. How could he neglect such a thing?

Therefore, he knew about their odd movements even before Dyon's trial started. And therefore, he also knew why Dyon was here. The problem was that his Viserion clan, despite his arrogance, still wasn't ready to face the Moon clan quite yet. Unless Dyon could prove to him that he was truly back, and that he could contribute as much as his Viserion clan, he wouldn't lift a finger!

Dyon smiled, noting the intelligence in his friend's eyes, "Little garden snake, it seems you've gotten more intelligent. That's good. It means I don't have to talk as much. It's also good that you've come in your battle form. Shall I beat you into submission as per usual?"

"Same pigeon brain I remember. Should I get some bread crumbs for you to peck off the ground?" King Viserion sneered, his half-step King dragon domain pulsing within him and threatening to erupt at any moment. "It might befit that cowardly persona of yours a bit more."

"Aiyah. I heard you snakes were color blind, but to think you'd see my majestic wings as comparable to a pigeon's. It seems you're only fit to continue wiggling through the soil, never knowing how high the heavens are." How could Dyon lose in a battle of wit so easily? This friend of his was going to have to try harder than that.

King Viserion suddenly laughed a sinister laugh, darkening the light of the day, "I'm going to have fun tearing that arrogant smile off that gigolo face of yours."

Dyon grinned. "Maybe if you didn't cover your face with those disgusting scales, you could be a tenth as handsome as me."

Silence reigned for what seemed like eternity as the two former friends radiating with battle intent.

The atmosphere seemed to respond, turning an eerie shade of red and black as the clouds began to swirl in the once clear sky. Violent winds wrapped around them, causing small rocks to tear through the air.

The two of them held no expression, as though none of what was happening had anything to with them. Their fists were relaxed, their eyes nonchalant, and their techniques unready.

Suddenly, they both spoke at once. "The usual?"

Two former friends grinned at each before they disappeared in a flash.

The observers immediately ran back, giving them hundreds of meters of space, grimacing as they watched the once immaculately paved marble roads destroyed beneath the feet of their two young geniuses.

And then, their fists met.

A loud bang sounded out. It was no longer as though skin was slamming against skin, but was rather akin to boulders falling from a tall cliff before being crushed against the hard ground.

Dyon's fists groaned in pain as they threatened to give way. How could his defenses compare to King Viserion's? Even if he tapped into his demon qilin bloodline, it wouldn't even remotely make a difference.

Dyon had only integrated 5% of that bloodline, an integration level that was only beneficial at the meridian formation level. That was why he hadn't bothered to use it. He also ignored his celestial deer bloodline for the same reason. The remaining percentages of both were now a part of his humanoid

manifestation, but that was only helpful in aiding him comprehend and boost their related wills. So, since his wills were locked away, it couldn't help him with his battle prowess.

Even worse, even if his soul and wills weren't sealed, he wouldn't be able to use them anyway.

"The usual?" only meant one thing to these two friends. With nothing more than their body's prowess, they would fight until one of them yielded. Dyon would only have himself to fight against this dragon scaled friend of his.

And yet, he didn't have a bit of pain on his face when he was forced to retreat. In fact, he grinned like a maniac.

"Demon Emperor's Will. Act Two. Stage One. Perfection."

Chapter 776: Elation

[Two Day Hiatus 11/19/22]

Sounds of thunder erupted, forcing those with lesser cultivation levels to cover their ears only for them to realize that the vibrations were reverberating through their ears.

King Viserion's emerald gem-like eyes flashed with astonishment as he watched the changes in Dyon's body. It wasn't that he didn't want to attack, but his heightened senses were screaming at him to run. Yet, unexpectedly, it only caused him to reveal a toothy green filled with jagged and sharp teeth.

Dyon's Demon Emperor's Will was far from its height. Without the ability to use demonic will, the technique itself was only half as effective as usual. This meant that Act Two's usual 16x multiplier had plummeted to just 8x. However, that was enough to bring Dyon's body, which was already close to breaking through to the celestial level, straight to the pseudo-celestial level.

The vitality that pumped through his body was incomparable to before, and yet, having perfected this technique, he felt extremely comfortable. This was partly because the technique was now much easier to use with demonic will stripped from it, and therefore put less stress on Dyon's body. However, Dyon

didn't mind this as it allowed him to take full advantage. Because the technique was nerfed, it allowed Dyon's body to not grow excessively large, and he also wouldn't be forced to cut his hair again. As such, all of the energy would be used more efficiently, allowing Dyon to stay in this state for much longer.

Dyon flexed his fists, rolling his neck as though he was getting used to his new strength. Although he had reached the 8x multiplier before, how could then be compared to now? His body was so much more powerful!

However, what Dyon didn't realize was that his simple action sent the observers into an uproar. It was only when he moved that they realized that the sounds of thunder weren't from the rolling clouds in the sky, but rather came from Dyon's body!

Although King Viserion didn't say anything, his battle intent rose to a fiendish level. He couldn't hide his disappointment when he realized how easy it was to rebuff Dyon in their first exchange. He had been lonely in the past few decades because those of his generation just couldn't stack up to him.

Truly, if it wasn't for Dyon, he would have no opponents at all. So, one could understand his disappointment at the apparent weakness of his former friend. But now? The danger that screamed in his mind, the excessive thumping of his heart, even the way he inadvertently clenched his fists... This was what he wanted. This was what any dragon warrior wanted.

He was trembling with excitement!

No words were spoken. They had already said all they needed to say. All that was left was to decide a victor.

King Viserion no longer held back. He roared into the skies, causing every animal within hundreds of miles to shiver in obedience, not daring to raise their heads.

Dyon had no need to do the same. The thumping of his heart beat was so loud that it threatened to drown out even King Viserion's roar. He felt as though his every cell was being drenched with an overwhelming amount of energy and he faintly touched on the essence of Act Two. He had the indistinct feeling that if he spent more time in this state, he would learn something quite important.

The ground trembled. And in the next instant, the two men disappeared.

Rings of exploding air filled the skies, rippling outward with such speed that the sounds of the clashes lagged behind.

The marbled ground the had just stood on then finally exploded, as though it was confused about what caused the damage to itself in the first place.

On the ground, the celestial level characters trembled. They were all aware that these two young men were still saints, so why were their movements compared to their own?! Even the clashes were with such ferocity that they didn't dare to believe they could come out unscathed. Everyone was so focused on the fight that no one noticed a city-toppling beauty with silver hair and violet eyes had closed the latter, even while her head moved continuously. It was as though she could follow what was happening easily, yet didn't need her eyes to do so!

That said, there was another thing that these observers hadn't noticed until just now. Neither of the two were using wills, nor were they using any saint energy. They made no attempt to replenish their stamina, nor did they take any breaks. In fact, even their clashes in the air were the result of them simply jumping into the skies before crash down and jumping again. It was as though the both of them forgot about how to do anything but brawl!

Blood flew from Dyon's fists. Every time he connected, skin would sheer off. If it wasn't for the fact they were matted in blood, the white bone beneath would be easily seen. And yet, just as quickly as they were injured, a vital golden liquid was surge forward, repairing them in an instant.

King Viserion's speed of rejuvenation didn't lag behind even a bit. His bright green scales were constantly being dented and cracked, only to fall off and reveal one even more robust. Even though neither made an attempt to replenish themselves, it was as though their bodies were too arrogant to fall behind the other.

Dyon's fist flew forward, smashing in King Viserion's before his foot flashed upward, barely missing the green scaled chin he aimed for.

King Viserion took advantage of the partial block Dyon's standing split caused in his vision, hooking toward Dyon's blind spot. However, how could Dyon not be prepared for such a thing? Since his youth,

his father had trained him in mixed martial arts, especially hand to hand combat. Such were the woes of growing up with a military general for a father.

His foot pivoted, not lowering his raised leg and instead using a physics defying momentum to narrowly dodge the incoming fist.

His raised leg slammed downward, tearing through the sound barrier only to still narrowly miss the crown of King Viserion's head. But, unfortunately for his green-scaled friend, his leg combinations weren't finish quite yet.

With ungodly speed, Dyon's foot slammed into the ground, causing King Viserion to lose his footing. The power was so violent, yet so controlled that the ground beneath Dyon's feet was completely unaffected, allowing his other foot to flash forward, crashing into the side of King Viserion's head without remorse.

King Viserion's hand rebounded off the shattered ground before his head hit, using that very moment to send a flurry of kicks as though he was never hit at all.

Dyon's knee jumped upward, blocking the kicks and flashing out of range.

Their battle descended into chaos once again. Neither seemed to ever react when the took solid blows, if one couldn't feel the earth-shattering vibrations, they might be fooled into thinking they were two stuntmen instead of warriors embroiled in a fight to what seemed like the death.

None of these small details escaped King Viserion's eyes. The arrogance that was so clear and present in his former friend right now, was the same arrogance that King Viserion had been missing all this time. It was the same arrogance that led to their promise of storming through the cosmos. It was the same arrogance that led this former friend to be the first man of his generation that this King ever respected.

But, with those thoughts, the same bitterness resurfaced. He could still remember when he learned that his friend had bowed to the Moon Clan. He could remember the anger he felt, the feelings of betrayal and loneliness that pervaded his life for the last thirty years.

The more King Viserion thought about it, the stronger his attacks became... The more hate filled and violent... The more unabashed killing intent coated his fists.

King Viserion grew to another size, causing bat-like wings to tear from his back in a shower of golden blood. He roared into the skies, breaking through to a new level.

The claws on his hands and feet became more pronounced, sheering through the air with every strike as though each was a knife of its own. His wings arced with vicious intent, spanning more than three meters.

The spectating elders couldn't help but gasp, before clapping in excitement. They all knew that it was only a matter of time before their most highly lauded genius reached this level of integration with his ancestral bloodline. But hoping and actually seeing it come true were two completely different concepts. They couldn't hide their elation at all.

Chapter 777: Half of That

The personal guard who came with Dyon, who had just been trying to keep up with the battle to the best of their abilities all while praising their King for being so powerful, were more or less confused by the sudden reaction of the Viserions. However, the two dao formation elders couldn't help but frown, allowing their brows to furrow in unconcealed worry.

King Viserion's attacks beat Dyon back. Dyon frowned as he suddenly noticed the bones in his arms were quaking under the pressure of the strikes. He was forced to immediately switch to a more defensive approach, neutralizing King Viserion's strikes by evenly distributing his weight and pulling back an almost imperceptible amount during each attack.

However, with King Viserion's instincts, how could he not notice such a thing? He immediately used Dyon's tactics against him, pressing forward and taking the initiative. In an instant, it was as though Dyon had no opportunity or window to attack at all. While the damage was at a minimum, Dyon had lost one of the most important keys to victory!

Having heard the loud noises, and considering the commotion that Dyon had caused when he first arrived. Many of the Viserion branch clan citizens had made their way over to spectate. Many of them even stood on the tops of buildings and houses just to get a better view. When they caught the bold

wings of their King, many of them felt endless reverence deep within their hearts, unable to tear their eyes away.

As Viserions, each and every one of them were taught from youth the legends of their people. After all, how could the story of a clan capable of fusing the bloodlines of a human and dragon together be simple? Their stories were never bereft of sky toppling heroes and world-shaking heroines. However, as with all legends, some were embellishments while very few were true to the core. Such was the way of history. The losers were erased while the victors wrote the story.

That said, there was one legend playing out in front of them right this moment.

The truth of the matter was that it defied the rules of the universe for humans to meld together with the bloodline of beasts. Under normal circumstances, there were only a few ways for this to work out naturally.

The first way was for a beast to take the human path. By doing so, having a child with a human would result in a baby with both beast and human blood.

The draw back to this method is that the legacies of this baby would be most sealed away. This is because by choosing the human path, the beast parent, him or herself, would have also sealed those legacies away from themselves.

Ri was a child of such a union. This was why learning ice will was difficult for her despite being a member of the Snow family. Although she could access those legacies with a bit of practice and help, her mother wasn't by her side during her childhood, thus she had no one to support her in doing so.

That said, even if Kawa had been by Ri's side, the legacies they could access would be highly limited. Although it was possible to eventually unlock all legacies, even including the core bestial ones that Kawa gave up, the payment and time required to do so would vastly outpace that of a normal beast child. And, often, it would require core secrets of its clan of origin.

Although this may sound simple, it was highly difficult. The clan of origin might not necessarily be the family you were born into. The Snow family was a lower tier True Deity bloodline. While in terms of the martial world as a whole, this was ridiculously impressive, in terms of the supreme beasts of the Kitsune as a whole, they were near the bottom. This meant that their legacies likely didn't originate from

themselves and most likely came from stronger ice and water based Kitsune clans like the River or Ocean families.

This was only not too much of a problem for Ri because she had access to the entirety of the Void Clan Kitsune. A clan that stood at the top three of all Kitsune.

The second method was for a beast to have a child with a human after choosing the combined bestial-human path. This path was excessively difficult to navigate, and was also the path Little Black chose. It allowed having children with both beasts and humans alike, and almost as though in compensation for the difficulty, it also allowed any children birthed with humans to have a much easier time accessing bestial legacies.

The third method was a method Dyon himself had used. This was for the owner of the beast blood to have died and to choose to pass their blood on to you. For obvious reasons, this was incredibly rare and it wouldn't be surprising if Dyon was the only one to have such a privilege.

In line with this, the reason Dyon was able to have the demon qilin blood essence without the expressed consent of his master's husband is because her husband first handed ownership of his essence to his wife, who then transferred it to Dyon. So, this was a pseudo-fourth method. As long as the chain of consent existed, it would work.

As far as the universe was concerned, these were the only four ways for a human to infuse beast blood within themselves. Trying to artificially imbue yourself with such blood would end horribly, and often in death. This was why Dyon didn't rashly tell his Demon Generals to try and fuse with the dragon reversal scales despite planning to do so in the future.

This said, there was a fifth method that broke the laws of the universe. And that was obviously the Spirit Body treasure of the 33 Heavens. Originally, Dyon thought that he would have to find this treasure in order to go forward with his plans. But, didn't the Viserion's give him another option just by existing? It was clear that there was some sort of ancient method, lost to time, that likely only their clan had access to. This was too good of an opportunity.

The problem was that the legend of that method was playing out before Dyon right now, and it was pushing him back viciously. His once toned and body was filled with bloody claw marks that were rushing to heal, only to be clawed through again. His bones felt like they were collapsing with every strike he forcibly withstood. And he couldn't even remember the last time he took the initiative to attack.

Because of how heaven defying the methods of the Viserion clan were, there was also a steep learning curve and great difficulty in using them.

The first stage of integration allowed the Viserions to have increased bodily constitution akin to a Heaven level constitution. This, in itself, was quite good. Even better than what was provided by being an Elf. This, with it, came improved cultivation speed and body cultivation talent.

The second stage provided the first of three levels of Dragon eyes. This may seem like a small upgrade, but it was no less useful than the observation abilities that Dyon's soul gave him. Fights against those at your cultivation level would be exceedingly slow to yourself. And this was just the first level!

Among those born into the Viserion clan, only about 20% reach the first stage. As for the second stage, less than half of that!

Chapter 778: Long Ago

Judging by the success rates of the Viserion clan methods, one can see just how rare the stage their King had reached. And even more bitterly for Dyon, it was the pressure he provided that allowed the break through. If King Viserion's emotions hadn't become so agitated, how could this have happened so easily.

Dyon dodged a punch, stepping forward and shortening the range to lower King Viserion's leverage. It was more dangerous being this close, especially since his opponent's speed seemed to have tripled the moment those wings appeared, but that was only what it seemed like on the surface. If Dyon continued backing away, he would only play into King Viserion's hands!

Their clashes intensified once again, causing those spectating not only to be in awe of King Viserion, but also of Dyon! To last so long while being at such a disadvantage, it could only be said that Dyon's Perception was off the charts.

One had to understand that King Viserion was no longer at just a simple pseudo-celestial level of power. It could be said that he could break into the celestial level with his body at any moment! If he had just a few hours to consolidate his newfound foundation, there was no doubt that he would!

The eyes of the Viserion citizens glistened with zeal as they thought of the legendary stage King Viserion had reached.

The third stage of integration provided a body comparable to a God level constitution. Once again boosting the body's talent by leaps and bounds.

The fourth stage of integration provided the first level of battle dragon battle form as well as the second level of dragon eyes. At this stage, one could cover themselves in scaled armor, boosting their strength and defense. As long as it was practiced and refined, it was possible to even stay in this battle form for weeks, even months. This was why King Viserion appeared in his battle form, he was likely training his endurance, and was therefore in his scaled form.

As for the second level of Dragon Eyes, it was even more useful. Much like the first level, Dragon Eyes scaled to cultivation. While a normal essence gatherer might be able to see the wings of a fly from a few hundred meters away, one with the first level of Dragon Eyes would have ten times that vision. And one with the second level, hundreds of times.

The fifth stage of integration was the stage where one would finally have access to your own dragon reverse scale. This would begin at the bronze level, but allow you increase it by absorbing that of others. Through killing, King Viserion was able to reach the half-step King reverse scale at such a young age. His talent was clear.

The sixth stage of integration provided the second battle form. At this point, scales armor would become more robust and difficult to harm, rejuvenation abilities would increase, and the luster of the scales would reach gem-like levels. This second battle form would also provide the first level of Dragon vocal cords, allowing one to speak the language of dragons with was a branch of music will that was truly devastating. This could strike fear into opponents and even kill with a single word and was only below the language of the Gods in terms of languages.

The seventh stage of integration gave access to the final level of Dragon Eyes. This provided thousands of time more piercing eyesight. In addition, reaching this stage removed the barrier to crossing over to create a King level of higher reverse scale. Not only that, but this was the stage where one's bloodline would cross over into the lower True Deity levels. It was usually known as a foundation type stage that increased one's compatibility with their beast bloodline.

Up until now, these stages were still within the realm of possibility. Although they were much too lofty for many, one could point to geniuses or elders who had reached this stage.

While less than 10% reached the second stage, by the time the fourth stage came up, that number would be less than 1%. For the 5th stage, the bottle neck was so large that maybe only 1 in a few tens of million would be able to reach it. However, it was said that reaching the 5th stage almost guaranteed reaching the 6th.

However, to reach the 7th stage, this was only seen in legatee level geniuses of the Viserion. One could only imagine the level of talent needed to be worthy of being handed the faith of an Emperor God Clan. After all, such faith was limited! Even an Emperor God Clan would risk injuring its foundation if it gave more than 3 geniuses such a right per generation. And yet, that was almost the bare minimum requirement to reach this stage!

One could say that the 7th stage was already legendary and beyond compare. And yet, King Viserion had reached it before the age of 60 years old! One could imagine the kind of monster he was!

And yet... Not only was there an 8th stage... There was a 9th...

The eighth stage of integration allowed one to reach the final battle form. One's claws would become that of a true dragon, carrying ridiculous amounts of piercing power and being shaped of diamond. One's defenses would become so robust that it would be almost impenetrable by those even at higher cultivation levels than you. And... One would grow a pair of bat-like wings capable of increasing speed by three times your normal limits!

Even more glaringly, one would now reach the second of three levels of Dragon vocal cords. Resulting in more capability of speaking the Dragon language, all while taking less damage to yourself!

There was no doubt in anyone's mind that the moment those wings erupted from King Viserion's back in a shower of golden blood, he had stepped into a legendary realm only the Emperor of the Viserion clan had...

If this battle of former friends wasn't limited to the prowess of their bodies... Dyon would have lost long ago...

Chapter 779: Sainthood

Even as Dyon's defenses were shattered, and the rate of his rejuvenation slowed, everyone couldn't help but notice one thing. Why hadn't Dyon made use of his Angel wings yet?!

To all of those present, none dared to underestimate the bloodline of Angels. It could be said to be the most tyrannical bloodline in existence. While the Viserions had to fuse with beast blood to reach their level, the Angel clan could be said to have truly evolved by their own merit. They didn't rely on the blood of others to do so!

However, what these people didn't know is that Dyon had not a single clue of how to make use of his wings. In fact, he wasn't even sure if he had this so-called Angel bloodline. If he had Angel blood, why was his talent so poor? Why was it that his energy cultivation was so slow?

If he had Angel blood, how could he possibly need to rely on the accumulated talent of his human world in order to move forward in the martial world? Shouldn't his talent be his own?

Even if he ignored all of those questions, he had never trained in making use of his wings!

One was supposedly supposed to have an ungodly healing factor when their wings were in use, but Dyon had never noticed such an ability before.

One was supposedly supposed to be capable of moving at ungodly speeds and having innate spatial manipulation abilities when their wings were in use, but Dyon had never noticed a drastic change in his speed. In fact, he had made use of his wings in the space energy dense area of the Belmont Holy Land, had he not? Yet he still had to rely on the Dragon King to maneuver around the maze of tunnels.

Everything that these wings were supposedly supposed to give him, Dyon had benefitted from none of it! Was he supposed to think that just because his wings happened to be Angel-like, that they were definitely related? Even the well-informed Amphorae couldn't properly understand these wings of his.

At this moment, Dyon regretted not spending more time on movement techniques. He had long since learned the Celestial Wind movement technique, well back into his Focus Academy days. The problem

was that it wasn't very compatible with his other techniques. And, even if it was, its effectiveness would be less than 10% of its peak without access to his wills.

However, Dyon threw this to the back of his mind. He knew that what he needed was speed right now. Even if he didn't have his wind will, he knew that his wings were capable of generating strong wings that a normal essence gatherer wouldn't be able to handle, especially now that his integration had increased.

His two fists careened forward, slamming into two scaled claws that were twice the size of his head.

Seeing Dyon take on the attack straight forwardly, no one was surprised when he was sent flying hundreds of meters. His body flamed, reaching inconceivable speeds as he headed toward a mountain in the distance. But, that was when a roar that resounded through the heavens erupted from his lips.

In that instant, a blinding light outshone the skies, completely obscuring Dyon from vision.

King Viserion froze. For an instant, he thought Dyon was cheating and undermining their usual rules. But, he immediately dismissed that idea. He didn't feel any energy fluctuations, nor did he sense any soul power or wills. It was... Something else.

It was as though Dyon had tapped into wills, without using them. As though he had become the embodiment of those wills... But where did he go?

It was only at that moment that they all realized that the blinding light wasn't an anomaly... It was Dyon himself!

Silence reigned as they all stared up into the skies in awe.

A god stood in the skies, his features expressionless and handsome without compare. Six Golden wings reflected the light of the sun as though they were crafted by individual panels of metal. There was no doubt in anyone's mind that their defenses were no less than that of King Viserion's third stage battle form!

Flames of white and black danced around the majestic wings, but the most eye-catching were the flashing arcs of golden lightning that threatened to destroy everything they touched.

Six circles of black-gold rotated silently behind Dyon, giving off an imposing yet unique aura every time a new one rotated to the very top.

The wings were so large that they threatened to blot out the skies, spanning more than three times Dyon's body length!

The hearts of those observing palpitated violently, it was as though the need to worship was being etched in their bones. The feeling of inferiority was only emphasized when they noticed the golden hue of Dyon's skin and hair. His entire persona screamed 'Unmatched, even by the heavens!'

In that instant, Dyon noticed something he had never felt before. In the past, when he used his wings, there was a disconnect. It was the talent of his soul, not his body, so it felt odd to use while his soul was sealed away.

But now?... He felt as though he had crossed over a barrier. Everyone knew that the most powerful soul manifestations were capable of making changes to their user's true body... It seemed Dyon had a break through...

Dyon suddenly felt his body became more robust and stronger. It was as though his multiplier of 8x suddenly became closer to 10x. He didn't fully understand why, but it wasn't something that escaped his notice.

What Dyon didn't know was that the moment his two manifestations fused and manifested themselves with his soul sealed, his mastery of them had reached a level rarely seen. A level that truly allowed ones soul talent to be translated directly to power!

While Dyon didn't have 100% access to these abilities with his soul still sealed, he would soon learn that he had finally found a method to remove many of the shackles on his soul.

The truth of the matter was that this state should have taken much more time to reach. Dyon had 6 flaming circles to fill, and only by reaching an all new state of soul would another be unlocked.

However, Dyon first unlocked his black flames prematurely. His unbridled abyssal anger when he saw the death of Miss Everdeen and the burnt orphanage pushed him over that edge. Then, when his soul broke into sainthood, he unlocked his white flames. As for the very first image of the eye, he unlocked that the very day he manifested his soul.

Keeping with this logic, his eye manifestation was meant to correspond with a foundation level soul. It had yet to be used effectively by Dyon because he only had only one true eye technique, but it was there nonetheless.

His weapon's hall manifestation corresponded with his meridian formation level soul. This was why he immediately had it the moment he manifested his soul because he already had a Lower Blossom stage soul at that time.

His black flames were supposed to correspond with an essence gathering level soul. However, they were triggered prematurely. Which was also why Dyon didn't trigger another manifestation until he crossed into sainthood with his white flames!

Chapter 780: Yes

That was right. When Dyon's manifestation first matured, everyone thought he was innately born with two. This was incredibly rare, but it was also incredibly difficult to make full use of. It was both a blessing and a curse. This was because while a twin manifestation was definitely more powerful than a singular one, it also doubled the difficulty of understanding and utilizing it! Unique manifestations didn't come with an instruction manual and it was essentially up to its wielders to figure it out!

However, Dyon didn't have two manifestations... He had seven!

Even worse, this wasn't including the extra three he gave himself by practicing with the ancient elvin tomes.

A normal soul could barely handle the stress of one manifestation. Yet Dyon handled ten with ease! It was no wonder he was confused about just what his Angel wings meant! His humanoid manifestation wasn't a human at all! It was a fused Hell and Holy Angel!

That said, with every bit of power came a price. Dyon now had access to power he shouldn't have until he reached dao formation. One can imagine the drain of using such abilities. Luckily, they were mostly sealed away now, or else Dyon might directly faint from fatigue.

Looking down at King Viserion, Dyon seemed to understand something. 'If you were allowed to use your energy cultivation now, I would still lose, even in this state without my soul. Unfortunately... You can't. You're no longer a match for me.'

Without waiting for King Viserion to recover, Dyon's wings flapped. They seemed to move incomparably slowly, as though each frame of movement took more than a second to go through. It was a scene of bewilderment and untold mystery... However, the truth of the matter that despite the distortion in time, Dyon was moving with a speed even the celestials watching could barely keep up with.

In an instant, Dyon found himself before a wide eyed King Viserion.

Without time to think, the green scaled former friend of his sent a fist of exaggerated size toward his head, breathing a sigh of relief when he realized that Dyon was much too close to dodge anymore.

In that moment, Dyon's head was smashed to pieces, leaving his body without a body at all!

Those watching furrowed their brows. What the hell just happened? He didn't actually die, did he?

That was when they all sucked in a breath, immediately realizing what happened. Dyon's speed was so quick that his afterimage left such a tangible impression! The moment King Viserion realized this and retracted his fist, it was already too late!

The force of a thousand boulder smashed directly between his shoulder blades, narrowly avoiding his bat-like wings.

He flew through the air, smashing into a mountain in existence, spitting up blood through his jagged teeth as he tried and failed to crawl up. It seemed he was still not used to his third battle form... It was already commendable that he had lasted so long!

There was no doubt in anyone's mind. Dyon had won!

Dyon silently landed beside King Viserion's coughing figure, noticing his former friend's bitter smile. No one had ever seen such tyrannical Angel wings before, it could be said that Dyon's mutation was unparalleled. Little did they know that much of these so-called mutations were the result of Dyon's arrogant soul.

"How long are you gonna lie there for, Little Garden Snake?" Dyon laughed, patting his former friend's back as though he had no clue it sent waves of pain through him.

When the Viserion's heard Dyon's words, they almost lost their tempers and attacked Dyon and his party directly. That was their King! Who could allow such a thing to happen before them?

However, King Viserion then laughed himself, slowly getting up. The green scales that covered his body retracted along with his wings, leaving behind a handsome young man with bronzed skin. That said, he was covered in rags and had completely lost his kingly bearing.

"I didn't expect the pigeon to suddenly turn into a phoenix. Those shiny effeminate wings of yours definitely matches that gigolo face."

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About a half an hour later, Dyon sat in a room alone with King Viserion. They were both intelligent and had a tacit understanding of each other, therefore, there was no need for political discourse or flowery ceremony. They both knew why this day had come and both also understood that this would not end so easily.

"As much as I'm glad that your skills haven't fallen off too much, I won't risk what I've built over the last 30 years simply to save an old friend. There's more at stake than just my own interests."

King Viserion spoke resolutely. He was someone who valued relationships, but it was also impossible to forget what had happened just a few years prior. While the fight between them was enough for King

Viserion to be sure that Dyon was back to his old self, sometimes regret and sincerity weren't enough to mend a situation.

Had Dyon never become the dog of the Moon clan, they would have grown together during these last few years. At that point, there would be less insecurities barring King Viserion's decision. How could he hesitate to help his friend then?

There were just too many factors to consider this time around. How could he be sure that there weren't spies in the Angel clan? With how the Moon clan had led them along by the leash in recent years, how could he be sure that their strength wasn't compromised in some way?

With how Dyon's people were dissatisfied with him, how could he be sure that there would be cooperation? How could Dyon have the hearts of his people the same way King Viserion did? Aside from his personal guard, who truly followed him willingly?

Thinking through all of this, how could King Viserion agree to an alliance so easily. The Moon clan didn't dare to provoke them for a few reasons. For one, regardless of whether they're ostracized or not, they were still a branch clan of an Emperor God Clan. Considering the Moon clan's new King was the prince of their rival and only other Emperor God clan of this quadrant, the Moon clan couldn't move so easily against them lest they provoke the Viserions.

While the main Viserion branch wouldn't move a finger if Dyon's former friend's clan was attacked, after their destruction, the Viserions would have every right to retaliate. Clearly, the Ahpuch Clan saw the Moon Clan as an important asset and wouldn't want to lose them.

Thus, this acted as a first layer of protection. While the Viserions wouldn't attack the Ahpuchs directly, destroying the Moon Clan would be as easy as flipping over a hand. And, by trading auxiliary clans in this fashion, the Viserions would maintain the moral high ground.

The second reason they didn't dare provoke them was because this particular Viserion branch clan had grown powerful, all while being shrewd. They only annexed clans the Moon Clan hadn't brought under their wing, and only expanded outside of the Moon Clan territory. At the same time, they underwent various dangerous missions to discover new abyssal core sources and other resources. Thus, they never gave the Moon Clan a viable reason to turn against them.

However, both of these shields would mean nothing if the Viserions were to be the first ones to act. By then, they would lose the moral high-ground and the main Viserion branch would lose the right to retaliate.

One might wonder why moral high-ground was needed in such cases, and the answer was simple. Although there were no Epistemic Tower related treaties in this time since they had yet to be created, it was necessary for smaller Emperor God Clans to band together to face larger ones. In these chaotic times when there were a near infinite amount of universes, unlike Dyon's time which only bore 10,000, allies were a necessity.

Therefore, dropping pretense between those two families was foolish! They could only act to regulate the power of the other if they had the moral basis to do so, or else they would never be able to face those clans that even surpassed the Emperor God Clan level.

Dyon, of course, understood all of this. However, he also knew that while he would be able to extend the time he survived if he was alone, it was a pipe dream to defeat millions with a mere 50,000 strong army, regardless of talent. He knew he needed at least ten times that to stand a chance.

Yet, despite the fact, he wasn't worried at all. In fact, the confident smile on his face while facing King Viserions unconcealed apprehension only grew.

"You don't have to repeat what I already know, Brother Veles. Why don't I explain to you why it is you have to say yes?"